

THE
POLITE PRECEPTOR:

OR, A
COLLECTION

OF ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE

ESSAYS;

SELECTED FROM
THE BEST ENGLISH WRITERS,
AND
ARRANGED IN THE MOST NATURAL ORDER;

WITH A VIEW
TO INSPIRE INTO THE MINDS OF YOUTH
THE LOVE OF VIRTUE,
AND THE
PRINCIPLES OF TRUE TASTE AND JUST REASONING.

The Fifth Edition,

CORRECTED, IMPROVED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXCV.



PREFACE

TO THE

FIRST EDITION.

HAD any of the Collections of English Pieces, that have hitherto been published for the use of Schools, come up to the idea which is generally formed of what a work of that kind ought to be, or rather had they not all laboured under capital defects, the Public had not been troubled with the present performance.

SOME of these Collections, though consisting of tolerable matter, are arranged in so strange and unnatural an order, that the most difficult and abstruse Essays come first, and the most easy and familiar are thrown towards the conclusion; and what, if possible, is still worse, these different pieces sometimes succeed one another in the most confused and irregular manner, without any regard to method or propriety. Hence the Teacher, who would wish to adapt the nature of the lesson to the capacity of his pupil, as every wise Teacher would certainly chuse to do, cannot take the Essays in the order in which they are there placed, but must employ that time, which he can ill spare, and ought to devote to better purposes, in turning over the leaves of the book, in order to find a proper lesson for every scholar, at least for every class of his scholars.

IN some Miscellanies, the Editors have taken the liberty, to which, by the specimens they have given of their abilities, they seem by no means to be entitled, of altering the language of Addison, Johnson, Hawkesworth, and others, from whom they have borrowed their Essays; so that their works, instead of containing a Collection of English pieces, as they came from the pens of the original authors, exhibit only a medley of such pieces, as they are mangled and disfigured by their own ignorance or want of judgment.

SOME have been either so careless in consulting, or so totally unacquainted with the English Classics, that they have servilely copied the Collections of others; and thus, with a peculiar kind of effrontery, have given us only an old book under a new title: while others have been so very shy and delicate in admitting any Essays that had been adopted by former Editors, that they have filled their works with the gleanings of the Magazines and News-papers, and hence, instead of the beauties, have presented us only with the refuse of the English language.

THE Editor of the present Collection has endeavoured to guard against all these errors. He has, as far as the great variety of subjects would admit, arranged his materials in what appeared to him to be the most natural order, beginning with the easiest and simplest Essays, and gradually ascending to such as are more difficult and abstract.

HE has not presumed to think he could improve, and therefore has not altered the language of Addison, Johnson, Hawkesworth, Chesterfield, and others, from whom he has borrowed his Essays, but has given the pieces exactly as they fell from the pens of the original

original Authors, and as they are to be found in the last and most correct Editions of their works.

He has carefully consulted the best English writers, and from them has selected such materials as he thought to be most proper for forming a Collection for the use of schools. But though he has taken his pieces from the original Authors, he has not been so much afraid of incurring the imputation of plagiarism, as to reject any Essay merely because it had been adopted by others. At the same time he can truly say, that he has never admitted any Essay solely on that account, and not unless it had also the sanction, not only of his own judgment, but of the judgment of those, of whose taste and discernment he has a much higher opinion than he presumes to entertain of his own, and whose names, were he at liberty to mention them, would, with every candid and intelligent reader, be no small recommendation to this work.

In a word, he has exerted his utmost abilities to render the Polite Preceptor, what he hopes, upon examination, it will be found to be, the most regular and complete Collection of the kind that has hitherto appeared in the English Language.

P. S. THE Editor begs leave further to observe, that he has purposely omitted inserting any poetical pieces in this Collection, because he could not admit a sufficient number to answer any rational end; the small number of such pieces, which he has seen in former Collections of this kind, being calculated, in his opinion, rather for shew, than for real use.

THE
EDITOR'S ADVERTISEMENT
TO THE
SECOND EDITION.

THE Editor, with pleasure, takes this opportunity of returning his sincere and grateful acknowledgments to the Public in general, and to the Instructors of Youth in particular, for the very favourable reception they have given to the first Edition of this work ; and, at the same time, begs leave to inform them, that in order to render it more worthy of their approbation, he has endeavoured to improve the present Edition, partly by a new arrangement and better disposition of some of the articles, partly by the insertion of some fresh materials, which, he hopes, will be found to be selected with as much taste and judgment as the former. Since the first publication of this work, he has brought forward a Collection consisting entirely of poetical pieces, as he has always looked upon the frequent reading of poetry to be the best means of enabling youth to observe a just emphasis and accent, and to read in general with propriety and grace.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FOURTH EDITION.

IN superintending the publication of this work, I have always made it a maxim to render every subsequent Edition of it not only more correct, but likewise more comprehensive than the preceding one; and the Reader will find this to be particularly the case with the present impression, which contains upwards of twenty-two pages of additional matter, selected from the *OBSERVER*, the *MIRROR*, the *LOUNGER*, and *COLMAN'S PROSE*; which are almost the only periodical Essays, published since the appearance of the *Idler*, that deserve to be ranked in the number of English Classics. From these I was induced to extract, rather than from works of an older date (from which I have borrowed very largely already) partly for the sake of variety, which must ever be considered as an essential ingredient in a Collection of this kind; partly in compliment to cotemporary merit, which is justly entitled to such a mark of distinction; but chiefly because these Essays, being written so lately, may naturally be supposed to contain a more exact representation of the manners and customs of the present time, than those that were published at a much earlier period.

The EDITOR.

THE

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THE

POLITE PRECEPTOR.

The ADVANTAGES of a good EDUCATION.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 215.]

I CONSIDER an human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

IF my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish; the figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullness and despair.

MENS passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified

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and

and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in the American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species?—That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant line upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed there are, even in these parts, several poor and uninstructed persons, who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough-hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

The DISADVANTAGES of a bad EDUCATION.

[RAMBLER, NO. 109.]

SIR,

I WAS condemned by some disastrous influence to be an only son, born to the apparent prospect of a large fortune, and allotted to my parents at that *stage* of life when satiety of common



common diversions allows the mind to indulge parental affection with greater intenseness. My birth was celebrated by the tenants with feasts and dances, and bag-pipes; congratulations were sent from every family within ten miles round; and my parents discovered in my first cries such tokens of future virtue and understanding, that they declared themselves determined to devote the remaining part of life to my happiness and the encrease of their estate.

THE abilities of my father and mother were not perceptibly unequal, and education had given neither much advantage over the other. They had both kept good company, rattled in chariots, glittered in play-houses, and danced at court, and were both expert in the games that were in their time called in as auxiliaries against the intrusion of thought.

WHEN there is such a parity between two persons associated for life, the dejection which the husband, if he be not completely stupid, must always suffer for want of superiority, sinks him to submissiveness. My mamma therefore governed the family without controul; and except that my father still retained some authority in the stables, and now and then, after a supernumerary bottle, broke a looking-glass or China dish, to prove his sovereignty, the whole course of the year was regulated by her direction, the servants received from her all their orders, and the tenants were continued or dismissed at her discretion.

SHE therefore thought herself entitled to the superintendence of her son's education; and when my father, at the instigation of the parson, faintly proposed that I should be sent to school, very positively told him, that she would not suffer so fine a child to be ruined; that she never knew any boys at a grammar-school that could come into a room without blushing, or sit at the table without some awkward uneasiness; that they were always putting themselves into danger by boisterous plays, or vitiating their behaviour with mean company; and that for her part, she would rather follow me to the grave than see me tear my clothes, and hang down my head, and sneak about with dirty shoes and blotted fingers, my hair unpowdered and my hat uncocked.

MY father, who had no other end in his proposal than to appear wise and manly, soon acquiesced, since I was not to live by my learning; for indeed he had known very few students that had not some stiffness in their manner. They therefore agreed, that a domestic tutor should be procured, and hired an honest gentleman, of mean conversation and narrow

sentiments, but whom, having passed the common forms of literary education, they implicitly concluded qualified to teach all that was to be learned from a scholar. He thought himself sufficiently exalted by being placed at the same table with his pupil, and had no other view than to perpetuate his felicity by the utmost flexibility of submission to all my mother's opinions and caprices. He frequently took away my book, lest I should mope with too much application, charged me never to write without turning up my ruffles, and generally brushed my coat before he dismissed me into the parlour.

He had no occasion to complain of too burthen some an employment; for my mother very judiciously considered, that I was not likely to grow politer in his company, and suffered me not to pass any more time in his apartment than my lesson required. When I was summoned to my task, she enjoined me not to get any of my tutor's ways, who was seldom mentioned before me but for practices to be avoided. I was every moment admonished not to lean on my chair, cross my legs, or swing my hands like my tutor; and once my mother very seriously deliberated upon his total dismissal, because I began, she said, to learn his manner of sticking on my hat, and had his bend in my shoulders, and his totter in my gait.

SUCH, however, was her care, that I escaped all these depravities; and, when I was only twelve years old, had rid myself of every appearance of childish diffidence. I was celebrated round the country for the petulance of my remarks, and the quickness of my replies; and many a scholar five years older than myself have I dashed into confusion by the steadiness of my countenance, silenced by my readiness of repartee, and tortured with envy by the address with which I picked up a fan, presented a snuff box, or received an empty tea-cup.

At fourteen I was completely skilled in all the niceties of dress, and I could not only enumerate all the variety of silks, and distinguish the product of a French loom, but dart my eye through a numerous company, and observe every deviation from the reigning mode. I was universally skilled in all the changes of expensive finery; but as every one, they say, has something to which he is particularly born, was eminently knowing in Brussels lace.

THE next year saw me advanced to the trust and power of adjusting the ceremonial of an assembly. All received their partners from my hand, and to me every stranger applied for introduction. My heart now disdained the instructions of a tutor,

tutor, who was rewarded with a small annuity for life, and left me qualified, in my own opinion, to govern myself.

IN a short time I came to London, and, as my father was well known among the higher classes of life, soon obtained admission to the most splendid assemblies, and most crowded card-tables. Here I found myself universally caressed and applauded: the ladies praised the fancy of my clothes, the beauty of my form, and the softness of my voice; endeavoured in every place to force themselves to my notice; and invited by a thousand oblique solicitations my attendance to the play-house, and my salutations in the Park. I was now happy to the utmost extent of my conception; I passed every morning in dress, every afternoon in visits, and every night in some select assemblies, where neither care nor knowledge were suffered to molest us.

AFTER a few years, however, these delights became familiar, and I had leisure to look round me with more attention. I then found that my flatterers had very little power to relieve the languor of society, or recreate weariness, by varied amusement; and therefore endeavoured to enlarge the sphere of my pleasures, and to try what satisfaction might be found in the society of men. I will not deny the mortification with which I perceived that every man, whose name I had heard mentioned with respect, received me with a kind of tenderness nearly bordering on compassion; and that those, whose reputation was not well established, thought it necessary to justify their understandings, by treating me with contempt. One of these wittlings elevated his crest, by asking me in a full coffee-house the price of patches; and another whispered, that he wondered Miss Frisk did not keep me that afternoon to watch her squirrel.

WHEN I found myself thus hunted from all masculine conversation, by those who themselves were barely admitted, I returned to the ladies, and resolved to dedicate my life to their service and their pleasure. But I find that I have now lost my charms. Of those with whom I entered the gay world, some are married, some have retired, and some have so much changed their opinion, that they scarcely pay any regard to my civilities, if there is any other man in the place. The new flight of beauties, to whom I have made my addresses, suffer me to pay the treat, and then titter with boys. So that I now find myself welcome only to a few grave ladies, who, unacquainted with all that gives either use or dignity to life, are content to pass their hours between their bed and their cards, without esteem from the old, or reverence from the young.

I CANNOT but think, Mr. RAMBLER, that I have reason to complain; for surely the females ought to pay some regard to the age of him whose youth was passed in endeavours to please them. They that encourage folly in the boy, have no right to punish it in the man. Yet I find, that though they lavish their first fondness upon pertness and gaiety, they soon transfer their regard to other qualities, and ungratefully abandon their adorers to dream out their last years in stupidity and contempt.

I am, &c.

FLORENTULUS.

The innocent PLEASURES of CHILDHOOD.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 62.]

UPON the late election of King's Scholars, my curiosity drew me to Westminster-school. The sight of a place where I had not been for many years, revived in my thoughts the tender images of my childhood, which by a great length of time had contracted a softness that rendered them inexpressibly agreeable. As it is usual with me to draw a secret unenvied pleasure from a thousand incidents overlooked by other men, I threw myself into a short transport, forgetting my age, and fancying myself a school-boy.

THIS imagination was strongly favoured by the presence of so many young boys, in whose looks were legible the sprightly passions of that age, which raised in me a sort of sympathy. Warm blood thrilled through every vein; the faded memory of those enjoyments that once gave me pleasure, put on more lively colours, and a thousand gay amusements filled my mind.

It was not without regret that I was forsaken by this waking dream. The cheapness of puerile delights, the guiltless joy they leave upon the mind, the blooming hopes that lift up the soul in the ascent of life, the pleasure that attends the gradual opening of the imagination, and the dawn of reason, made me think most men found that stage the most agreeable part of their journey.

WHEN

WHEN men come to riper years, the innocent diversions which exalted the spirits, and produced health of body, indolence of mind, and refreshing slumbers, are too often exchanged for criminal delights, which fill the soul with anguish, and the body with disease. The grateful employment of admiring and raising themselves to an imitation of the polite stile, beautiful images, and noble sentiments of ancient authors, is abandoned for law-latin, the lucubrations of our paltry news-mongers, and that swarm of vile pamphlets which corrupt our taste, and infest the public. The ideas of virtue which the characters of heroes had imprinted on their minds, insensibly wear out, and they come to be influenced by the nearer examples of a degenerate age.

IN the morning of life, when the soul first makes her entrance into the world, all things look fresh and gay; their novelty surprises, and every little glitter or gaudy colour transports the stranger. But by degrees the sense grows callous, and we lose that exquisite relish of trifles, by the time our minds should be supposed ripe for rational entertainments. I cannot make this reflection without being touched with a commiseration of that species called beaux, the happiness of those men necessarily terminating with their childhood; who, from a want of knowing other pursuits, continue a fondness for the delights of that age, after the relish of them is decayed.

PROVIDENCE hath with a bountiful hand prepared a variety of pleasures for the various stages of life. It behoves us not to be wanting to ourselves in forwarding the intention of nature, by the culture of our minds, and a due preparation of each faculty, for the enjoyment of those objects it is capable of being affected with.

As our parts open and display by gentle degrees, we rise from the gratifications of sense, to relish those of the mind. In the scale of pleasure, the lowest are sensual delights which are succeeded by the more enlarged views and gay portraiture of a lively imagination; and these give way to the sublimer pleasures of reason, which discover the causes and designs, the frame, connexion, and symmetry of things, and fill the mind with the contemplation of intellectual beauty, order, and truth.

HENCE I regard our public schools and universities, not only as nurseries of men for the service of the church and state, but also as places designed to teach mankind the most refined luxury, to raise the mind to its due perfection, and give it a taste

for those entertainments which afford the highest transport, without the grossness or remorse that attend vulgar enjoyments.

IN those blessed retreats men enjoy the sweets of solitude, and yet converse with the greatest Genii that have appeared in every age, wander through the delightful mazes of every art and science, and as they gradually enlarge their sphere of knowledge, at once rejoice in their present possessions, and are animated by the boundless prospect of future discoveries. There, a generous emulation, a noble thirst of fame, a love of truth and honourable regards, reign in minds as yet untainted from the world. There, the stock of learning transmitted down from the ancients, is preserved, and receives a daily increase; and it is thence propagated by men, who having finished their studies, go into the world, and spread that general knowledge and good taste throughout the land, which is so distant from the barbarism of its ancient inhabitants, or the fierce genius of its invaders. And as it is evident that our literature is owing to the schools and universities, so it cannot be denied that these are owing to our religion.

It was chiefly, if not altogether, upon religious considerations, that princes, as well as private persons, have erected colleges, and assigned liberal endowments to students and professors. Upon the same account they meet with encouragement and protection from all christian states, as being esteemed a necessary means to have the sacred oracles and primitive traditions of christianity preserved and understood. And it is well known that after a long night of ignorance and superstition, the reformation of the church and that of learning began together, and made proportionable advances, the latter having been the effect of the former, which of course engaged men in the study of the learned languages and of antiquity.

The DUTY of CHILDREN to their PARENTS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 263.]

I AM the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life, renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations

lations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of goodwill, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow

enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other mens children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go."

The STRENGTH of PARENTAL AFFECTION.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 150.]

I WENT the other day to visit Eliza, who, in the perfect bloom of beauty, is the mother of several children. She had a little prating girl upon her lap, who was begging to be very fine, that she might go abroad; and the indulgent mother, at her little daughter's request, had just taken the knots off her own head to adorn the hair of the pretty trisler. A smiling boy was at the same time caressing a lap-dog, which is their mother's favourite, because it pleases the children; and she, with a delight in her looks, which heightened her beauty, so divided her conversation with the two pretty prattlers, as to make them both equally chearful.

As I came in, she said with a blush, "Mr. Ironside, though you are an old bachelor, you must not laugh at my tenderness to my children." I need not tell my reader what civil things I said in answer to the lady, whose matron-like behaviour gave me infinite satisfaction: since I myself take great pleasure in playing with children, and am seldom unprovided of plumbs or marbles, to make my court to such entertaining companions.

WHENCE is it, said I to myself when I was alone, that the affection of parents is so intense to their offspring? Is it because they generally find such resemblance in what they have produced, as that thereby they think themselves renewed in their children, and are willing to transmit themselves to future times? or is it, because they think themselves obliged, by the dictates of humanity, to nourish and rear what is placed so immediately under their protection, and what by their means is brought into this world, the scene of misery, of necessity? These will not come up to it. Is it not rather the good providence of that Being, who in a supereminent degree protects and cherishes the whole race of mankind, his sons and creatures? How shall we, any other way, account for this natural affection, so signally displayed throughout every species of the animal creation, without which the course of nature would quickly

fall, and every various kind be extinct? Instances of tenderness in the most savage brutes are so frequent, that quotations of that kind are altogether unnecessary.

If we, who have no particular concern in them, take a secret delight in observing the gentle dawn of reason in babes; if our ears are soothed with their half-forming and aiming at articulate sounds; if we are charmed with their pretty mimickry, and surprised at the unexpected starts of wit and cunning in these miniatures of man: what transport may we imagine in the breasts of those, into whom natural instinct hath poured tenderness and fondness for them! How amiable is such a weakness in human nature! or rather how great a weakness is it to give humanity so reproachful a name! The bare consideration of parental affection should, methinks, create a more grateful tenderness in children towards their parents, than we generally see; and the silent whispers of nature be attended to, though the laws of God and man did not call aloud.

THESE silent whispers of nature have had a marvellous power, even when their cause hath been unknown. There are several examples in story, of tender friendships formed betwixt men, who knew not of their near relation. Such accounts confirm me in an opinion I have long entertained, that there is a sympathy betwixt souls, which cannot be explained by the prejudice of education, the sense of duty, or any other human motive.

THE memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furnish me with a very entertaining instance of this secret attraction, implanted by providence in the human soul. It will be necessary to inform the reader, that the person, whose story I am going to relate, was one whose roving and romantic temper, joined to a disposition singularly amorous, had led him through a vast variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a Princess of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the King her husband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other misfortunes having consumed his paternal estate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceased wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warsaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure; which I shall relate in his own words.

"I HAD been in this condition for four days, when the countess of Venoski passed that way. She was informed that a stranger of good fashion lay sick, and her charity led her

to see me. I remembered her, for I had often seen her with my wife, to whom she was nearly related; but when I found she knew me not, I thought fit to conceal my name. I told her I was a German; that I had been robbed; and that if she had the charity to send me to Warsaw, the Queen would acknowledge it; I having the honour to be known to her Majesty. The countess had the goodness to take compassion of me, and ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me to Warsaw, where I was lodged in her house until my health should allow me to wait on the Queen.

"MY fever increased after my journey was over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen days. When the countess first saw me, she had a young lady with her about eighteen years of age, who was much taller and better shaped than the Polish women generally are. She was very fair, her skin exceeding fine, and her air and shape inexpressibly beautiful. I was not so sick as to overlook this young beauty; and I felt in my heart such emotions at the first view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes had not armed me sufficiently against the charms of the fair sex.

"THE amiable creature seemed afflicted at my sickness; and she appeared to have so much concern and care for me, as raised in me a great inclination and tenderness for her. She came every day into my chamber to inquire after my health; I asked who she was, and I was answered, that she was niece to the countess of Venoski.

"I VERILY believe that the constant sight of this charming maid, and the pleasure I received from her careful attendance, contributed more to my recovery than all the medicines the physicians gave me. In short, my fever left me, and I had the satisfaction to see the lovely creature overjoyed at my recovery. She came to see me oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a stronger and more tender affection for her, than I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I began to perceive that her constant care of me was only a blind, to give her an opportunity of seeing a young Pole whom I took to be her lover. He seemed to be much about her age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely shaped. Every time she came to see me, the young gentleman came to find her out; and they usually retired to a corner of the chamber, where they seemed to converse with great earnestness. The aspect of the youth pleased me wonderfully; and if I had not suspected that he was my rival, I should have taken delight in his person and friendship.

"THEY

“THEY both of them often asked me if I were in reality a German, which when I continued to affirm, they seemed very much troubled. One day I took notice that the young lady and gentleman, having retired to a window, were very intent upon a picture; and that every now and then they cast their eyes upon me, as if they found some resemblance betwixt that and my features. I could not forbear to ask the meaning of it; upon which the lady answered, that if I had been a Frenchman, she should have imagined that I was the person for whom the picture was drawn, because it so exactly resembled me. I desired to see it. But how great was my surprise! when I found it to be the very painting which I had sent to the Queen five years before, and which she commanded me to get drawn to be given to my children. After I had viewed the piece, I cast my eyes upon the young lady, and then upon the gentleman I had thought to be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a secret emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought I traced in the two young persons some of my own features, and at that moment I said to myself, Are not these my children? The tears came into my eyes, and I was about to run and embrace them; but constraining myself with pain, I asked whose picture it was? The maid, perceiving that I could not speak without tears, fell a weeping. Her tears absolutely confirmed me in my opinion, and falling upon her neck, ‘Ah my dear child, said I, yes, I am your father.’ I could say no more. The youth seized my hands at the same time, and kissing, bathed them with his tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy equal to this; and it must be owned, that nature inspires more lively emotions and pleasing tenderness than the passions can possibly excite.”

FILIAL AFFECTION, *exemplified in the Conduct of FIDELIA.*

[SPECTATOR, NO. 449.]

FOR the service of my female readers, I shall single out some characters of maids, wives, and widows, which deserve the imitation of the sex. She who shall lead this small illustrious number of heroines shall be the amiable FIDELIA.

BEFORE

BEFORE I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is necessary to preface, that she is the only child of a decrepid father, whose life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has used FIDELIA from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she herself was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness; for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute to the utmost perfection: And the lady's use of all these excellencies, is to divert the old man in his easy chair, when he is out of the pangs of a chronical distemper. FIDELIA is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father. Certain it is, that there is no kind of affection so pure and angelic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with, and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters, there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion, that every thing that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and innocence, that there is perhaps a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sort of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of FIDELIA, makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness towards her.

FIDELIA on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beautiful women the age has produced, on her knees helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard to him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered, That she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so dear to her, but that during her father's life she would admit into her heart no value for any thing that should interfere with her endeavour

deavour to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances. The lady admonished her of the prime of life with a smile; which FIDELIA answered with a frankness that always attends unfeigned virtue; "It is true, Madam, there are to be sure very great satisfactions to be expected in the commerce of a man of honour, whom one tenderly loves; but I find so much satisfaction in the reflection, how much I mitigate a good man's pains, whose welfare depends upon my assiduity about him, that I willingly exclude the loose gratifications of passion for the solid reflections of duty. I know not whether any man's wife would be allowed, and (what I still more fear) I know not whether I, a wife, should be willing to be as officious as I am at present about my parent." The happy father has her declaration that she will not marry during his life, and the pleasure of seeing that resolution not uneasy to her. Were one to paint filial affection in its utmost beauty, he could not have a more lively idea of it than in beholding FIDELIA serving her father at his hours of rising, meals, and rest.

WHEN the general croud of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays; for a young lady, who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, yet to condemn all these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepid parent, is a resignation truly heroic. FIDELIA performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person, because of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

FIDELIA, who gives up her youth, does not think it any great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit, convince her father of the alacrity of her mind; when she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old man, is, that FIDELIA, whose merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs, (and while she is doing so, you would think her formed only for gallantry) to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake,

THOSE who think themselves the pattern of good breeding and gallantry, would be astonished to hear that in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease, and can bear company, there are at his house in the most regular order, assemblies

blies of people of the highest merit; where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of FIDELIA, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honour to his name in this.

The bad EFFECTS of INDOLENCE.

[CONNOISSEUR, NO. 131.]

NO other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life, as Indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation: he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it: he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it: he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving: and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which he will probably end in a ditch, or at the gallows: if he embarks in trade, he will be a bankrupt: and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the Fleet.

IT should be considered, that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement; which would seem to intimate, that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute ideots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keep application: nor are there any possessed of such transcendant genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider,

consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of Demosthenes, who got over the greatest natural impediments to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at Sadler's Wells a few nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected, what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers, to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who, after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, and with great propriety, placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and bob majors, as the boys of Christ-church Hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as Jedediah Buxton, or at least a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as Madam Catharina distorts her body.

THERE is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, and therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He, who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, though he is not obliged to rise to open his shop, or work at his trade, should always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing, because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best ridiculous and contemptible.

I do not know a more melancholy object than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers him-

self to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved and more universally avoided, than my friend Careless. He is an humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head and the best heart, he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

VIRTUE then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm; but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as Titus, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few arrived to a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of fourscore.

AGREEABLE to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man, four years old; dating his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tombstones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record, that they were born one day, and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that, in every parish, several acres were marked out for a new and spacious Burying-Ground: in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age, according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat. 80*, would be a nobler eulogium, than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs.

On a LAZY and TRIFLING DISPOSITION.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THERE are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of any thing; but, discouraged by the first difficulties, (and every thing worth knowing or having is attended with some) stops short, contents itself with easy, and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think, or represent, most things as impossible; whereas few things are so, to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take every thing in the light in which it at first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views; and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is, that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion.

Do not then be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito*: and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences, which are peculiar to certain professions, need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions. As for instance; fortification and navigation; of both which, a superficial and general knowledge, such as the common course of conversation, with a very little enquiry on your part, will give you, is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you; as the events of war, in sieges, make many of the terms

of

of that science occur frequently in common conversations; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille, in Moliere's *Précieuses Ridicules*, when he hears of *une demie Lune*; *Ma foi c'étoit bien une Lune toute entiere*. But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depths of them. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly, the constitutions, and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid.

THE trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention, which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c. are the objects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dress, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the sense of it; and to the ceremonies of a court, more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it.

REMARKS on the SWIFTNESS of TIME.

[IDLER, NO. 43.]

THE natural advantages which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be perhaps observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a Being placed here only for a short time, whose task

is

is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution, and activity of virtue.

THE duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay who yet intend some time to fulfil them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other; the rotation of seasons diversifies the year; the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines, and sets; and the moon every night changes its form.

THE day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth;—the noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood;—the evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life;—the night, with its silence and darkness, shews the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed;—and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

HE that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another,—if the passage of the sun did not shew that the day is wasting,—if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year, quantities of duration equal to days and years would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession, but should live thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and perhaps without power to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

BUT the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the birds of passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none

that

that have not names for Day and Night, for Summer and Winter.

YET it is certain that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat.

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits in age those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away the last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

FROM this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction. And let him who purposes his own happiness, reflect, that while he forms his purpose the day rolls on, and *the night cometh, when no man can work.*

The FOLLY of MIS-SPENDING TIME.

[RAMBLER, NO. 108.]

AN ancient poet, unreasonably discontented at the present state of things, which his system of opinions obliged him to represent in its worst form, has observed of the earth, "That its greater part is covered by the uninhabitable ocean; that of the
rest

rest, some is encumbered with naked mountains, and some lost under barren sands; some scorched with unintermitted heat, and some petrified with perpetual frost; so that only a few regions remain for the production of fruits, the pasture of cattle, and the accommodation of man."

THE same observation may be transferred to the time allotted us in our present state. When we have deducted all that is absorbed in sleep, all that is inevitably appropriated to the demands of nature, or irresistibly engrossed by the tyranny of custom; all that passes in regulating the superficial decorations of life, or is given up in the reciprocations of civility to the disposal of others; all that is torn from us by the violence of disease, or stolen imperceptibly away by lassitude and languor; we shall find that part of our duration very small of which we can truly call ourselves masters, or which we can spend wholly at our own choice. Many of our hours are lost in a rotation of petty cares, in a constant recurrence of the same employments; many of our provisions for ease or happiness are always exhausted by the present day; and a great part of our existence serves no other purpose, than that of enabling us to enjoy the rest.

OF the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected, that we should be so frugal, as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent; and perhaps it might be found, that as the earth, however straitened by rocks and waters, is capable of producing more than all its inhabitants are able to consume, our lives, though much contracted by incidental distraction, would yet afford us a large space vacant to the exercise of reason and virtue; that we want not time, but diligence for great performances; and that we squander much of our allowance, even while we think it sparing and insufficient.

THIS natural and necessary comminution of our lives, perhaps often makes us insensible of the negligence with which we suffer them to slide away. We never consider ourselves as possessed at once of time sufficient for any great design, and therefore indulge ourselves in fortuitous amusements. We think it unnecessary to take an account of a few supernumerary moments, which, however employed, could have produced little advantage, and which were exposed to a thousand chances of disturbance and interruption.

IT is observable, that either by nature or by habit, our faculties are fitted to images of a certain extent, to which we adjust great things by division, and little things by accumulation.

lation. Of extensive surfaces we can only take a survey, as the parts succeed one another; and atoms we cannot perceive till they are united into masses. Thus we break the vast periods of time into centuries and years; and thus, if we would know the amount of moments, we must agglomerate them into days and weeks.

THE proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us, that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expences, by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

IT is usual for those who are advised to the attainment of any new qualification, to look upon themselves as required to change the general course of their conduct, to dismiss business, and exclude pleasure, and to devote their days and nights to a particular attention. But all common degrees of excellence are attainable at a lower price; he that should steadily and resolutely assign to any science or language those interstitial vacancies which intervene in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment, would find every day new irradiations of knowledge, and discover how much more is to be hoped from frequency and perseverance, than from violent efforts and sudden desires: efforts which are soon remitted when they encounter difficulty, and desires which, if they are indulged too often, will shake off the authority of reason, and range capriciously from one object to another.

THE disposition to defer every important design to a time of leisure, and a state of settled uniformity, proceeds generally from a false estimate of the human powers. If we except those gigantic and stupendous intelligences who are said to grasp a system by intuition, and bound forward from one series of conclusions to another, without regular steps through intermediate propositions, the most successful students make their advances in knowledge by short flights, between each of which the mind may lie at rest. For every single act of progression a short time is sufficient; and it is only necessary, that whenever that time is afforded, it be well employed.

FEW minds will be long confined to severe and laborious meditation; and when a successful attack on knowledge has been made, the student recreates himself with the contemplation of his conquest, and forbears another incursion, till the

new acquired truth has become familiar, and his curiosity calls upon him for fresh gratifications. Whether the time of intermission is spent in company, or in solitude, in necessary business, or in voluntary levities, the understanding is equally abstracted from the object of enquiry; but, perhaps, if it be detained by occupations less pleasing, it returns again to study with greater alacrity, than when it is glutted with ideal pleasures, and surfeited with intemperance of application. He that will not suffer himself to be discouraged by fancied impossibilities, may sometimes find his abilities invigorated by the necessity of exerting them in short intervals, as the force of a current is increased by the contraction of its channel.

FROM some cause like this it has probably proceeded, that among those who have contributed to the advancement of learning, many have risen to eminence in opposition to all the obstacles which external circumstances could place in their way, amidst the tumult of business, the distresses of poverty, or the dissipations of a wandering and unsettled state. A great part of the life of Erasmus was one continual peregrination; ill supplied with the gifts of fortune, and led from city to city, and from kingdom to kingdom, by the hopes of patrons and preferment, hopes which always flattered and always deceived him; yet he found means, by unshaken constancy, and a vigilant improvement of those hours, which, in the midst of the most restless activity, will remain unengaged, to write more than another in the same condition would have hoped to read. Compelled by want to attendance and sollicitation, and so much versed in common life, that he has transmitted to us the most perfect delineation of the manners of his age, he joined to his knowledge of the world such application to books, that he will stand for ever in the first rank of literary heroes. How this proficiency was obtained he sufficiently discovers, by informing us, that the PRAISE OF FOLLY, one of his most celebrated performances, was composed by him on the road to Italy; *ne totum illud tempus quo equo fuit insidendum, illiteratis fabulis tereretur*, lest the hours which he was obliged to spend on horseback, should be tattled away without regard to literature.

AN Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, *that Time was his estate*; an estate indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be over-run with noxious plants, or laid out for shew rather than for use.

Cursory THOUGHTS on the same SUBJECT.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THERE is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth, but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatters away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the fleetness of time. The sun-dials, likewise, all over Europe, have some ingenious inscription to that effect; so that nobody squanders away their time without hearing and seeing daily, how necessary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if lost. But all these admonitions are useless, where there is not a fund of good sense and reason to suggest them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myself, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not therefore mean to give you a critical essay upon the use and abuse of time; I will only give you some hints with regard to the use of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not solidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be master of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impossible; and it may even, in some cases, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you should sometimes think it a little laborious, consider that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a necessary journey. The more hours a-day you travel, the sooner you will be at your journey's end.

end. The sooner you are qualified for your liberty, the sooner you shall have it; and your manumission will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promise you, upon my word, that if you will do every thing that I would have you do till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do ever afterwards.

The IMPORTANCE of TIME, and the proper METHODS of SPENDING it.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 93.]

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I OFTEN consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike

out

out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

THE first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptance of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

THERE is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: It is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps

out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I HAVE here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

WHEN a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

THE next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

THE stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

BUT the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

NEXT

NEXT to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

THERE are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A MAN that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

MIS-SPENT TIME, *how* PUNISHED.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 158.]

I WAS yesterday comparing the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themselves," that "They are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are stiled reasonable beings. How

monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before.

AFTER having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour, among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I WAS conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years: What have you been doing there all this while? Doing, says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause she told him she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left-hand, to take her into custody. And you, Madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine and twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the twelve first years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman; Well, Mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years;

years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheefes, and left my eldest girl with him, to look after his house in my absence, and who I may venture to say is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five and thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, Sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, says she, I lived threescore and ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I past most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus, but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file off to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore. You have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I

found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the croud, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five and twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, says she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely, and gain admirers. In order to it I passed my time in bottling up may-dew, inventing white-washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I WAS then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females that came forwards, laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal, was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great, that it awakened me.

I LAY some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself, that I was writing GUARDIANS. If my readers make as good a use of this work, as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I SHALL conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

On the NECESSITY of WRITING a GOOD HAND.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

A BILL for ninety pounds sterling was brought me, the other day, said to be drawn upon me by you. I scrupled paying it at first, not upon account of the sum, but because you had sent me no letter of advice, which is always done in those transactions; and still more, because I did not perceive that you had signed it. The person who presented it, desired me to look again, and that I should discover your name at the bottom; accordingly I looked again, and with the help of my magnifying glass, did perceive, that what I had at first taken only for somebody's mark, was, in truth, your name, written in the worst and smallest hand I ever saw in my life. However, I paid it at a venture; though I would almost rather lose the money, than that such a signature should be yours. All gentlemen, and all men of business, write their names always in the same way, that their signature may be so well known as not to be easily counterfeited; and they generally sign in rather a larger character than their common hand; whereas your name was in a less, and a worse than your common writing. This suggested to me the various accidents which may very probably happen to you, while you write so ill. For instance, if you were to write in such a character to the secretary's office, your letter would immediately be sent to the decypherer, as containing matters of the utmost secrecy, not fit to be trusted to the common character. If you were to write so to an antiquarian, he (knowing you to be a man of learning) would certainly try it by the Runic, Celtic, or Sclavonian alphabet; never suspecting it to be a modern character. I have often told you, that every man, who has the use of his eyes and of his hand, can write whatever hand he pleases; and it is plain that you can, since you write both the Greek and German characters, which you never learned of a writing-master, extremely well, though your common hand, which you learned of a master, is an exceeding bad and illiberal one, equally unfit for business or common use. I do not desire that you should write a laboured or stiff character: a man

of business must write quick and well, and that depends singly upon use. I would therefore advise you to get some very good writing-master at Paris, and apply to it for a month only, which will be sufficient; for, upon my word, the writing of a genteel plain hand of business is of much more importance than you think. You will say, it may be, that when you write so very ill, it is because you are in a hurry; to which I answer, Why are you ever in a hurry? a man of sense may be in haste, but can never be in a hurry, because he knows that whatever he does in a hurry he must necessarily do very ill. He may be in haste to dispatch an affair, but he will take care not to let that haste hinder his doing it well. Little minds are in a hurry, when the object proves (as it commonly does) too big for them; they run, they stare, they puzzle, confound, and perplex themselves; they want to do every thing at once, and never do it at all. But a man of sense takes the time necessary for doing the thing he is about well; and his haste to dispatch business, only appears by the continuity of his application to it; he pursues it with a cool steadiness, and finishes it before he begins any other. I own your time is much taken up, and you have a great many different things to do; but remember that you had much better do half of them well, and leave the other half undone, than do them all indifferently. Moreover, the few seconds that are saved in the course of the day, by writing ill, instead of well, do not amount to an object of time, by any means equivalent to the disgrace or ridicule of writing an ugly scrawl. Consider, that if your very bad writing could furnish me with matter of ridicule, what will it not do to others, who do not view you in that partial light that I do.

On ORTHOGRAPHY.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I COME now to another part of your letter; which is the orthography, if I may call bad spelling *orthography*. You spell *induce*, *enduce*; and *grandeur*, you spell *grandure*; two faults of which few of my housemaids would have been guilty. I must tell you, that orthography, in the true sense of the word, is so absolutely

absolutely necessary for a man of letters, or a gentleman, that one false spelling may fix a ridicule upon him for the rest of his life; and I know a man of quality who never recovered the ridicule of having spelled *wholeſome* without the *w*.

READING with care, will secure every body from false spelling; for books are always well spelled, according to the orthography of the times. Some words are indeed doubtful, being spelled differently by authors of equal authority; but those are few; and in those cases every man has his opinion, because he may plead his authority either way; but where there is but one right way, as in the two words above-mentioned, it is unpardonable, and ridiculous, for a gentleman to miss it: even a woman of a tolerable education, would despise and laugh at a lover, who should send her an ill-spelled *billet-doux*. I fear, and suspect, that you have taken it into your head, in most cases, that the matter is all, and the manner little or nothing. If you have, undeceive yourself, and be convinced, that in every thing, the manner is full as important as the matter. If you speak the sense of an angel, in bad words, and with a disagreeable utterance, nobody will hear you twice, who can help it. If you write epistles as well as Cicero, but in a very bad hand, and very ill spelled, whoever receives, will laugh at them; and if you had the figure of Adonis, with an awkward air and motions, it would disgust instead of pleasing.

On WRITING LETTERS of BUSINESS.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THE first thing necessary in writing letters of business, is extreme clearness and perspicuity; every paragraph should be so clear, and unambiguous, that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor obliged to read it twice in order to understand it. This necessary clearness implies a correctness, without excluding an elegance of stile. Tropes, figures, antitheses, epigrams, &c. would be as misplaced, and as impertinent, in letters of business, as they are sometimes

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(if judiciously used) proper and pleasing in familiar letters, upon common and trite subjects. In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labour, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly dressed; but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it; and correct it accordingly.

OUR pronouns and relatives often create obscurity or ambiguity; be therefore exceedingly attentive to them, and take care to mark out with precision their particular relations. For example: Mr. Johnson acquainted me, that he had seen Mr. Smith, who had promised him to speak to Mr. Clarke, to return him (Mr. Johnson) those papers which he (Mr. Smith) had left some time ago with him (Mr. Clarke): it is better to repeat a name, though unnecessarily, ten times, than to have the person mistaken once. *Who*, you know, is singly relative to persons, and cannot be applied to things; *which*, and *that*, are chiefly relative to things, but not absolutely exclusive of persons; for one may say, the man *that* robbed or killed such-a-one; but it is much better to say, the man *who* robbed or killed. One never says the man or the woman *which*. *Which* and *that*, though chiefly relative to things, cannot be always used indifferently as to things; and the *supra* must sometimes determine their place. For instance, The letter *which* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your last, *which* came by Lord Albermarle's messenger, and *which* I shewed to such-a-one; I would change it thus—The letter *that* I received from you, *which* you referred to in your last, *that* came by Lord Albermale's messenger, and *which* I shewed to such-a-one.

LETTERS of business will not only admit of, but be the better for *certain graces*: but then, they must be scattered with a sparing and a skilful hand; they must fit their places exactly. They must decently adorn without incumbering, and modestly shine without glaring. But as this is the utmost degree of perfection in letters of business, I would not advise you to attempt those embellishments, till you have first laid your foundation well.

THERE is an elegant simplicity and dignity of style absolutely necessary for good letters of business; attend to that carefully. Let your periods be harmonious, without seeming to be laboured; and let them not be too long, for that always occasions a degree of obscurity.

The STUDY of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE RECOMMENDED.

[CONNOISSEUR, NO. 42.]

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a set of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of The English Club. The title, with which they dignify their society, arises from the chief end of their meeting, which is to cultivate their mother tongue. They employ half the time of their assembling in hearing some of our best classics read to them, which generally furnishes them with conversation for the rest of the evening. They have instituted annual festivals in honour of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, &c. on each of which an oration, interspersed with encomiums on the English language, is spoken in praise of the author, who (in the phrase of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have also established a fund, from which handsome rewards are allotted to those who shall supply the place of any exotic terms, that have been smuggled into our language, by homespun British words, equally significant and expressive. An order is also made against importing any contraband phrases into the club, by which heavy fines are laid on those, who shall have any modish barbarisms found upon them: whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by The Town, for the service of the current year.

THE whole account, which I have received from my friend, gave me great satisfaction: and I never remember any society, that met together on such commendable principles. Their proceedings, it must however be confessed, are somewhat unfashionable; for the English tongue is become as little the general care as English beef, or English honesty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at school for nine or ten years, in order to scrape together as much Greek and Latin, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the same time a private master, to give them French enough to land them with some reputation at Calais. This is to be sure

sure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet some people are perverse enough to imagine that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the same time grounding them in their mother tongue, is a very preposterous plan of education. The Romans, though they studied at Athens, directed their studies to the benefit of their own country; and though they read Greek, wrote in Latin. There are at this day in France academies established for the support and preservation of the French language: and perhaps, if to the present professorships of Hebrew and Greek, there should be added a professorship of the English language, it would be no disgrace to our learned universities.

WHEN we consider that our language is preferable to most, if not all others now in being, it seems something extraordinary, that any attention should be paid to a foreign tongue, that is refused to our own, when we are likely to get so little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity to which some late authors have brought it, we are still much concerned at the present neglect of it. This shameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to these two reasons; the false pride of those who are esteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

IN complaisance to our fine gentlemen, who are themselves the allowed standard of politeness, I shall begin with them first. Their conversation exactly answers the description which Benedick gives of Claudio's: 'their words are a very fantastical banquet, just like so many strange dishes.' These dishes too are all French; and I do not know, whether their conversation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen subsist, does not in some measure take away the power of that bold articulation, necessary to give utterance to manly British accents: whence their conversation becomes so 'fantastical a banquet,' and every sentence they deliver is almost as heterogeneous a mixture as a *falmagundy*. A fashionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but tells you that he is very much *ennuyé*—he does not affect to be genteel, but *degagée*:—nor is he taken with an elegant simplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne sçai quoi*, and a certain *naiiveté*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely French; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithstanding all this, I do not know, whether the conversation

conversation of our pretenders to wit is not still more barbarous. When they talk of *Humbug*, &c. they seem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the Huns, or the rude gabble of the Hottentots: or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes nearest to the strange cant said to be in use among housebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are most likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately published under the title of the Scoundrel's Dictionary.

MANY who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at least do very little to promote it, and are sometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many persons of both our universities, who can decypher an old Greek manuscript, and construe *Lycophron extempore*, who scarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loss how to dispatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. These gentlemen seem to think, that learning consists merely in being versed in languages not generally understood. But it should be considered, that the same genius, which animated the ancients, has dispensed at least some portion of its heat to later ages, and particularly to the English. Those, who are really charmed with Homer and Sophocles, will hardly read Shakespeare and Milton without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as Athens ever produced. The knowledge of Greek, Latin, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loss of their mother tongue: for these reverend gentlemen should know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

REMARKS on the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 135.]

I HAVE somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to heaven that he was born a Frenchman; for my own part, I look upon it
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as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

THE English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass than is usual in the works of foreign authors: for, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conceptions as possible.

THIS humour shews itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch: those of other languages, are like the notes of wind instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

IN the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that gives them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for dispatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty, conspiracy, theatrical orator, &c.*

THE same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our præter-perfect tense, as in these words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd*, for *drowned, walked, arrived*, which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

THIS reflection on the words that end in *ed*, I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth*, by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives*, and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth*. This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the *English* tongue, and added to that *bisping* in our language, which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I MIGHT here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *His* and *Her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt about the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words, to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which is likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't, can't, shan't, won't*, and the like, or *may not, can not, shall not, will not, &c.*

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must, which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words make their first entry into a lan-

a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras's doggrel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

WE may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. Nick, in Italian, is Nicolini, Jack, in French, Janot; and so of the rest.

THERE is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible: this often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom*, *which*, or *they*, at their mercy whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I HAVE only considered our language as it shews the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere, and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain, the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shewn by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shews itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language, and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High-Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.

The RICHES of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

[IDLER, NO. 91.]

IT is common to overlook what is near by keeping the eye fixed upon something remote. In the same manner present opportunities are neglected, and attainable good is slighted, by minds busied in extensive ranges, and intent upon future advantages. Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time, and its progress towards happiness, though naturally slow, is yet retarded by unnecessary labour.

THE difficulty of obtaining knowledge is universally confessed. To fix deeply in the mind the principles of science, to settle their limitations, and deduce the long succession of their consequences; to comprehend the whole compass of complicated systems, with all the arguments, objections, and solutions, and to deposit in the intellectual treasury the numberless facts, experiments, apophthegms, and positions, which must stand single in the memory, and of which none has any perceptible connection with the rest, is a task which, though undertaken with ardour and pursued with diligence, must at last be left unfinished by the frailty of our nature.

To make the way to learning either less short or less smooth is certainly absurd; yet this is the apparent effect of the prejudice which seems to prevail among us in favour of foreign authors, and of the contempt of our native literature, which this excursive curiosity must necessarily produce. Every man is more speedily instructed by his own language, than by any other; before we search the rest of the world for teachers, let us try whether we may not spare our trouble by finding them at home.

THE riches of the English language are much greater than they are commonly supposed. Many useful and valuable books lie buried in shops and libraries, unknown and unexamined, unless some lucky compiler opens them by chance, and finds an easy spoil of wit and learning. I am far from intending to insinuate, that other languages are not necessary

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to him who aspires to eminence, and whose whole life is devoted to study; but to him who reads only for amusement, or whose purpose is not to deck himself with the honours of literature, but to be qualified for domestic usefulness, and sit down content with subordinate reputation, we have authors sufficient to fill up all the vacancies of his time, and gratify most of his wishes for information.

OF poets I need say little, because they are perhaps the only authors to whom their country has done justice. We consider the whole succession, from Spencer to Pope, as superior to any names which the continent can boast; and therefore the poets of other nations, however familiarly they may be sometimes mentioned, are very little read, except by those who design to borrow their beauties.

THERE is, I think, not one of the liberal arts which may not be competently learned in the English language. He that searches after mathematical knowledge may busy himself among his own countrymen, and will find one or other able to instruct him in every part of those abstruse sciences. He that is delighted with experiments, and wishes to know the nature of bodies from certain and visible effects, is happily placed where the mechanical philosophy was first established by a public institution, and from which it was spread to all other countries.

THE more airy and elegant studies of philology and criticism have little need of any foreign help. Though our language, not being very analogical, gives few opportunities for grammatical researches, yet we have not wanted authors who have considered the principles of speech; and with critical writings we abound sufficiently to enable pedantry to impose rules which can seldom be observed, and vanity to talk of books which are seldom read.

BUT our own language has, from the Reformation to the present time, been chiefly dignified and adorned by the works of our divines, who, considered as commentators, controvertists, or preachers, have undoubtedly left all other nations far behind them. No vulgar language can boast such treasures of theological knowledge, or such multitudes of authors at once learned, elegant, and pious. Other countries and other communions have authors perhaps equal in abilities and diligence to ours; but if we unite number with excellence, there is certainly no nation which must not allow us to be superior. Of morality little is necessary to be said, because it is comprehended in practical divinity, and is perhaps better

better taught in English sermons than in any other books ancient or modern. Nor shall I dwell on our excellence in metaphysical speculations, because he that reads the works of our divines will easily discover how far human subtilty has been able to penetrate.

POLITICAL knowledge is forced upon us by the form of the constitution, and all the mysteries of government are discovered in the attack or defence of every minister. The original law of society, the rights of subjects, and the prerogatives of Kings, have been considered with the utmost nicety, sometimes profoundly investigated, and sometimes familiarly explained.

Thus copiously instructive is the English language, and thus needless is all recourse to foreign writers. Let us not therefore make our neighbours proud by soliciting help which we do not want, nor discourage our own industry by difficulties which we need not suffer.

On RHETORIC.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I BELIEVE you are the first boy, to whom (under the age of eight years) one has ever ventured to mention the figures of rhetoric. But I am of opinion, that we cannot begin to think too young; and that the art which teaches us how to persuade the mind, and touch the heart, must surely deserve the earliest attention.

You cannot but be convinced, that a man who speaks and writes with elegance and grace; who makes choice of good words; and adorns and embellishes the subject, upon which he either speaks or writes, will persuade better, and succeed more easily in obtaining what he wishes, than a man who does not explain himself clearly; speaks his language ill; or makes use of low and vulgar expressions; and who has neither grace nor elegance in any thing that he says. Now it is by rhetoric, that the art of speaking eloquently is taught:

taught: and, though I cannot think of grounding you in it, as yet, I would wish, however, to give you an idea of it suitable to your age.

THE first thing you should attend to is, to speak whatever language you do speak, in its greatest purity, and according to the rules of grammar; for we must never offend against grammar, nor make use of words, which are not really words. This is not all; for not to speak ill, is not sufficient; we must speak well; and the best method of attaining to that, is to read the best authors with attention; and to observe how people of fashion speak, and those who express themselves best; for common people, footmen, and maid-servants, all speak ill. They make use of low and vulgar expressions, which people of rank never use. In numbers, they join the singular and plural together; in genders, they confound masculine with feminine; and in tenses, they often take the one for the other. In order to avoid all these faults, we must read with care, observe the turn and expressions of the best authors; and not pass a word which we do not understand, or concerning which we have the least doubt, without exactly enquiring the meaning of it. For example; when you read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* with Mr. Martin, you should ask him the meaning of every word you do not know; and also, whether it is a word that may be made use of in prose, as well as in verse; for the language of poetry is different from that which is proper for common discourse; and a man would be to blame, to make use of some words in prose, which are very happily applied in poetry. In the same manner, when you read French with Mr. Pelnote, ask him the meaning of every word you meet with, that is new to you; and desire him to give you examples of the various ways in which it may be used. All this requires only a little attention; and yet there is nothing more useful. It is said that a man must be born a poet; but that he can make himself an orator. *Nascitur poeta, fit orator.* This means, that, to be a poet, one must be born with a certain degree of strength and vivacity of mind; but that attention, reading, and labour, are sufficient to form an orator. Adieu.

The ART of MEMORY.

[IDLER, NO. 74.]

IN the mythological pedigree of learning, Memory is made the mother of the Muses; by which the masters of ancient wisdom, perhaps, meant to shew the necessity of storing the mind copiously with true notions, before the imagination should be suffered to form fictions or collect embellishments; for the works of an ignorant poet can afford nothing higher than pleasing sound, and fiction is of no other use than to display the treasures of memory.

THE necessity of memory to the acquisition of knowledge is inevitably felt and universally allowed, so that scarcely any other of the mental faculties are commonly considered as necessary to a student: he that admires the proficiency of another, always attributes it to the happiness of his memory; and he that laments his own defects, concludes with a wish that his memory was better.

It is evident, that when the power of retention is weak, all the attempts at eminence of knowledge must be vain; and as few are willing to be doomed to perpetual ignorance, they may, perhaps, afford consolation to some that have fallen so easily into despondence, by observing, that such weakness, in my opinion, very rare, and that few have reason to complain of nature as unkindly sparing of the gifts of memory.

In the common business of life, we find the memory of one like that of another, and honestly impute omissions not to involuntary forgetfulness, but culpable inattention: but in literary inquiries, failure is imputed rather to want of memory than of diligence.

WE consider ourselves as defective in memory, either because we remember less than we desire, or less than we suppose others to remember.

MEMORY is like all other human powers, with which no man can be satisfied who measures them by what he can conceive,

ceive, or by what he can desire. He whose mind is most capacious, finds it much too narrow for his wishes: he that remembers most, remembers little compared with what he forgets. He therefore that, after the perusal of a book, finds few ideas remaining in his mind, is not to consider the disappointment as peculiar to himself, or to resign all hopes of improvement, because he does not retain what even the author has perhaps forgotten.

He who compares his memory with that of others, is often too hasty to lament the inequality. Nature has sometimes, indeed, afforded examples of enormous, wonderful and gigantic memory. Scaliger reports of himself, that in his youth, he could repeat above an hundred verses, having once read them; and Barthicus declares, that he wrote his *Comment upon Claudian* without consulting the text. But not to have such degrees of memory, is no more to be lamented than not to have the strength of Hercules, or the swiftness of Achilles. He that in the distribution of good has an equal share with common men, may justly be contented. Where there is no striking disparity, it is difficult to know of two which remembers most, and still more difficult to discover which reads with greater attention, which has renewed the first impression by more frequent repetitions, or by what accidental combination of ideas either mind might have united any particular narrative or argument to its former stock.

BUT memory, however impartially distributed, so often deceives our trust, that almost every man attempts, by some artifice or other, to secure its fidelity.

It is the practice of many readers, to note in the margins of their books, the most important passages, the strongest arguments, or the brightest sentiments. Thus they load their minds with superfluous attention, repress the vehemence of curiosity by useless deliberation, and by frequent interruptions break the current of narration or the chain of reason, and at last close the volume, and forget the passages and the marks together.

OTHERS I have found unalterably persuaded, that nothing is certainly remembered but what is transcribed; and they have therefore passed weeks and months in transferring large quotations to a common-place book. Yet, why any part of a book, which can be consulted at pleasure, should be copied I was never able to discover. The hand has no closer correspondence with the memory than the eye. The act of writing

writing itself distracts the thoughts, and what is read twice is commonly better remembered than what is transcribed. This method therefore consumes time without assisting memory.

THE true art of memory is the art of attention. No man will read with much advantage, who is not able, at pleasure, to evacuate his mind, or who brings not to his author an intellect defecated and pure, neither turbid with care nor agitated by pleasure. If the repositories of thought are already full, what can they receive? If the mind is employed on the past or future, the book will be held before the eyes in vain. What is read with delight is commonly retained, because pleasure always secures attention; but the books which are consulted by occasional necessity, and perused with impatience, seldom leave any traces on the mind.

CUSTOM a *Second* NATURE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 447.]

THERE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that custom is a second nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plott, in his history of Staffordshire, tells us of an idiot, that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck; the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was in nature. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that custom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I SHALL in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which custom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly

rightly observed, may lead us unto very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in custom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions it is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which it has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by custom and practice become pleasant. Sir Francis Bacon observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never better pleased than with those things which at first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom approves upon the first taste; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated itself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses its first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil or Cicero. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered custom as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful; and though others have often made the same reflection, it is possible they may have drawn those uses from it, with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

IF we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of actions, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first; but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

IN the second place, I would recommend to every one the admirable precept which Pythagoras is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon: *optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*, pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful. Men, whose circumstances will permit them to chuse their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

IN the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. The Gods, said Hesiod, have placed Labour before Virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther you advance in it. The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality.

IN the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may

insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

THE last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call Heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must in this world gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in it during this its present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effects of a religious life.

ON the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them, they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life: but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called in scripture phrase, the worm which never dies. This notion of heaven and hell, is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock; but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his *Christian Life*, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity, that is written in our tongue, or any other. That excellent author has shewn how every particular custom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce a heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall
hereafter

hereafter practise it: as on the contrary, how every custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

On CLEANLINESS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 631.]

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage coach, where I had for my fellow travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his perriwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine, where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found on her. A clear clean oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest cambrick, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of her arms from that sober coloured stuff, in which she had clothed herself. The plainness of her dress was very well suited to the simplicity of her phrases, all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

THIS adventure occasioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanliness*, which I shall consider as one of the

half-virtues, as Aristotle calls them, and shall recommend it under the three following heads: as it is a mark of politeness; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

FIRST, it is a mark of politeness. It is universally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The easier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty rises proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot with an English beauty, to be satisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

IN the next place, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of love. Beauty indeed most commonly produces that passion in the mind, but cleanliness preserves it. An indifferent face and person kept in perpetual neatness, hath won many a heart from a pretty slattern. Age itself is not unamiable, while it is preserved clean and unsullied: like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright, we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel that is canker'd with rust.

I MIGHT observe further, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, so it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices, destructive both to mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it. But these reflections I shall leave to the leisure of my readers, and shall observe in the third place that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions.

WE find from experience, that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. It fares with us much after the same manner, as to our ideas. Our senses, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only transmit the impression of such things as usually surround them. So that pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

IN the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness more immediately necessary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewish law, (and the Mahometan

Mahometan; which in some things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reason to be assigned for these ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanness of heart by those outward washings. We read several injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying, as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherways could not have been habitable for so many years.

I SHALL conclude this essay, with a story which I have somewhere read in an account of Mahometan superstition.

A DERVISE of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it in pieces. His son coming in, some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way from Mecca. The Dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroaked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast that sorely bruised him. His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, till he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertency, he had that morning come abroad without washing his hands.

LEARNING *a necessary* INGREDIENT in the CHARACTER of a GENTLEMAN.

[GUARDIAN, NO. III.]

I AM very much concerned when I see young gentlemen of fortune and quality so wholly set upon pleasures and diversions, that they neglect all those improvements in wisdom and knowledge which may make them easy to themselves and useful to the

the world. The greatest part of our British youth lose their figure and grow out of fashion by that time they are five and twenty. As soon as the natural gaiety and amiableness of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but lye by the rest of their lives among the lumber and refuse of the species. It sometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themselves in due time to the pursuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful scholars by that time they are threescore. I must therefore earnestly press my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at those accomplishments which may set off their persons when their bloom is gone, and to lay in timely provisions for manhood and old age. In short, I would advise the youth of fifteen to be dressing up every day the man of fifty, or to consider how to make himself venerable at threescore.

YOUNG men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to observe how the greatest men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæsar and Alexander, the most celebrated instances of human greatness, took a particular care to distinguish themselves by their skill in the arts and sciences. We have still extant several remains of the former, which justify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known saying of his, that he was more obliged to Aristotle, who had instructed him, than to Philip, who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Aristotle upon hearing that he had published those lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words, at a time when he was in the height of his Persian conquests.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, *greeting.*

‘YOU have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare unto you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power. Farewel.’

WE see by this letter, that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in Alexander's soul. Knowledge is indeed that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. It gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

LEARNING, by which I mean all useful knowledge, whether speculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

THE story of Solomon's choice does not only instruct us in that point of history, but furnishes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wisdom, does at the same time take the most proper method of gaining long life, riches, and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wisdom.

As it is very suitable to my present subject, I shall first of all quote this passage in the words of sacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole passage is represented by a famous French poet: not questioning but it will be very pleasing to such of my readers as have a taste for fine writing.

"IN Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream by night: and God said, Ask what I shall give thee. And Solomon said, Thou hast shewed unto thy servant David my father great mercy, according as he walked before thee in truth and righteousness, and in uprightness of heart with thee, and thou hast kept for him this great kindness, that thou hast given him a son to sit on his throne, as it is this day. And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant King instead of David my father: And I am but a little child; I know not how to go out or come in. Give therefore thy servant an understand-

ing heart to judge thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this thy so great a people? And the speech pleased the Lord, that Solomon had asked this thing. And God said unto him, Because thou hast asked this thing, and hast not asked for thyself long life, neither hast asked riches for thyself, nor hast asked the life of thine enemies, but hast asked for thyself, understanding to discern judgment: Behold I have done according to thy words: Lo I have given thee a wise and understanding heart, so that there was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked, both riches and honour, so that there shall not be any among the Kings like unto thee all thy days. And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my statutes and my commandments, as thy father David did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold it was a dream. ———”

THE French poet has shadowed this story in an allëgory, of which he seems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddesses appearing to Paris, or rather from the vision of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleasure and Virtue are represented as real persons making their court to the hero with all their several charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory, and Honour are introduced successively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them spreading her temptations, and recommending herself to the young monarch's choice. Wisdom enters the last, and so captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himself up to her. Upon which she informs him, that those who appeared before her were nothing else but her equipage, and that since he had placed his heart upon Wisdom, Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour should always wait on her as her handmaids.

TEMPERANCE *the best Preservative of* HEALTH.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 195.]

THERE is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales, of a king who had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length,

length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, inclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat: when, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicament perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This eastern allegory is finely contrived to shew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic. I have described in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general structure and mechanism of an human body, how absolutely necessary exercise is for its preservation: I shall in this place recommend another great preservative of health, which in many cases produces the same effects as exercise, and may, in some measure, supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The preservative I am speaking of is temperance, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season, or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himself, without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

PHYSIC, for the most part, is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them. Accordingly we find that those parts of the world are the most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food besides what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding, are
seldom

seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate; as all those inward applications which are so much in practice among us, are, for the most part, nothing else but expedients to make luxury consistent with health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in countermining the cook and the vintner. It is said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man that was going to a feast, he took him up in the street, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philosopher have said, had he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal? would not he have thought the master of a family mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his hands, had he seen him devour fowl, fish, and flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices; throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces of an hundred ingredients, confections, and fruits of numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments must such a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its magnificence, I fancy that I see gout and dropsies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable distempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

NATURE delights in the most plain and simple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish. Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or excrescence of the earth, scarce a berry, or a mushroom, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid drinking any thing strong, till you have finished your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least such as are not the most plain and simple. A man could not be well guilty of gluttony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy rules. In the first case, there would be no variety of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess; nor in the second any artificial provoca-

tives to relieve satiety and create a false appetite. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple; 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.' But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophical a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put her upon such difficulties; and at the same time give her an opportunity of extricating herself from her oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of her distended vessels. Besides that abstinence, well timed, often kills a sickness in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during that great plague, which has made so much noise through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands; I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed.

AND here I cannot but mention an observation which I have often made upon reading the lives of the philosophers, and comparing them with any series of kings or great men of the same number. If we consider these ancient sages, a great part of whose philosophy consisted in a temperate and abstemious course of life, one would think the life of a philosopher and the life of a man were two different dates. For we find that the generality of these wise men were nearer a hundred than sixty years of age at the time of their respective deaths. But the most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian Ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution, till about forty, when by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of *Sure and certain Methods of attaining a long*

a long and healthy Life. He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it.

EXERCISE *necessary to the* HEALTH *of the* BODY, *and the*
PURITY *of the* MIND.

[RAMBLER, NO. 85.]

MANY writers of eminence in physic have laid out their diligence upon the consideration of those distempers to which men are exposed by particular states of life, and very learned treatises have been produced upon the maladies of the camp, the sea, and the mines. There are, indeed, few employments which a man accustomed to anatomical enquiries, and medical refinements, would not find reasons for declining, as dangerous to health, did not his learning or experience inform him, that almost every occupation, however inconvenient or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth.

THE necessity of action is not only demonstrable from the fabric of the body, but evident from observation of the universal practice of mankind, who, for the preservation of health, in those whose rank or wealth exempts them from the necessity of lucrative labour, have invented sports and diversions, though not of equal use to the world with manual trades, yet of equal fatigue to those that practise them, and differing only from the drudgery of the husbandman or manufacturer, as they are acts of choice, and therefore performed without the painful sense

of compulsion. The huntsman rises early, pursues his game through all the dangers and obstructions of the chase, swims rivers, and scales precipices, till he returns home no less harassed than the soldier, and has perhaps sometimes incurred as great hazard of wounds or death : Yet he has no motive to incite his ardour ; he is neither subject to the commands of a general, nor dreads any penalties for neglect and disobedience ; he has neither profit or honour to expect from his perils and his conquests, but toils without the hope of mural or civic garlands, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and companions.

BUT such is the constitution of man, that labour may be stiled its own reward ; nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body.

EASE is the utmost that can be hoped from a sedentary and unactive habit ; ease, a neutral state between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres, that keeps his limbs pliant with motion, and, by frequent exposure, fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat.

WITH ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content ; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will be falling towards pain ; and whatever hope the dreams of speculation may suggest, of observing the proportion between nutriment and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state, by supplies exactly equal to its waste, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid ; that, as their vigour fails, obstructions are generated ; and that from obstructions proceed most of those pains which wear us away slowly with periodical tortures, and which, though they sometimes suffer life to be long, condemn it to be useless, chain us down to the couch of misery, and mock us with the hopes of death.

EXERCISE cannot secure us from that dissolution to which we are decreed ; but while the soul and body continue united, it can make the association pleasing, and give probable hopes that they shall be disjoined by an easy separation. It was a principle among the ancients, that acute diseases are from heaven, and chronical from ourselves ; the dart of death indeed falls from heaven, but we poison it by our own misconduct ;

duſt; to die is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguiſh is generally his folly.

IT is neceſſary to that perfection of which our preſent ſtate is capable, that the mind and body ſhould both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor of the other be ſuffered to grow lax or torpid for want of uſe; that neither health be purchaſed by voluntary ſubmiſſion to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expence of that health, which muſt enable it either to give pleaſure to its poſſeſſor or aſſiſtance to others. It is too frequently the pride of ſtudents to deſpiſe thoſe amuſements and recreations which give to the reſt of mankind ſtrength of limbs and cheerfulneſs of heart. Solitude and contemplation are indeed ſeldom conſiſtent with ſuch ſkill in common exerciſes or ſports, as is neceſſary to make them practiſed with delight; and no man is willing to do that of which the neceſſity is not preſſing and immediate, when he knows that his aukwardneſs muſt make him ridiculous.

*Ludere qui nescit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis,
Indoētusque Pilæ, Diſcive, Trochive quieſcit,
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impunè Coronæ.*

He that's unſkilful will not toſs a ball,
Nor run, nor wreſtle, for he fears the fall;
He juſtly fears to meet deſerv'd diſgrace,
And that the ring will hiſs the baffled aſs.

CREECH.

THUS the man of learning is often reſigned, almoſt by his own conſent, to languor and pain; and while in the proſecution of his ſtudies, he ſuffers the wearineſs of labour, is ſubject by his courſe of life to the maladies of idleneſs.

IT was, perhaps, from the obſervation of this miſchievous omiſſion in thoſe who are employed about intellectual objects, that Locke has, in his SYSTEM OF EDUCATION, urged the neceſſity of a trade to men of all ranks and profeſſions, that when the mind is weary with its proper taſk, it may be relaxed by a ſlighter attention to ſome mechanical operation; and that while the vital functions are reſuſcitated and awakened by vigorous motion, the underſtanding may be reſtrained from that vagrancy and diſſipation by which it relieves itſelf after a long intenſeneſs of thought, unleſs ſome allurements be preſented that may engage application without anxiety.

THERE

THERE is so little reason for expecting frequent conformity to Locke's precept, that it is not necessary to enquire whether the practice of mechanical arts might not give occasion to petty emulation, and degenerate ambition; and whether, if our divines and physicians were taught the lathe and the chissel, they would not think more of their tools than their books: as Nero neglected the care of his empire for his chariot and his fiddle. It is certainly dangerous to be too much pleased with little things; but what is there which may not be perverted? Let us remember how much worse employment might have been found for those hours, which a manual occupation appears to engross;—let us compute the profit with the loss, and when we reflect how often a genius is allured from his studies, consider likewise, that perhaps by the same attractions he is sometimes with-held from debauchery, or recalled from malice, from ambition, from envy, and from lust.

I HAVE always admired the wisdom of those by whom our female education was instituted, for having contrived, that every woman, of whatever condition, should be taught some arts of manufacture, by which the vacuities of recluse and domestic leisure may be filled up. These arts are more necessary, as the weakness of their sex, and the general system of life, debar ladies from many employments, which, by diversifying the circumstances of men, preserve them from being cankered by the rust of their own thoughts. I know not how much of the virtue and happiness of the world may be the consequence of this judicious regulation. Perhaps the most powerful fancy might be unable to figure the confusion and slaughter that would be produced by so many piercing eyes and vivid understandings, turned loose at once upon mankind, with no other business than to sparkle and intrigue, to perplex and to destroy.

FOR my part, whenever chance brings within my observation a knot of misses busy at their needles, I consider myself as in the school of virtue; and, though I have no extraordinary skill in plain work or embroidery, look upon their operations with as much satisfaction as their governess, because I regard them as providing a security against the most dangerous ensnarers of the soul, by enabling themselves to exclude idleness from their solitary moments, and with idleness her attendant train of passions, fancies, and chimeras, fears, sorrows, and desires. Ovid and Cervantes will inform them, that love has no power but over those whom he catches unemployed; and Hector, in the Iliad, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with

with terrors, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff.

It is certain that any wild wish or vain imagination never takes such firm possession of the mind, as when it is found empty and unoccupied. The old peripatetic principle, that nature abhors a vacuum, may be properly applied to the intellect, which will embrace any thing, however absurd or criminal, rather than be wholly without an object. Perhaps every man may date the predominance of those desires that disturb his life and contaminate his conscience, from some unhappy hour when too much leisure exposed him to their incursions; for he has lived with little observation either on himself or others, who does not know that to be idle is to be vicious.

*On the ANTIQUITY of FABLES, with the FABLE of
PLEASURE and PAIN.*



[SPECTATOR, NO. 183.]

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued, not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the tree is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the poor man and his lamb, is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, beside the above-mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king, without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome, we see a mutiny among the common people appeased

by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flourished more than when learning was at its greatest height. To justify this assertion, I shall put my reader in mind of Horace, the greatest wit and critic in the Augustan age; and of Boileau, the most correct poet among the moderns: not to mention La Fontaine, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

THE fables I have here mentioned are raised altogether upon brutes or vegetables, with some of our own species mixt among them, when the moral hath so required. But besides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are passions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary persons of the like nature. Some of the ancient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are fables of this nature; and that the several names of gods and heroes are nothing else but the affections of the mind in a visible shape and character. Thus they tell us, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad*, represents anger, or the irascible part of human nature; that upon drawing his sword against his superior in a full assembly, Pallas is only another name for reason, which checks and advises him upon that occasion; and at her first appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the seat of reason. And thus of the rest of the poem. As for the *Odyssey*, I think it is plain that Horace considered it as one of these allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of several parts of it. The greatest Italian wits have applied themselves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: as Spenser's *Fairy Queen* is one continued series of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the finest prose authors of antiquity, such as Cicero, Plato, Xenophon, and many others, we shall find that this was likewise their favourite kind of fable. I shall only farther observe upon it, that the first of this sort that made any considerable figure in the world, was that of Hercules meeting with Pleasure and Virtue; which was invented by Prodicus, who lived before Socrates, and in the first dawnings of philosophy. He used to travel through Greece by the virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception

ception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as soon as he had gathered an audience about him.

AFTER this short preface, which I have made up of such materials as my memory does at present suggest to me, before I present my reader with a fable of this kind, which I design as the entertainment of the present paper, I must, in a few words, open the occasion of it.

IN the account which Plato gives us of the conversation and behaviour of Socrates, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumstance.

WHEN Socrates's fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his usual manner, to take every occasion of philosophizing upon some useful subject, he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his legs, that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. To this he added, that if a man of good genius for a fable were to represent the nature of pleasure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after such a manner, that it would be impossible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is possible, that if Plato had thought it proper at such a time to describe Socrates launching out into a discourse which was not of a piece with the business of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into some beautiful allegory or fable. But since he has not done it, I shall attempt to write one myself in the spirit of that divine author.

"THERE were two families which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest

youngest of the opposite family was Pain, who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

“THE middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter considering that this species, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families, Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness, and Pain, who was the son of Misery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

“PLEASURE and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that species which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enter, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

“BUT notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To
remedy

remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by articles, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently ; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies : or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods."

SLOTH and LUXURY ; *the Story of HACHO, King of*
LAPLAND.

[IDLER, NO. 96.]

HACHO, a king of Lapland, was in his youth the most renowned of the northern warriors. His martial achievements remain engraved on a pillar of flint in the rocks of Hanga, and are to this day solemnly carrolled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires with which they celebrate their nightly festivities. Such was his intrepid spirit, that he ventured to pass the lake Vether to the Isle of Wizards, where he descended alone into the dreary vault in which a magician had been kept bound for six ages, and read the Gothic characters inscribed on his brazen mace. His eye was so piercing, that, as ancient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them. At twelve years of age he carried an iron vessel of a prodigious weight, for the length of five furlongs, in the presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.

NOR was he less celebrated for his prudence and wisdom. Two of his proverbs are yet remembered and repeated among

among the Laplanders. To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being, he was wont to say, *Odin's belt is always buckled*. To shew that the most prosperous condition of life is often hazardous, his lesson was, *When you slide on the smoothest ice, beware of pits beneath*. He consoled his countrymen, when they were once preparing to leave the frozen deserts of Lapland, and resolved to seek some warmer climate, by telling them, that the eastern nations, notwithstanding their boasted fertility, passed every night amidst the horrors of anxious apprehension, and were inexpressibly affrighted, and almost stunned, every morning with the noise of the sun while he was rising.

His temperance and severity of manners were his chief praise. In his early years he never tasted wine; nor would he drink out of a painted cup. He constantly slept in his armour, with his spear in his hand; nor would he use a battle-axe whose handle was inlaid with brass. He did not, however, persevere in this contempt of luxury; nor did he lose his days with honour.

ONE evening, after hunting the Gulos, or wild-hog, being bewildered in a solitary forest, and having passed the fatigues of the day without any interval or refreshment, he discovered a large store of honey in the hollow of a pine. This was a dainty which he had never tasted before, and being at once faint and hungry, he fed greedily upon it. From this unusual and delicious repast he received so much satisfaction, that at his return home, he commanded honey to be served up at his table every day. His palate, by degrees, became refined and vitiated; he began to lose his native relish for simple fare, and contracted a habit of indulging himself in delicacies; he ordered the delightful gardens of his castle to be thrown open, in which the most precious fruits had been suffered to ripen and decay, unobserved and untouched, for many revolving autumns, and satisfied his appetite with luxurious deserts. At length he found it expedient to introduce wine as an agreeable improvement, or a necessary ingredient, to his new way of living; and having once tasted it, he was tempted, by little and little, to give loose to the excesses of intoxication. His general simplicity of life was changed; he perfumed his apartments by burning wood of the most aromatic fir, and commanded his helmet to be ornamented with beautiful rows of the teeth of the rein deer. Indolence and effeminacy stole upon him by pleasing and imperceptible gradations, relaxed

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the sinews of his resolution, and extinguished his thirst of military glory.

WHILE Hacho was thus immersed in pleasure and in repose, it was reported to him, one morning, that the preceding night, a disastrous omen had been discovered, and that bats and hideous birds had drank up the oil which nourished the perpetual lamp in the temple of Odin. About the same time, a messenger arrived to tell him, that the King of Norway had invaded his kingdom with a formidable army. Hacho, terrified as he was with the omen of the night, and enervated with indulgence, roused himself from his voluptuous lethargy, and recollecting some faint and few sparks of veteran valour, marched forward to meet him. Both armies joined battle in the forest where Hacho had been lost after hunting; and it so happened, that the king of Norway challenged him to single combat, near the place where he had tasted the honey. The Lapland chief, languid and long disused to arms, was soon overpowered; he fell to the ground; and before his insulting adversary struck his head from his body, uttered this exclamation, which the Laplanders still use as an early lesson to their children: "The vicious man should date his destruction from the first temptation. How justly do I fall a sacrifice to sloth and luxury, in the place where I first yielded to those allurements which seduced me to deviate from temperance and innocence! The honey which I tasted in this forest, and now in the hand of the king of Norway, conquers Hacho."

*The HEIRS to great ESTATES generally ILLITERATE
the Advantage of bringing them up without the Knowledge
of their BIRTH.*

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[SPECTATOR, NO. 123.]
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AS I was yesterday taking the air with my friend S. Roger, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him.

him. Upon my enquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ach. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

THE truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

THIS makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

EUDOXUS and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out into the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of his princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts,

and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands; they were both of them *fat* about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves up to such a habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had

the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission, till he gained a good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I SHOULD have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine, to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled

with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall still be my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb shew those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

LABOUR *and* REST, a FABLE.

[RAMBLER, NO. 33.]

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty, under the protection of Rest; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

UNDER this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

AMIDST the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded

only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency; but winter was without any relief; Famine, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, Labour came down upon earth. Labour was the son of Necessity, the nurseling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other hand he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here the power to whom ye are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either Famine or Disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

"AWAKE therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest its beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure."

ENCOURAGED by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed: the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was
seen

seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded store-houses.

THUS Labour and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquest, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Lassitude, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning; at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of Labour fell from their grasp.

SHOCKED with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of Labour, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of Rest, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Rest had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which Labour had procured them.

REST therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with Labour: nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for she was obliged to share it with Luxury, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

THE two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till at last Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshippers. Rest then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

REST had not always the same enemy: in some places she escaped the incursions of Disease, but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder; for very frequently when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without; when every flower

was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, Satiety would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of Rest. No sooner was she seated, than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to Luxury, who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away, and others that were more wise or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

THUS Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labour saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to Rest, and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between Rest and Labour.

On the WONDERFUL CAPACITY of the HUMAN MIND.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 554.]

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated French author, that 'no man ever pushed his capacity as far as it was able to extend.' I shall not enquire whether this assertion be strictly true. It may suffice to say, that men of the greatest application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant spaces, and neglected parts of time, which have slipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one considering person in the world, but is apt to fancy with himself, at some time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

THE mind is most provoked to cast on itself this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of such men are presented to it, as have far outshot the generality of their species in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

ONE of the most extensive and improved geniuses we have had any instance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of Sir Francis Bacon Lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compass of thought, and indefatigable study, had amassed to himself such stores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity seems to have grasped all that was revealed in books before his time, and not satisfied with that, he began to strike out new tracks of science, too many to be travelled over by any one man, in the compass of the longest life. These, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coastings in maps, or supposed points of land, to be further discovered and ascertained by the industry of after ages, who should proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

THE excellent Mr. Boyle was the person who seems to have been designed by nature to succeed to the labours and enquiries of that extraordinary genius I have just mentioned.

By innumerable experiments he, in a great measure, filled up those plans and out-lines of science which his predecessor had sketched out. His life was spent in the pursuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the most rational, as well as devout adoration of its divine author.

It would be impossible to name many persons who have extended their capacities as far as these two, in the studies they pursued; but my learned readers, on this occasion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a Third, who is yet living, and is likewise the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have so vastly increased in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful instance how great the capacity is of a human soul, and how inexhaustible the subject of its inquiries; so true is that remark in holy writ, that 'Though a wise man seek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet shall he not be able to do it.'

I CANNOT help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from these, yet such a one as may serve to shew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the most singular instance of an universal genius I have ever met with. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, descended from a noble family in Tuscany, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In his profession of history painting he was so great a master, that some have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raised the envy of Michael Angelo, who was his contemporary, and that from the study of his works Raphael himself learned his best manner of designing. He was a master too in sculpture and architecture, and skilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan, is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned several languages, and was acquainted with the studies of history, philosophy, poetry, and music. Though it is not necessary to my present purpose, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewise his perfection of body. The instances of his strength are almost incredible. He is described to have been of a well-formed person, and a master of all genteel exercises. And lastly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honest and generous mind, adorned with great sweetness of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curiosity of my readers to find

so remarkable a character distinguished by as remarkable a circumstance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an universal esteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after some time, he fell sick; and Francis the First coming to see him, he raised himself in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that visit. The King embraced him, and Leonardo fainting at the same instant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impossible to attend such instances as these, without being raised into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of such progressions in knowledge, and can contain such a variety of ideas without perplexity or confusion. How reasonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilst we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to last for ever, unless annihilated by Omnipotence, how absurd would it be to imagine, that a Being so much superior to it should not have the same privilege?

At the same time it is very surprising, when we remove our thoughts from such instances as I have mentioned, to consider those we so frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who scarce shew the first glimmerings of reason, and seem to have few ideas above those of sense and appetite. These, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vast uncultivated wastes of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the most exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the same species.

SOME are of opinion that the souls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great disparity we so often observe, arises from the different organization or structure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever constitutes this first disparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their several acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their educations, fortunes, or course of life. The soul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to polish it; for want of which, many a good natural genius is lost, or lies unfashioned, like a jewel in the mine.

ONE of the strongest incitements to excel in such arts and accomplishments as are in the highest esteem among men, is the natural passion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the excess of it, ought by no means to be discouraged. Perhaps some moralists are too severe in beating down this principle, which seems to be a spring

spring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the soul, and is always observed to exert itself with the greatest force in the most generous dispositions. The men whose characters have shone the brightest among the ancient Romans, appear to have been strongly animated by this passion. Cicero, whose learning and services to his country are so well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly presses Lucceius, who was composing a history of those times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the story of his consulship; and to execute it speedily, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying in his lifetime some part of the honour which he foresaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from soliciting the historian upon this occasion to neglect the strict laws of history, and, in praising him, *even to exceed the bounds of truth*. The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the same passion for fame, but accompanied with greater chasteness and modesty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake some great work, is exquisitely beautiful, and raises him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. 'I must confess,' says he, 'that nothing employs my thoughts more than the desire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a desire worthy of a man at least of such a one, who being conscious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembered by posterity.'

I THINK I ought not to conclude without interesting all my readers in the subject of this discourse: I shall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of shining in learning or the polite arts: yet *every one is capable of excelling in something*. The soul has in this respect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itself shoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

On the MANNER in which the HUMAN MIND unfolds its
FACULTIES.

[RAMBLER, NO. 151.]

THE writers of medicine and physiology have traced, with great appearance of accuracy, the effects of time upon the human body, by marking the various periods of the constitution, and the several stages by which animal life makes its progress from infancy to decrepitude. Though their observations have not enabled them to discover how manhood may be accelerated, or old age retarded, yet surely if they be considered only as the amusements of curiosity, they are of equal importance with conjectures on things more remote, with catalogues of the fixed stars, and calculations of the bulk of planets.

It had been a task worthy the moral philosophers to have considered with equal care the climactericks of the mind; to have pointed out the time at which every passion begins and ceases to predominate, and noted the regular variations of desire, and the succession of one appetite to another.

THE periods of mental change are not to be stated with equal certainty: our bodies grow up under the care of nature, and depend so little on our own management, that something more than negligence is necessary to discompose their structure, or impede their vigour. But our minds are committed in a great measure first to the direction of others, and afterwards of ourselves. It would be difficult to protract the weakness of infancy beyond the usual time, but the mind may be very easily hindered from its share of improvement, and the bulk and strength of manhood must, without the assistance of education and instruction, be informed only with the understanding of a child.

YET amidst all the disorder and inequality which variety of discipline, example, conversation, and employment produce in the intellectual advances of different men, there is still discovered by a vigilant spectator such a general and remote similitude

similitude as may be expected in the same common nature affected by external circumstances indefinitely varied. We all enter the world in equal ignorance, gaze round about on the same objects, and have our first pains and pleasures, our first hopes and fears, our first aversions and desires from the same causes: and though, as we proceed farther, life opens wider prospects to our view, and accidental impulses determine us to different paths, yet as every mind, however vigorous or abstracted, is necessitated in its present state of union, to receive its informations, and execute its purposes by the intervention of the body, the uniformity of our corporeal nature communicates itself to our intellectual operations; and those whose abilities or knowledge incline them most to deviate from the general round of life, are recalled from eccentricities by the laws of their existence.

If we consider the exercises of the mind, it will be found that in each part of life some particular faculty is more eminently employed. When the treasures of knowledge are first opened before us, while novelty blooms alike on either hand, and every thing equally unknown and unexamined seems of equal value, the power of the soul is principally exerted in vivacious and desultory curiosity. She applies by turns to every object, enjoys it for a short time, and flies with equal ardour to another. She delights to catch up loose and unconnected ideas, but starts away from systems and complications which would obstruct the rapidity of her transitions, and detain her long in the same pursuit.

When a number of distinct images are collected by the erratick and hasty surveys, the fancy is busied in arranging them; and combines them into pleasing pictures with more resemblance to the realities of life as experience advances, and new observations rectify the former. While the judgment is yet uninformed and unable to compare the draughts of fiction with their originals, we are delighted with improbable adventures, impracticable virtues, and inimitable characters. But, in proportion as we have more opportunities of acquainting ourselves with living nature, we are soon disgusted with copies in which there appears no resemblance. We first detect absurdity and impossibility, then exact greater and greater degrees of probability, but at last become cold and insensible to the charms of falsehood, however specious, and from the imitations of truth, which are never perfect, transfer our affection to truth itself.

Now commences the reign of judgment or reason; we begin to find little pleasure but in comparing arguments, stating propositions, disentangling perplexities, clearing ambiguities, and deducing consequences. The painted vales of imagination are deserted, and our intellectual activity is exercised in winding through the labyrinths of fallacy, and toiling, with firm and cautious steps, up the narrow tracks of demonstration. Whatever may lull vigilance, or mislead attention, is contemptuously rejected, and every disguise in which error may be concealed, is carefully observed; till by degrees a certain number of incontestable or unsuspected propositions are established, and at last concatenated into arguments, or compacted into systems.

At length weariness succeeds to labour, and the mind lies at ease in the contemplation of her own attainments, without any desire of new conquests or excursions. This is the age of recollection and narrative; the opinions are settled, and the avenues of apprehension shut against any new intelligence; the days that are to follow must pass in the inculcation of precepts already collected, and assertion of tenets already received; nothing is henceforward so odious as opposition, so insolent as doubt, or so dangerous as novelty.

In like manner the passions usurp the separate command of the successive periods of life. To the happiness of our first years nothing more seems necessary than freedom from restraint: Every man may remember that if he was left to himself, and indulged in the disposal of his own time, he was once content without the super-addition of any actual pleasure. The new world is itself a banquet, and till we have exhausted the freshness of life, we have always about us sufficient gratifications: The sunshine quickens us to play, and the shade invites us to sleep.

BUT we soon become unsatisfied with negative felicity, and are solicited by our senses and appetites to more powerful delights, as the taste of him who has satisfied his hunger must be excited by artificial stimulations. The simplicity of natural amusement is now past, and art and contrivance must improve our pleasures; but in time art, like nature, is exhausted, and the senses can no longer supply the cravings of the intellect.

THE attention is then transferred from pleasure to interest, in which pleasure is perhaps included, though diffused to a wider extent, and protracted through new gradations. Nothing now dances before the eyes but wealth and power, nor rings in the ear but the voice of fame; wealth, to which, however variously

variously denominated, every man at some time or other aspires; power, which all wish to obtain within their circle of action; and fame, which no man, however high or mean, however wise or ignorant, was ever yet able to despise. Now prudence and foresight exert their influence: no hour is devoted wholly to any present enjoyment, no act or purpose terminates in itself, but every motion is referred to some distant end: the accomplishment of one design begins another, and the ultimate wish is always pushed off to its former distance.

At length fame is observed to be uncertain, and power to be dangerous; the man whose vigour and alacrity begin to forsake him, by degrees contracts his designs, remits his former multiplicity of pursuits, and extends no longer his regard to any other honour than the reputation of wealth, or any other influence than its power. Avarice is generally the last passion of those lives of which the first part has been squandered in pleasure, and the second devoted to ambition. He then sinks under the fatigue of getting wealth, lulls his age with the milder business of saving it.

I HAVE in this view of life considered men as actuated only by natural desires, and yielding to their own inclinations without regard to superior principles; by which the force of external agents may be counteracted, and the temporary prevalence of passions restrained. Nature will indeed always operate: human desires will be always ranging; but these motions though very powerful, are not resistless; nature may be regulated, and desires governed; and to contend with the predominance of successive passions, to be endangered first by one affection, and then by another, is the condition upon which we are to pass our time, the time of our preparation for that state which shall put an end to experiment, to disappointment and to change.

WIT and LEARNING, a FABLE.

[RAMBLER, NO. 22.]

WIT and Learning were the children of Apollo, by different mothers; Wit was the offspring of Euphrosyne, and resembled her in cheerfulness and vivacity; Learning was born

of Sophia, and retained her seriousness and caution. As their mothers were rivals, they were bred up by them from their birth in habitual opposition, and all means were so incessantly employed to impress upon them a hatred and contempt of each other, that though Apollo, who foresaw the ill effects of their discord, endeavoured to soften them, by dividing his regard equally between them, yet his impartiality and kindness were without effect; the maternal animosity was deeply rooted, having been intermingled with their first ideas, and was continued every hour, as fresh opportunities occurred of exerting it. No sooner were they of age to be received into the apartments of the other Celestials, than Wit began to entertain Venus at her toilet, by aping the solemnity of Learning, and Learning to divert Minerva at her loom, by exposing the blunders and ignorance of Wit.

Thus they grew up, with malice perpetually increasing, by the encouragement which each received from those whom their mothers had persuaded to patronize and support them; and longed to be admitted to the table of Jupiter, not so much for the hope of gaining honour, as excluding a rival from all pretensions to regard, and of putting an everlasting stop to the progress of that influence, which each believed the other to have obtained by mean arts, and false appearances.

At last the day came when they were both, with the usual solemnities, received into the class of superior deities, and allowed to take Nectar from the hand of Hebe. But from that hour Concord lost her authority at the table of Jupiter. The rivals, animated by their new dignity, and incited by the alternate applauses of the associate powers, harassed each other by incessant contests, with such a regular vicissitude of victory, that neither was depressed.

It was observable, that at the beginning of every debate, the advantage was on the side of Wit; and that, at the first allies, the whole assembly sparkled, according to Homer's expression, with unextinguishable merriment. But Learning would reserve her strength till the burst of applause was over, and the languor with which the violence of joy is always succeeded, began to promise more calm and patient attention. She then attempted her defence, and by comparing one part of her antagonist's objections with another, commonly made him confute himself; or by shewing how small a part of the question he had taken into his view, proved that his opinion should have no weight. The audience began gradually to lay aside

aside their prepossessions, and rose, at last, with great veneration for Learning, but with greater kindness for Wit.

THEIR conduct was, whenever they desired to recommend themselves to distinction, entirely opposite. Wit was daring and adventurous; Learning cautious and deliberate. Wit thought nothing reproachful but dulness; Learning was afraid of no imputation, but that of error. Wit answered before he understood, lest his quickness of apprehension should be questioned; Learning tired the hearers with endless distinctions and prolonged the dispute with advantage, by proving the which never was denied. Wit, in hopes of shining, would venture to produce what he had not considered, and often succeeded beyond his own expectation, by following the train of a lucky thought; Learning would reject every new notion for fear of being intangled in consequences, which she could not foresee, and was often hindered, by her caution, from pressing her advantages, and subduing her opponents.

BOTH had prejudices, which in some degree hindered their progress towards perfection, and left them open to attack. Novelty was the darling of Wit, and Antiquity of Learning. To Wit, all that was new, was specious; to Learning, whatever was ancient, was venerable. Wit however seldom failed to divert those whom he could not convince, and to convince was not often his ambition; Learning always supported her opinion with so many collateral truths, that, when the cause was decided against her, her arguments were remembered with admiration.

NOTHING was more common, on either side, than to quote their proper characters, and to hope for a complete conquest by the use of the weapons which had been employed against them. Wit would sometimes labour a syllogism, and Learning distort her features with a jest; but they always suffered in the experiment, and betrayed themselves to confutation and contempt. The seriousness of Wit was without dignity, and the merriment of Learning without vivacity.

THEIR contests, by long continuance, grew at last important, and the divinities broke into parties. Wit was taken into the protection of the laughter-loving Venus, had a retinue allowed him of Smiles and Jests, and was often permitted to dance among the Graces. Learning still continued the favourite of Minerva, and seldom went out of her palace without a train of the severer virtues, Chastity, Temperance, Fortitude, and Labour. Wit, cohabiting with Malice, had

named Satyr, who followed him, carrying a quiver filled with poisoned arrows, which, where they once drew blood, could by no skill ever be extracted. These arrows he frequently shot at Learning, when she was most earnestly or usefully employed, engaged in abstruse enquiries, or giving instructions to her followers. Minerva, therefore, deputed criticism, to her aid, who generally broke the point of Satyr's arrows, turned them aside, or retorted them on himself.

JUPITER was at last angry that the peace of the heavenly regions should be in perpetual danger of violation, and resolved to dismiss these troublesome antagonists to the lower world. Hither therefore they came, and carried on their ancient quarrel among mortals, nor was either long without zealous votaries. Wit, by his gaiety, captivated the young; and Learning, by her authority, influenced the old. Their power quickly appeared by very eminent effects; theatres were built for the reception of Wit, and colleges endowed for the residence of Learning. Each party endeavoured to outvie the other in cost and magnificence, and to propagate an opinion, that it was necessary, from the first entrance into life, to enlist into one of the factions; and that none could hope for the reward of either divinity, who had once entered the temple of the rival power.

THERE was indeed a class of mortals by whom Wit and Learning were equally disregarded: These were the devotees of Plutus, the god of riches; among these it seldom happened that the gaiety of Wit could raise a smile, or the eloquence of Learning procure attention. In revenge of this contempt they agreed to incite their followers against them; but the forces that were sent on those expeditions frequently betrayed their trust: and, in contempt of the orders which they had received, flattered the rich in public, while they scorned them in their hearts; and when, by this treachery, they had obtained the favour of Plutus, affected to look with an air of superiority on those who still remained in the service of Wit and Learning.

DISGUSTED with these desertions, the two rivals, at the same time, petitioned Jupiter for re-admission to their native habitations. Jupiter thundred on the right hand, and they prepared to obey the happy summons. Wit readily spread his wings, and soared aloft, but not being able to see far, was bewildered in the pathless immensity of the ethereal space. Learning, who knew the way, shook her pinions; but for want of natural vigour could only take short flights: so, after many

many efforts, they both sunk again to the ground, and learned from their mutual distress, the necessity of union. They therefore joined their hands, and renewed their flight: Learning was borne up by the vigour of Wit, and Wit guided by the perspicuity of Learning. They soon reached the dwellings of Jupiter, and were so endeared to each other, that they lived afterwards in perpetual concord. Wit persuaded Learning to converse with the Graces, and Learning engaged Wit in the service of the Virtues. They were now the favourites of all the powers of heaven, and gladdened every banquet by their presence. They soon after married, at the command of Jupiter, and had a numerous progeny of Arts and Sciences.

On TRUTH and SINCERITY.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 557.]

THERE is nothing, says Plato, so delightful, as the hearing or speaking of truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

AMONG all the accounts which are given of Cato, I do not remember one that more redounds to his honour than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading the cause of his client before one of the Prætors, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced; but the Prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head

of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

WHEN such an inflexible integrity is a little softened and qualified by the rules of conversation and good-breeding, there is not a more shining virtue in the whole catalogue of social duties. A man however ought to take great care not to polish himself out of his veracity, nor to refine his behaviour to the prejudice of his virtue.

THIS subject is exquisitely treated in a most elegant sermon of the great British preacher. I shall beg leave to transcribe out of it two or three sentences, as a proper introduction to a very curious letter, which I shall make the chief entertainment of this speculation.

"The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us.

"The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion; and would hardly, at first, believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable so commonly pass in current payment; and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance, and a good conscience, to converse with men upon equal terms and in their own way."

I HAVE by me a letter which I look upon as a great curiosity, and which may serve as an exemplification to the foregoing passage, cited out of this most excellent prelate. It is said to have been written in King Charles II's reign, by the ambassador of Bantam, a little after his arrival in England.

‘ MASTER,

‘ THE people where I now am, have tongues further from their hearts than from London to Bantam, and thou knowest the

the inhabitants of one of these places do not know what is done in the other. They call thee and thy subjects barbarians, because we speak what we mean; and account themselves a civilized people, because they speak one thing and mean another. Truth they call barbarity, and falsehood politeness. Upon my first landing, one who was sent from the king of this place to meet me, told me, 'That he was extremely sorry for the storm I had met with just before my arrival.' I was troubled to hear him grieve and afflict himself upon my account; but in less than a quarter of an hour he smiled, and was as merry as if nothing had happened. Another who came with him, told me by my interpreter, 'He should be glad to do me any service that lay in his power.' Upon which I desired him to carry one of my portmanteaus for me; but instead of serving me according to his promise, he laughed, and bid another do it. I lodged, the first week, at the house of one who desired me, 'To think myself at home, and to consider his house as my own.' Accordingly I the next morning began to knock down one of the walls of it, in order to let in the fresh air, and had packed up some of the household-goods, of which I intended to have made thee a present; but the false varlet no sooner saw me falling to work, but he sent word to desire me to give over, for that he would have no such doings in his house. I had not been long in this nation, before I was told by one, for whom I had asked a certain favour from the chief of the King's servants, whom they here call the lord-treasurer, that I had 'Eternally obliged him.' I was so surprised at this gratitude, that I could not forbear saying 'What service is there which one man can do for another, that can oblige him to all eternity?' However, I only asked him for my reward, that he would lend me his eldest daughter during my stay in this country; but I quickly found that he was as treacherous as the rest of his countrymen.

'At my first going to Court, one of the great men almost put me out of countenance, by asking ten thousand pardons of me for only treading by accident upon my toe. They call this kind of lie a compliment; for when they are civil to a great man, they tell him untruths for which thou wouldst order any of thy officers of state to receive an hundred blows upon his foot. I do not know how I shall negotiate any thing with this people, since there is so little credit to be given to them. When I go to see the King's scribe, I am generally told that he is not at home, though perhaps I saw him go into

his house almost the very moment before. Thou wouldest fancy that the whole nation are physicians, for the first question they always ask me, is, how I do: I have this question put to me above a hundred times a day. Nay, they are not only thus inquisitive after my health, but wish it in a most solemn manner, with a full glass in their hands, every time I sit down with them at table, though at the same time they would persuade me to drink their liquors in such quantities as I have found by experience will make me sick. They often pretend to pray for thy health also in the same manner; but I have more reason to expect it from the goodness of thy constitution, than the sincerity of their wishes. May thy slave escape in safety from this double-tongued race of men, and live to lay himself once more at thy feet in the royal city of Santam.'

TRUTH and FALSEHOOD, an ALLEGORY.

[RAMBLER, NO. 96.]

It is reported of the Persians, by an ancient writer, that the sum of their education consisted in teaching youth 'to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak truth.'

THE bow and the horse were easily mastered, but it would have been happy if we had been informed by what arts veracity was cultivated, and by what preservatives a Persian mind was secured against the temptations of falsehood.

THERE are, indeed, in the present corruption of mankind, many incitements to forsake truth: the need of palliating our own faults, and the convenience of imposing on the ignorance and credulity of others, so frequently occur; so many immediate evils are to be avoided, and so many present gratifications

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obtained

obtained by craft and delusion, that very few of those who are much entangled in life, have spirit and constancy sufficient to support them in the steady practice of open veracity.

IN order that all men may be taught to speak truth, it is necessary that all likewise should learn to hear it; for no species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery, to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness: Those who are neither servile nor timorous, are yet desirous to bestow pleasure; and while unjust demands of praise continue to be made, there will always be some whom hope, fear, or kindness will dispose to pay them.

THE guilt of falsehood is very widely extended, and many whom their conscience can scarcely charge with stooping to a lie, have vitiated the morals of others by their vanity, and patronize the vice which they believe themselves to abhor.

TRUTH is, indeed, not often welcome, for its own sake; it is generally unpleasing, because contrary to our wishes, and opposite to our practice; and as our attention naturally follows our interest, we hear unwillingly what we are afraid to know, and soon forget what we have no inclination to impress on our memories.

FOR this reason many arts of instruction have been invented, by which the reluctance against truth may be overcome, and as physic is given to children in confections, precepts have been hidden under a thousand appearances, that mankind may be bribed by pleasure to escape destruction.

WHILE the world was yet in its infancy, Truth came among mortals from above, and Falsehood from below. Truth was the daughter of Jupiter and Wisdom; Falsehood was the progeny of Folly impregnated by the Wind. They advanced with equal confidence to seize the dominion of the new creation, and as their enmity and their force were well known to the celestials, all the eyes of heaven were turned upon the contest.

TRUTH seemed conscious of superior power and claim, and therefore came on towering and majestic, unaided and alone; Reason indeed always attended her, but appeared her follower, rather than companion. Her march was slow and stately, but her motion was perpetually progressive, and when once she had grounded her foot, neither gods nor men could force her to retire.

FALSEHOOD always endeavoured to copy the mien and attitudes of Truth, and was very successful in the arts of mimicry.

mickry. She was surrounded, animated, and supported by innumerable legions of appetites and passions, but, like other feeble commanders, was obliged often to receive law from her allies. Her motions were sudden, irregular, and violent; for she had no steadiness nor constancy. She often gained conquests by hasty incursions, which she never hoped to keep by her own strength, but maintained by the help of the passions, whom she generally found resolute and faithful.

It sometimes happened that the antagonists met in full opposition. In these encounters, Falsehood always invested her head with clouds, and commanded Fraud to place ambushes about her. In her left hand she bore the shield of Impudence, and the quiver of Sophistry rattled on her shoulder. All the passions attended at her call; Vanity clapped her wings before, and Obstinacy supported her behind. Thus guarded and assisted, she sometimes advanced against Truth, and sometimes waited the attack: but always endeavoured to skirmish at a distance, perpetually shifted her ground, and let fly her arrows in different directions; for she constantly found that her strength failed, whenever the eye of Truth darted full upon her.

TRUTH had the awful aspect though not the thunder of her father, and when the long continuance of the contest brought them near to one another, Falsehood let the arms of Sophistry fall from her grasp, and holding up the shield of Impudence with both her hands, sheltered herself among the passions.

TRUTH, though she was often wounded, always recovered in a short time; but it was common for the slightest hurt received by Falsehood, to spread its malignity to the neighbouring parts, and to burst open again when it seemed to have been cured.

FALSEHOOD, in a short time, found by experience, that her superiority consisted only in the celerity of her course, and the changes of her posture. She therefore ordered Suspicion to beat the ground before her, and avoided with great care to cross the way of Truth, who, as she never varied her point, but moved constantly upon the same line, was easily escaped by the oblique and desultory movements, the quick retreats and active doubles which Falsehood always practised, when the enemy began to raise terror by her approach.

By this procedure, Falsehood every hour encroached upon the world, and extended her empire through all climes and regions. Wherever she carried her victories, she left the

passions in full authority behind her; who were so well pleased with command, that they held out with great obstinacy when Truth came to seize their posts, and never failed to retard her progress, though they could not always stop it: they yielded at last with great reluctance, frequent rallies, and sullen submission; and always inclined to revolt when Truth ceased to awe them by her immediate presence.

TRUTH, who when she first descended from the heavenly palaces, expected to have been received by universal acclamation, cherished with kindness, heard with obedience, and invited to spread her influence from province to province, now found, that wherever she came she must force her passage. Every intellect was precluded by prejudice, and every heart pre-occupied by passion. She indeed advanced, but she advanced slowly, and often lost the conquests which she left behind her, by sudden insurrections of the appetites, that shook off their allegiance, and ranged themselves again under the banner of her enemy.

TRUTH, however, did not grow weaker by the struggle, for her vigour was unconquerable; yet she was provoked to see herself thus baffled and impeded by an enemy, whom she looked on with contempt, and who had no advantage but such as she owed to inconstancy, weakness, and artifice. She therefore, in the anguish of disappointment, called upon her father Jupiter to re-establish her in the skies, and leave mankind to the disorder and misery which they deserved by submitting willingly to the usurpation of Falsehood.

JUPITER compassionated the world too much to grant her request, yet was willing to ease her labours and mitigate her vexation. He commanded her to consult the Muses by what methods she might obtain an easier reception, and reign without the toil of incessant war. It was then discovered that she obstructed her own progress by the severity of her aspect, and the solemnity of her dictates; and that men would never willingly admit her, till they ceased to fear her, since by giving themselves up to Falsehood they seldom made any sacrifice of their ease or pleasure, because she took the shape that was most engaging, and always suffered herself to be dressed and painted by Desire. The Muses wove in the loom of Pallas, a loose and changeable robe, like that in which Falsehood captivated her admirers: with this they invested Truth and named her Fiction. She now went out again to conquer with more success; for when she demanded entrance of the passions, they often mistook her for Falsehood, and delivered

up their charge: but when she had once taken possession, she was soon disrobed by Reason, and shone out in her original form with native effulgence and resistless dignity.

On LYING.

[ADVENTURER, NO. 50.]

WHEN Aristotle was once asked, what a man could gain by uttering falsehoods; he replied, 'not to be credited when he shall tell the truth.'

THE character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association: the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women: the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merriment or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

THE liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned: he has no domestic consolations which he can oppose to the censure of mankind, he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar con-

dition of falsehood, to be equally detested by the good and bad: 'The devils,' says Sir Thomas Brown, 'do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies; nor can the society of hell subsist without it.'

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally detested, should be generally avoided; at least that none should expose himself to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation: and that to guilt so easily detected, and so severely punished, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

YET so it is, that in defiance of censure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and scarcely the most vigilant and unremitted circumspection will secure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men, of whom it can scarcely be imagined that they mean any injury to him, or profit to themselves; even where the subject of conversation could not have been expected to put the passions in motion, or to have excited either hope or fear, or zeal or malignity, sufficient to induce any man to put his reputation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

THE casuists have very diligently distinguished lies into their several classes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is most common, and, perhaps, not least mischievous; which, since the moralists have not given it a name, I shall distinguish as the Lie of Vanity.

To vanity may justly be imputed most of the falsehoods which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, most of those that are propagated with success. To the lie of commerce, and the lie of malice, the motive is so apparent, that they are seldom negligently or implicitly received: suspicion is always watchful over the practices of interest; and whatever the hope of gain, or desire of mischief, can prompt one man to assert, another is by reasons equally cogent incited to refute: but vanity pleases herself with such slight gratifications, and looks forward to pleasure so remotely consequential, that her practices raise no alarm, and her stratagems are not easily discovered.

VANITY is, indeed, often suffered to pass unpursued by suspicion; because he that would watch her motions, can never be at rest: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; some opportunity of time and place is necessary to their

their agency; but scarce any man is abstracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to seek them in falsehoods.

It is remarked by Sir Kenelm Digby, "that every man has a desire to appear superior to others, though it were only in having seen what they have not seen."

SUCH an accidental advantage, since it neither implies merit nor confers dignity, one would think should not be desired so much as to be counterfeited: yet even this vanity, trifling as it is, produces innumerable narratives, all equally false; but more or less credible, in proportion to the skill or confidence of the relater. How many may a man of diffusive conversation count among his acquaintances, whose lives have been signalized by numberless escapes; who never cross the river but in a storm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than beset the knight-errants of ancient times in pathless forests or enchanted castles! How many must he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders invisible to every other eye, only to supply them with subjects of conversation!

OTHERS there are that amuse themselves with the dissemination of falsehood, at greater hazard of detection and disgrace; men marked out by some unlucky planet for universal confidence and friendship, who have been consulted in every difficulty, entrusted with every secret, and summoned to every transaction: it is the supreme felicity of these men, to stun all companies with noisy information; to still doubt, and overbear opposition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a strong memory or brisk imagination, is often the oracle of an obscure club, and, till time discovers his impostures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public question be started, he was present at the debate; if a new fashion be mentioned, he was at court the first day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patronised the author, and seen his work in manuscript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation; and who that lives at a distance from the scene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all persons and affairs are thus intimately known?

THIS kind of falsehood is generally successful for a time, because it is practised at first with timidity and caution; the reception of one story is always an incitement to the forgery of another less probable; and he goes on to triumph over tacit credulity, till pride or reason rises up against him, and his companions will no longer endure to see him wiser than themselves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all these fictions intend some exaltation of themselves, and are led off by the pursuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply some consequence in favour of their courage, their sagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the present pleasure of seeing themselves superior to those that surround them, and receiving the homage of silent attention and envious admiration.

BUT vanity is sometimes excited to fiction by less visible gratifications: the present age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the consciousness of falsehood, and whose pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themselves. Of this tribe it is the supreme pleasure to remark a lady in the playhouse or the park, and to publish, under the character of a man suddenly enamoured, an advertisement in the news of the next day, containing a minute description of her person and her dress. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never see, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: some mischief, however, he hopes he has done: and to have done mischief, is of some importance. He sets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery, or a murder, with all the circumstances of time and place accurately adjusted. This is a jest of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his scene at a proper distance, he may for several days keep a wife in terror for her husband or a mother for her son; and please himself with reflecting, that by his abilities and address some addition is made to the miseries of life.

THERE is, I think, an ancient law in Scotland, by which Leasing-making was capitally punished. I am, indeed, far from desiring to increase in this kingdom the number of executions; yet I cannot but think, that they who destroy the confidence of society, weaken the credit of intelligence, and interrupt the security of life; harass the delicate with
shame,

shame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a sense of their crimes by denunciations of a whipping-post or pillory: since many are so insensible of right and wrong, that they have no standard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread punishment.

ON THE SAME.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I REALLY know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous, than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer at last; for as soon as ever I am detected (and detected I most certainly shall be) I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards, to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny. If I lie, or equivocate, for it is the same thing, in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover at once my fear, as well as my falsehood, and only increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and the meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven. Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger

danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them, always deserves to be, and often will be kicked. There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous; I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author. He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes, whatever other people have heard or read of; and has ridden more miles post, in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule. Remember then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge of every man's degree of understanding by his truth.

PARTY-LYING censured.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 507.]

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the supreme Being, that 'truth is his body, and light his shadow.' According to this definition, there is nothing so contradictory to his nature, as error and falsehood. The Platonists had so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing that is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than virtue,

to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of a separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for a future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to give it a relish of truth; which is the natural food and nourishment of the understanding, as virtue is the perfection and happiness of the will.

THERE are many authors who have shewn wherein the malignity of a lie consists, and set forth, in proper colours, the heinousness of the offence. I shall here consider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been so much spoken to; I mean that abominable practice of party-lying. This vice is so very predominant among us at present, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain system of lies. The coffee-houses are supported by them, the press is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle-conversation is so infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as fashionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry story: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be struck dumb, were this fountain of discourse dried up. There is however one advantage resulting from this detestable practice; the very appearances of truth are so little regarded, that lies are at present discharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-story from a stranger, we consider whether he is a whig or a tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of course, in which the honest gentleman designs to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common sense, that gives credit to the relations of party writers; nay his own friends shake their heads at him, and consider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the fashion to husband a lie, and trump it up in some extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little serviceable to the faction that made use of it; but at present every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I HAVE frequently wondered to see men of probity, who would scorn to utter a falsehood for their own particular advantage, give so readily into a lie when it becomes the voice

of their faction, notwithstanding they are thoroughly sensible of it as such. How is it possible for those who are men of honour in their persons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reasons for it, and at the same time discover the insufficiency of these reasons to justify so criminal a practice.

IN the first place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and consequently the punishment, may be very much diminished, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of those who partake in it. Though the weight of a falsehood would be too heavy for one to bear; it grows light in their imaginations, when it is shared among many. But in this case a man very much deceives himself; guilt, when it spreads through numbers, is not so properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of those who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of an unoffending multitude, as they would upon any single person who had none to share with him in the offence. In a word, the division of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be separated into infinite portions, every portion shall have the whole essence of matter in it, and consist of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

BUT in the second place, though multitudes, who join in a lie, cannot exempt themselves from the guilt, they may from the shame of it. The scandal of a lie is in a manner lost and annihilated, when diffused among several thousands; as a drop of the blackest tincture wears away and vanishes, when mixed and confused in a considerable body of water; the blot is still in it, but is not able to discover itself. This is certainly a very great motive to several party offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to shew the weakness of this reason, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himself in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conscience, the suggestions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

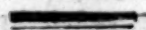
THE third and last great motive for men's joining in a popular falsehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party-lie, notwithstanding they are convinced of it as such, is the doing

doing good to a cause which every party may be supposed to look upon as the most meritorious. The unsoundness of this principle has been so often exposed, and is so universally acknowledged, that a man must be an utter stranger to the principles, either of natural religion or christianity, who suffers himself to be guided by it. If a man might promote the supposed good of his country by the blackest calumnies and falsehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Christian world. When Pompey was desired not to set sail in a tempest that would hazard his life, 'It is necessary for me, says he, to sail, but it is not necessary for me to live : ' every man should say to himself, with the same spirit, ' It is my duty to speak the truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office.' One of the fathers hath carried this point so high, as to declare, 'He would not tell a lie, though he were sure to gain heaven by it.' However extravagant such a protestation may appear, every one will own, that a man may say very reasonably, ' he would not tell a lie, if he were sure to gain hell by it ; ' or, if you have a mind to soften the expression, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he should run the hazard of losing much more than it was possible for him to gain.

MISCHIEVOUS FROLICS *condemned.*



[ADVENTURER, NO. 68.]



IT has been remarked, that the play of brutes is always a mock fight; and, perhaps, this is equally true of all the sports that have been invented by reason for the amusement of mankind. The celebrated games of antiquity were something more; the conflict was often fatal, and the pleasure of the

the spectators seems to have been proportioned to the danger of the combatants: nor does it appear, that any sport has been since contrived, which can gratify pure benevolence, or entertain without producing an opposition of interest. There are, indeed, many external advantages which it has never been thought immoral to acquire, though an opposition of interest is necessarily implied; advantages, which, like a stake at cards, one party can only gain by the loss of the other; for wealth and poverty, obscurity and distinction, command and servitude, are mutually relative, and the existence of each is by each reciprocally derived and given.

PLAY, therefore, is not unlawful, merely as a contest; nor can the pleasure of them that win, be imputed to a criminal want of benevolence in this state of imperfection, merely because it is enjoyed at the expence of those who lose. But as in business, it has never been held lawful to circumvent those whom we desire to excel; so in play, the chance of loss and gain ought to be always equal; at least each party should be apprized of the force employed against him; and if then he plays against odds, no man has a right to enquire his motive, though a good man would decline to engage him.

THERE is, however, one species of diversion which has not been generally condemned, though it is produced by an attack upon those who have not voluntarily entered the lists; who find themselves buffeted in the dark, and have neither means of defence nor possibility of advantage.

THESE feats are atchieved by the knights-errant of mirth, and known by the name of *Frolics*: under this name, indeed, many species of wanton cruelty have been practised, without incurring the infamy, or raising the indignation which they deserve; and it is extremely difficult to fix upon any certain criterion, by which frolics may be distinguished into criminal and innocent. If we could discern effects while they are involved in their causes, and ascertain every remote consequence of our own actions, perhaps these sallies might be allowed under the same restrictions as raillery: the false alarms and ridiculous distress into which others are betrayed to make us sport, should be such only as will be subjects of merriment even to the sufferer when they are past, and remembered neither with resentment nor regret: but as every action may produce effects over which human power has no influence, and which human sagacity cannot foresee, we should

should not lightly venture to the verge of evil, nor strike at others with a reed, lest like the rod of Moses it become a serpent in our hands.

DURING the hard frost in the year MDCCXL, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to this city, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed uncommon concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room; ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared to be very solicitous to conceal, and shewed some confusion at the surprize. They perceived with great satisfaction that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having upon various pretences called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavoured to conciliate his good-will, by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity, by asking him many questions: he was, however, still cautious and reserved; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour a stage coach, the passengers of which they intended to *bump*, set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended with a guard.

THE man was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the secret. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr. Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

MR. SPIGGOT immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him immediately to send for the constable with proper assistants, and secure them: but he considered, as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a very considerable sum, which he would become intitled

titled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he, therefore, very prudently called up four or five of the ostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering, that this expedition would be attended with certain expence, and that the profit which he hoped was contingent, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal, to which, upon a sight of the robbers through the window, they readily agreed. Spiggot was now secured against pecuniary loss at all events, and about three o'clock the knights of the frolic, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach, with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses: care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr. Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was, indeed, greatly surpris'd to see that they turned the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might chuse to take a small circuit to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and, therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment he saw them persist in a different rout, and at length turn into an inn in Piccadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and names.

IN the mean time the coach proceeded in its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse Spiggot, of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty: they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a waggon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards; every tree was mistaken for a man and horse; the noise of the vehicle

vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers,—and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them with the dreadful injunction, “Deliver your money.”

THUS far the distress, however great and unmerited, will be deemed ridiculous; the sufferers will appear to have ingeniously tormented themselves, by the sagacity with which they reasoned from appearances intended to deceive them, and their sollicitude to prevent mischiefs which none would attempt.

BUT it happened, that when the coach had got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop: this incident, among persons who had suffered perpetual apprehension and alarm from the moment they set out, produced a proportionate effect. The wife of the gentleman was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that, without uttering a word, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead on the spot.

THE man, however, who had thus fallen the victim of frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and, having by some accident been delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney-coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

HERE the ridicule is at an end; and we are surprised that we did not sooner reflect, that the company had sufficient cause for their fear and their precaution, and that the frolic was nothing more than a lie, which it would have been folly not to believe, and presumption to disregard.

THE next day, while the *Bucks* were entertaining a polite circle at White's, with an account of the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached, and condemned.

THIS favourable moment was improved by a gentleman, who, though sometimes seen in that assembly, is yet eminent for his humanity and wisdom. ‘A man,’ said he, ‘who found himself bewildered in the intricacies of a labyrinth, when

when the sun was going down, would think himself happy if a clue should be put into his hand, by which he might be led out in safety: he would not, surely, quit it for a moment, because it might possibly be recovered; and if he did, would be in perpetual danger of stumbling upon some other wanderer, and bringing a common calamity upon both. In the maze of life we are often bewildered, and darkness and danger surround us: but every one may at least secure conscience against the power of accident, by adhering inviolably to that rule, by which we are enjoined to abstain even from the appearance of evil.'

CRUELTY to BRUTES *condemned.*

[GUARDIAN, NO. 61.]

I CANNOT think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

It is observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

MONTAIGNE thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts careless of

play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible of what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversions to a virtue.

I FANCY too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that it is ominous or unlucky to destroy some sort of birds, as swallows or martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for robin-red-breasts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their security to the old ballad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I do not know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

THERE are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives, has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race: Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestic may be any cause for the general persecution of owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable prejudice the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Though I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of frogs is because they are like toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, it is some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them:

For

For should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, it is not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

WHEN we grow up to men, we have another succession of sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it; but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remnant of the Gothic barbarity: but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians; I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon the ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling, and weeping creature.

——— *Questuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis.* ———

——— That lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life.

BUT if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, pigs whipt to death, fowls sewed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it; for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poisons in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking or horrid than the prospect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, bestrewed with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

THE excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, "That it is no easy task to preach to the belly, which has no ears." Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us

at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that it is in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception.'

—In the life of Cato the Censor, he takes occasion, from the severe disposition of that man, to discourse in this manner: 'It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert itself in than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind; but humanity may be extended through the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest. Such actions of charity are the overflowings of a mild good-nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-matured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour, when they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service.'

HISTORY tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth, to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate, for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to show how far a man supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures; in imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

OVID has some very tender and pathetic lines applicable to this occasion.

*Quid meruissis, oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos
Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in ubere nectar?
Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas
Præbetis; vitæque magis quàm morte juvatis.
Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?*

Immemor

*Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum——*

Met. l. xv. v. 116

*Quàm malè consuevit, quàm se parat ille cruori
Impius humano, vituli qui guttura cultro
Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
Aut qui vagitus smiles puerilibus hædum
Edentem jugulare potest!——*

Ib. v. 463

The sheep was sacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unresisting innocence.
A patient useful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloth'd her murderer;
And daily to give down the milk she bred,
A tribute for the grass on which she fed.
Living, both food and raiment she supplies,
And is of least advantage when she dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deserve?
A downright simple drudge, and born to serve.
O tyrant! with what justice canst thou hope
The promise of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou destroy'st thy lab'ring steer, who till'd,
And plough'd with pains, thy else ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the surly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy husbandman,
Who finish'd autumn, and the spring began?

What more advance can mortals make in sin,
So near perfection, who with blood begin!
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmless kid, that, ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates, in vain, thy children's cries.

DRYDEN.

Perhaps that voice or cry, so nearly resembling the human, with which providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow-creatures.

THERE is a passage in the book of Jonah, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks

that compassion of the Creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness. Should I not spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons—and also much cattle?—and we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good-nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it, in these words; ‘If thou shalt find a bird’s nest in the way, thou shalt not take the dam with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days.’

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us. As for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

THIS whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian tales of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A TRAVELLER passing through a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller’s assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out: he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man’s compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it is to requite benefits with gratitude. If you cannot deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompensed? If you mean according to the usage of men (replied the tree) by its contrary: I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder intreated the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so. I know it (said the cow) by my own experience; for I have served a man this long time with

with milk, butter, and cheese, and brought him besides a calf every year; but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture with a design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller, upon this, stood confounded but desired, of courtesy, one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the fox, who, upon hearing the story in all its circumstances could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to enter into so narrow a bag. The adder, to convince him, went in again; when the fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

[WORLD, NO. 190.]

I CAN remember, when I was a young man at the university being so much affected with that very pathetic speech which Ovid has put into the mouth of Pythagoras, against eating the flesh of animals, that it was some time before I could bring myself to our college mutton again, without some inward doubt, whether I was not making myself accomplice to murder. My scruples remained unreconciled to the committing so horrid a meal, till upon serious reflection I became convinced of its legality, from the general order of nature who has instituted the universal preying upon the weaker, as one of her first principles; though to me it has ever appeared an incomprehensible mystery, that she who could not be restrained by any want of materials from furnishing supplies for the support of her various offspring, should lay them under the necessity of devouring one another.

BUT though this reflection had force enough to dispythagorize me, before my companions had time to make observations

ons upon my behaviour, which could by no means have
 rned to my advantage in the world, I for a great while re-
 ned so tender a regard for my fellow-creatures, that I have
 veral times brought myself into imminent peril, by my at-
 mpts to rescue persecuted cats from the hands and teeth of
 air worriers; by endeavouring to prevent the engagement
 dogs, who had manifestly no quarrel of their own; and by
 tting butchers boys in mind, that as their sheep were going
 die, they walked full as fast as could be reasonably expected,
 hout the cruel blows they were so liberal in bestowing upon
 em. As I commonly came off by the worst in these dis-
 tes, and as I could not but observe that I often aggravated,
 ver diminished, the ill-treatment of these innocent sufferers,
 soon found it necessary to consult my own ease as well as
 urity, by turning down another street whenever I met with
 adventure of this kind, rather than be compelled to be a
 ctator of what would shock me, or be provoked to run my-
 into danger, without the least advantage to those whom I
 ould assist.

I HAVE kept strictly ever since to this method of flying from
 the sight of cruelty; whenever I could find ground-room for
 and I have no manner of doubt, that I have more than
 ce escaped the horns of a mad ox, as all of that species are
 led, that do not chuse to be tormented as well as killed.
 But on the other hand, these escapes of mine have very
 quently run me into great inconveniences: I have some-
 es been led into such a series of blind allies, that it has
 en matter of great difficulty to me to find my way out of
 m. I have been betrayed by my hurry into the middle of
 market, the proper residence of inhumanity. I have paid
 ny a six-and-eight-pence for non-appearance at the hour my
 yer had appointed for business; and what would hurt some
 ple worse than all the rest, I have frequently arrived too
 for the dinners I have been invited to at the houses of my
 nds.

AlL these difficulties and distresses, I began to flatter my-
 were going to be removed, and that I should be left at
 erty to pursue my walks through the straitest and broadest
 ets, when Mr. Hogarth first published his prints upon the
 est of cruelty; but whatever success so much ingenuity,
 nded upon so much humanity, might deserve, all the hopes
 ad built of seeing a reformation proved vain and fruitless.
 m sorry to say it, but there still remain in the streets of this
 ropolis more scenes of barbarity than perhaps are to be

met with in all Europe besides. Asia is too well known for compassion to brutes; and nobody who has read *Buſbequian* will wonder at me for moſt heartily wiſhing that our common people were no crueller than Turks.

I SHOULD have apprehenſions of being laughed at, were to complain of want of compaſſion in our law; the very word ſeeming contradictory to any idea of it; but I will venture to ſay that to me it appears ſtrange, that the man againſt whom I ſhould be enabled to bring an action for laying a little dirt at my door, may with impunity drive by it half a dozen calves, with their tails lopped cloſe to their bodies, and their hinder parts covered with blood. He muſt have a paſſion for neatneſs not to be envied, who does not think this a greater nuisance than the ſight of a few cinders.

I KNOW not whether it is from the clergy's having looked upon this ſubject as too trivial for their notice, that we find them more ſilent upon it than could be wiſhed. The *SPECTATOR* has exclaimed againſt the cruelty of roaſting lobſters alive, and of whipping pigs to death: but the miſfortune is, that the writings of an *Addiſon* are ſeldom read by cooks and butchers. As to the thinking part of mankind, it has always been convinced, I believe, that however conformable to the general rule of nature our devouring animals may be, (for it would not be underſtood to impeach what is our only viſible prerogative as lords of the creation, an unbounded licence of teeth) we are nevertheless under indelible obligations to prevent their ſuffering any degree of pain, more than is abſolutely unavoidable. But this conviction lies in ſuch hands, that I fear not one poor creature in a million has ever fared better for it, and I believe never will; ſince people of condition, the only ſource from whence this pity is to flow, are far from inculcating it to thoſe beneath them, that a few winters ago, they ſuffered themſelves to be entertained at a public theatre by the performances of an unhappy company of animals, who could only have been made actors by the uſe of moſt energy of whipcord and ſtarving.

I ACKNOWLEDGE my tenderneſs to be particularly affected in favour of ſo faithful a creature as a dog; an animal ſo approaching to us in ſenſe, ſo dependent upon us for ſupport, and ſo peculiarly the friend of man, that he deſerves the kindeſt and moſt gentle uſage. For no leſs than the whole race of theſe animals I have been under the greateſt alarms, ever ſince the tax upon dogs was firſt reported to be in agitation. I thought it a little hard indeed, that a man ſhould be taxed

having one creature in his house in which he might confide; but when I heard that officers were to be appointed, to knock out the brains of all these honest domestics, who should presume to make their appearance in the streets, without the passport of their master's name about their necks, I became seriously concerned for them.

THIS enmity against dogs is pretended to be founded upon the apprehension of their going mad: but an easier remedy might be applied, by abolishing the custom (with many others equally ingenious) of tying bottles and stones to their tails; by which means (and in this one particular I must give up my clients) the unfortunate sufferer becomes subject to the persecutions of his own species, too apt to join the run against a brother in distress. But great allowance should be made for an animal, who, in an intimacy of near six thousand years with man, has learned but one of his bad qualities.

To conclude this subject, as I cannot but join in opinion with Mr. Hogarth, that the frequency of murders among us is greatly owing to those scenes of cruelty which the lower ranks of people are so much accustomed to, instead of multiplying such scenes, I should rather hope that some proper method might be fixed upon, either for preventing them, or removing them out of sight; so that our infants might not grow up into the world in a familiarity with blood. If we may believe the naturalists, that a lion is a gentle animal till his tongue has been dipped in blood, what precaution ought we to use to prevent man from being injured to it, who has such a superiority of power to do mischief!

Surprising Instance of GRATITUDE in a LION.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 139.]

ANDROCLES was the slave of a noble Roman, who was pro-consul of Afric. He had been guilty of a fault, for which his master would have put him to death, had not he found an opportunity

portunity to escape out of his hands, and fled into the deserts of Numidia. As he was wandering among the barren sands, and almost dead with heat and hunger, he saw a cave in the side of a rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther end of it a place to sit down upon, rested there for some time. At length, to his great surprise, a huge overgrown lion entered at the mouth of the cave, and seeing a man at the upper end of it, immediately made towards him. Androcles gave himself for gone; but the lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his paw upon his lap, and, with a complaining kind of voice, fell a licking his hand. Androcles, after having recovered himself a little from the fright he was in, observed the lion's paw to be exceedingly swelled by a large thorn that stuck in it. He immediately pulled it out, and by squeezing the paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt matter run out of it, which probably freed the lion from the great anguish he had felt some time before. The lion left him upon receiving this good office from him, and soon after returned with a fawn which he had just killed. This he laid down at the feet of his benefactor, and went off again in pursuit of his prey. Androcles, after having sodden the flesh of it by the sun, subsisted upon it until the lion had supplied him with another. He lived many days in this frightful solitude, the lion catering for him with great assiduity. Being tired at length with this savage society, he was resolved to deliver himself up into his master's hands, and suffer the worst effects of his displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from mankind. His master, as was customary for the proconsul of Afric, was at that time getting together a present of all the large lions that could be found in the country, in order to send them to Rome, that they might furnish out a show to the Roman people. Upon his poor slave's surrendering himself into his hands, he ordered him to be carried away to Rome as soon as the lions were in readiness to be sent, and that for his crime he should be exposed to fight with one of the lions in the amphitheatre, as usual, for the diversion of the people. This was all performed accordingly. Androcles, after such a strange run of fortune, was now in the area of the theatre, amidst thousands of spectators, expecting every moment when his antagonist would come out upon him. At length a huge monstrous lion leaped out from the place where he had been kept hungry for the show. He advanced with great rage towards the man, but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the ground, and crept towards his feet with

with all the signs of blandishment and caress. Androcles, after a short pause, discovered that it was his old Numidian friend, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with him. Their mutual congratulations were very surprising to the beholders, who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome the civilities which he had received from him in the desarts of Afric. Dion Cassius says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, '*Hic est leo hospes hominis, hic est homo medicus leonis* : This is the lion who was the man's host, this is the man who was the lion's physician.'

On GOOD-NATURE.



[SPECTATOR, NO. 169.]

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

HALF the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore, which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which, in our language, goes under the title of good-nature, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off, in some measure, from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

THERE is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without good-nature, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but good-nature, or in other terms, affability, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

THESE exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real good-nature; but without it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

GOOD-NATURE is generally born with us: health, prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve, but not produce.

XENOPHON, in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason he gives his sons a positive order, not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

AN instance of such an overflowing of humanity, such an exuberant love to mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence to mankind.

IN that celebrated passage of Sallust, where Cæsar and Cato are placed in such beautiful but opposite lights, Cæsar's character is chiefly made up of good-nature, as it shewed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants

or dependants, the guilty, or the distressed. As for Cato's character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

THIS part of good-nature, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the public administration of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

IT is grown almost into a maxim, that good-natured men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their humanity. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons: First, because ill-nature, among ordinary observers, passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satyrist. This may be one reason why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the public being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is wit and what is ill-nature.

ANOTHER reason why the good-natured man may sometimes bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore if he succeeds in it better than the man of humanity, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

ON THE SAME.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 177.]

IN one of my last week's papers I treated of good-nature, as it is the effect of constitution; I shall now speak of it as a moral virtue. The first may make a man easy in himself, and agreeable to others, but implies no merit in him that is possessed of it. A man is no more to be praised upon this account, than because he has a regular pulse or a good digestion. This good nature however in the constitution, which Mr. Dryden somewhere calls a milkiness of blood, is an admirable groundwork for the other. In order therefore to try our good-nature, whether it arises from the body or the mind, whether it be founded in the animal or rational part of our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is entitled to any other reward, besides that secret satisfaction and contentment of mind which is essential to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the world, we must examine it by the following rules:

FIRST, whether it acts with steadiness and uniformity, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circulation of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour from a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer his petition at a time when the party petitioned had his mind free from care, and his appetites in good humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of mankind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

THE next way of a man's bringing his good-nature to the test, is to consider whether it operates according to the rules of reason and duty: For if, notwithstanding its general benevolence to mankind, it makes no distinction between its objects, if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserving and undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle and the indigent, if

it gives itself up to the first petitioner, and lights upon any one rather by accident than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

THE third trial of good-nature will be the examining ourselves, whether or no we are able to exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain, want, or inconvenience, which may arise to ourselves from it: In a word, whether we are willing to risk any part of our fortune, or reputation, or health, or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all these expressions of good nature, I shall single out that which goes under the general name of charity, as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost at all times and in every place.

I SHOULD propose it as a rule to every one who is provided with any competency of fortune more than sufficient for the necessities of life, to lay aside a certain proportion of his income for the use of the poor. This I would look upon as an offering to him who has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom, in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has described as his own representatives upon earth. At the same time we should manage our charity with such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing good to those who are strangers to us.

THIS may possibly be explained better by an example than by a rule.

EUGENIUS is a man of an universal good-nature, and generous beyond the extent of his fortune: but withal so prudent in the œconomy of his affairs, that what goes out in charity is made up by good management. Eugenius has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year; but never values himself above ninescore, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts that in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes afoot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence would have gone for coach-hire, to the first necessitous person that

that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire side, with much greater satisfaction to himself, than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

THERE are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expences into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

SIR THOMAS BROWN, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heat of sentiment, mentions that verse in the proverbs of Solomon, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:' 'There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and indeed if those sentences were understood by the reader with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome.'

THIS passage in scripture is indeed wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us in a most pathetic manner, that he shall hereafter regard the cloathing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself; and reward them accordingly. Pursuant to those passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: what I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; and what I gave away remains with me.

SINCE I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several passages which I have

have always read with great delight in the book of Job. It is the account which that holy man gives of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and, if considered only as an human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

‘OH that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me: When his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light I walked through darkness: When the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me: When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

‘WHEN the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow’s heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out. Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant, or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me; What then shall I do when God riseth up; and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me in the womb make him? and did not one fashion us in the womb? If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail: or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: If I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering: If his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep: If I have lift up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate: then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone. If I have rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lift up myself when evil found him: (Neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul.) The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or that the furrows likewise thereof complain: If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; Let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley.’

MODESTY *the best* GUARD of VIRTUE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 231.]

MODESTY is, not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate feeling in the soul, which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger in it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I CANNOT at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have read somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an unaccountable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this self-murder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged about the city in the most public manner. This edict immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty, which was able to overcome the violence even of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex, was in those days more prevalent than that of death.

IF modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue; what can more undermine morality than that politeness which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most ingenuous part of our behaviour; which recommends impudence as good breeding, and keeps a man always in countenance, not because he is innocent, but because he is shameless?

SENECA thought modesty so great a check to vice, that he prescribes to us the practice of it in secret, and advises us to raise it in ourselves upon imaginary occasions, when such as are real do not offer themselves; for this is the meaning of his precept, that when we are by ourselves, and in our greatest solitudes, we should fancy that Cato stands before us, and sees every thing we do. In short, if you banish modesty out of the world, she carries away with her half the virtue that is in it.

AFTER these reflections on modesty, as it is a virtue, I must observe, that there is a vicious modesty, which justly deserves to be ridiculed, and which those persons very often discover, who value themselves most upon a well-bred confidence. This happens when a man is ashamed to act upon his reason, and would not upon any consideration be surpris'd in the practice of those duties, for the performance of which he was sent into the world. Many an impudent libertine would blush to be caught in a serious discourse, and would scarce be able to shew his head, after having disclosed a religious thought. Decency of behaviour, all outward shew of virtue, and abhorrence of vice, are carefully avoided by this set of shame-faced people, as what would disparage their gaiety of temper, and infallibly bring them to dishonour. This is such a poorness of spirit, such a despicable cowardice, such a degenerate abject state of mind, as one would think human nature incapable of, did we not meet with frequent instances of it in ordinary conversation.

THERE is another kind of vicious modesty, which makes a man ashamed of his person, his birth, his profession, his poverty, or the like misfortunes, which it was not in his choice to prevent, and is not in his power to rectify. If a man appears ridiculous by any of the aforementioned circumstances, he becomes much more so by being out of countenance for them. They should rather give him occasion to exert a noble spirit, and to palliate those imperfections which are not in his power, by those perfections which are; or, to use a very witty allusion of an eminent author, he should imitate Cæsar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels.

MODESTY *and* ASSURANCE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 373.]

MR. Locke, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct ideas: The second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition, says he, is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence, who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since upon the fore-mentioned ground he does not scruple to say, that he thinks 'Morality is capable of demonstration as well as the Mathematics'.

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them than those two, *modesty* and *assurance*. To say, such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

AGAIN, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

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I SHALL endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

IF I was put to define modesty, I would call it, the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

FOR this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone, as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I DO not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary King to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I TAKE assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying or doing indifferent things without any uneasiness, or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

EVERY one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A MAN without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

IT is more than probable that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty he

he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

FROM what has been said, it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a modest assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I SHALL conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

WE have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies, or most indecent actions.

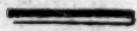
SUCH a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

UPON the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

MODESTY and ASSURANCE, a FABLE.



[WORLD, NO. 2.]



MODESTY, the daughter of Knowledge, and Assurance, the offspring of Ignorance, met accidentally upon the road; and as both had a long way to go, and had experienced from former hardships, that they were alike unqualified to pursue their

their journey alone, they agreed, notwithstanding the opposition in their natures, to lay aside all animosities, and for their mutual advantage, to travel together. It was in a country where there were no inns for entertainment; so that to their own address, and to the hospitality of the inhabitants, they were continually to be obliged for provision and lodging.

ASSURANCE had never failed getting admittance to the houses of the great; but it had frequently been her misfortune to be turned out of doors, at a time when she was promising herself an elegant entertainment, or a bed of down to rest upon. Modesty had been excluded from all such houses, and compelled to take shelter in the cottages of the poor; where, though she had leave to continue as long as she pleased, a truss of straw had been her usual bed, and roots or the coarsest provision her constant repast. But as both, by this accidental meeting, were become friends and fellow-travellers, they entertained hopes of assisting each other, and of shortening the way by dividing the cares of it.

ASSURANCE, who was dressed lightly in a summer silk and short petticoats, and who had something commanding in her voice and presence, found the same easy access as before to the castles and palaces upon the way; while Modesty, who followed her in a russet gown, speaking low, and casting her eyes upon the ground, was as usual pushed back by the porter at the gate, till introduced by her companion, whose fashionable appearance and familiar address got admission for both.

AND now, by the endeavours of each to support the other, their difficulties vanished, and they saw themselves the favourites of all companies, and the parties of their pleasures, festivals, and amusements. The sallies of Assurance were continually checked by the delicacy of Modesty; and the blushes of Modesty were frequently relieved by the vivacity of Assurance; who, though she was sometimes detected at her old pranks, which always put her companion out of countenance, was yet so awed by her presence, as to stop short of offence.

THUS in the company of Modesty, Assurance gained that reception and esteem, which she had vainly hoped for in her absence; while Modesty, by means of her new acquaintance, kept the best company, feasted upon delicacies, and slept in the chambers of state. Assurance, indeed, had in one particular the ascendancy over her companion: for if any one asked Modesty whose daughter she was, she blushed and made
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no answer; while Assurance took the advantage of her silence, and imposed herself upon the world as the offspring of Knowledge.

IN this manner did the travellers pursue their journey; Assurance taking the lead through the great towns and cities, and apologizing for the rusticity of her companion; while Modesty went foremost through the villages and hamlets, and excused the odd behaviour of Assurance, by presenting her as a courtier.

It happened one day, after having measured a tedious length of road, that they came to a narrow river, which by a hasty swell had washed away the bridge that was built over it. As they stood upon the bank, casting their eyes upon the opposite shore, they saw at a little distance a magnificent castle, and a crowd of people inviting them to come over. Assurance, who stopped at nothing, throwing aside the covering from her limbs, plunged almost naked into the stream, and swam safely to the other side. Modesty, offended at the indecency of her companion, and dissident of her own strength, would have declined the danger; but being urged by Assurance, and derided for her cowardice by the people on the other side, she unfortunately ventured beyond her depth, and oppressed by her fears, as well as entangled by her cloaths, which were bound tightly about her, immediately disappeared, and was driven by the current none knows whither. It is said, indeed, that she was afterwards taken up alive by a fisherman upon the English coast, and that shortly she will be brought to this metropolis, and shewn to the curious of both sexes with the surprizing Oronoto Savage, and the wonderful Panther-Mare.

ASSURANCE, not in the least daunted, pursued her journey alone; and though not altogether as successfully as with her companion, yet having learnt in particular companies, and upon particular occasions, to assume the air and manner of Modesty, she was received kindly at every house; and at last arriving at the end of her travels, she became a very great lady, and rose to be first maid of honour to the queen of the country.

ON PRIDE.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 153.]

THERE is no passion which steals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itself under more disguises, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any passion or vice which I am wholly a stranger to, it is this; though, at the same time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myself, proceeds in some measure from this corrupt principle.

I HAVE been always wonderfully delighted with that sentence in holy writ, 'Pride was not made for man.' There is not indeed any single view of human nature under its present condition, which is not sufficient to extinguish in us all the secret seeds of pride; and on the contrary, to sink the soul into the lowest state of humility, and what the school-men call self-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A sinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miserable being.

THERE is nothing in his understanding, in his will, or in his present condition, that can tempt any considerate creature to pride or vanity.

THESE three very reasons why he should not be proud, are notwithstanding the reasons why he is so. Were not he a sinful creature, he would not be subject to a passion which rises from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would see that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole species miserable, he would not have those wretched objects of comparison before his eyes, which
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are the occasions of this passion, and which make one man value himself more than another.

A WISE man will be contented that his glory be deferred till such time as he shall be truly glorified; when his understanding shall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happiness assured; or in other words, when he shall be neither sinful, nor ignorant, nor miserable.

IF there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the vanity of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of their pedigrees, distinctions, and titles that reign among them! Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them; you must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Don't you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richest insect on this side the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all that we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

BUT here comes an insect of figure! Don't you take notice of a little white straw that he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him. Should

this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left-hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and, if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her, is a wit. She has broke many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene; but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill in the shape of a rock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

MAY we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious French poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions?

FAMILY-PRIDE *ridiculed.*

[SPECTATOR, NO. 612.]

IT is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy ancestors, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be received, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their ancestors, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength, or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well whether we would or no.

THE following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

‘MR. SPECTATOR,

‘WERE the genealogy of every family preserved, there would probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find himself lineally descended from some great man; nor any one of the highest title, who would not discover several base and indigent persons among his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one pedigree of men appear together, under the same characters they bore when they acted

their respective parts among the living. Suppose therefore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should, in the same manner as Virgil makes Æneas look over his descendants, see the whole line of his progenitors pass in review before his eyes, with how many varying passions would he behold shepherds and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand years! How would his heart sink or flutter at the several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, ensigns of dignity and emblems of disgrace! and how would his fears and apprehensions, his transports and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line of his genealogy appeared bright or obscure!

IN most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable commission. The honest artificer that begot him, and all his frugal ancestors before him, are torn off from the top of the register; and you are not left to imagine, that the noble founder of the family ever had a father. Were we to trace many boasted lines farther backwards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen, or a croud of rustics, without hope of seeing them emerge again: not unlike the old Appian way, which after having run many miles in length, loses itself in a bog.

I LATELY made a visit to an old country gentleman, who is very far gone in this sort of *Family-Madness*. I found him in his study perusing an old register of his family, which he had just then discovered, as it was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin of parchment. Having the honour to have some of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant; and asked my advice in the reforming of some of the superfluous branches.

We passed slightly over three or four of our immediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition, but were soon stopped by an alderman of London, who, I perceived, made my kinsman's heart go pit-a-pat. His confusion increased, when he found the alderman's father to be a grafter; but he recovered his fright upon seeing 'Justice of the Quorum' at the end of his titles. Things went on pretty well as we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when unfortunately he perceived a merchant-taylor perched on a bough, who was said greatly to have increased the estate; he was just

just going to cut him off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the name of his son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of the manors his honest father had purchased. A weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign of Queen Mary, was pruned away without mercy; as was likewise a yeoman who died of a fall from his own cart. But great was our triumph in one of the blood who was beheaded for high treason: which nevertheless was not a little allayed by another of our ancestors who was hanged for stealing of sheep. The expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully raised by a match into the family of a knight, but, unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren: on the other hand, Margery the milk-maid being twined round a bough, it flourished out into so many shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To comfort me, under this disgrace, he singled out a branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which, he told me, he valued more than any in the tree, and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous bough was a graft out of a Welsh heiress, with so many *Aps* upon it that it might have made a little grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree, which was chiefly composed of labourers and shepherds, arose a huge sprout of farmers; this was branched out into yeomen; and ended in a sheriff of the county, who was knighted for his good service to the crown, in bringing up an address. Several of the names that seemed to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or withered; as, on the contrary, no small number appearing without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, added Esq. at the end of each of them.

THIS tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was, within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet of vellum, and placed in the great hall, where it attracts the veneration of his tenants every Sunday morning, while they wait until his worship is ready to go to church; wondering that a man, who had so many fathers before him, should not be made a knight, or at least a justice of the peace.

The FOLLY of valuing ourselves on our BIRTH.

[WORLD, NO. 114.]

THE notion of birth, as it is commonly called, and established by custom, is the manifest result of 'the prejudices of the many, and of the designs of a few.' It is the child of Pride and Folly, coupled together by that industrious pander, Self-love. It is surely the strongest instance, and the weakest prop of human vanity. If it means any thing, it means a long lineal descent from a founder, whose industry or good fortune, whose merit, or perhaps whose guilt, has enabled his posterity to live useless to society, and to transmit to theirs their pride and their patrimony. However, this extravagant notion, this chimerical advantage, the effect of blind chance, where prudence and option cannot even pretend to have the least share, is that fly which, by a kind of Egyptian superstition, custom all over Europe has deified, and at whose tawdry shrine good sense, good manners, and good nature are daily sacrificed.

THE vulgar distinction between people of birth and people of no birth, will probably puzzle the critics and antiquarians of the thirtieth or fortieth centuries, when, in their judicious or laborious researches into the customs and manners of these present times, they shall have reason to suppose, that in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, the island of Great Britain was inhabited by two sorts of people, some born, and the much greater number unborn. The fact will appear so incredible, that it will certainly be believed; the only difficulty will be how to account for it; and that, as it commonly does, will engross the attention of the learned. The case of Cadmus's men will doubtless be urged as a case in point, to prove the possibility of the thing; and the truth of it will be confirmed by the records of the university of Oxford, where it will appear that an unborn person, called for that reason *Terræ Filius*, annually entertained that university with an oration in the theatre.

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I THEREFORE take with pleasure this opportunity of explaining and clearing up this difficulty to my remotest successors in the republic of letters, by giving them the true meaning of the several expressions of great birth, noble birth, and no birth at all.

GREAT and illustrious BIRTH is ascertained and authenticated by a pedigree carefully preserved in the family, which takes at least an hour's time to unroll, and when unrolled, discloses twenty intermarriages of valiant and puissant Geoffreys and Hildebrands, with as many chaste and pious Blanches and Mauds, before the conquest, not without here and there a dash of the Plantagenets. But if unfortunately the insolent worms should have devoured the pedigree as well as the persons of the illustrious family, that defect may be supplied by the ancient records of the herald's office, that inestimable repository of good sense and useful knowledge. If this great birth is graced with a peerage, so much the better; if not, it is no great matter; for being so solid a good in itself, it wants no borrowed advantages, and is unquestionably the most pleasing sentiment that a truly generous mind is capable of feeling.

NOBLE BIRTH implies only a peerage in the family. Ancestors are by no means necessary for this kind of birth; the patent is the midwife of it, and the very first descent is noble. The family arms, however modern, are dignified by the coronet and mantle; but the family livery is sometimes, for very good reasons, laid aside.

BIRTH, singly, and without an epithet, extends, I cannot positively say how far, but negatively, it stops where useful arts and industry begin. Merchants, tradesmen, yeomen, farmers, and ploughmen, are not born, or at least in so mean a way as not to deserve that name; and it is perhaps for that reason that their mothers are said to be delivered, rather than brought to bed of them. But baronets, knights, and esquires have the honour of being born.

I MUST confess that before I got the key to this fashionable language, I was a good deal puzzled myself with the distinction between birth and no birth; and having no other guide than my own weak reason, I mistook the matter most grossly. I foolishly imagined that well born meant born with a sound mind in a sound body; a healthy strong constitution, joined to a good heart and a good understanding. But I never suspected that it could possibly mean the shrivelled tasteless fruit of an old genealogical tree. I communicated my doubts, and applied for information to my late worthy and curious friend

the celebrated Mrs. Kennon, whose valuable collection of fossils and minerals, lately sold, sufficiently proves her skill and researches in the most recondite parts of nature. She, with that frankness and humanity which were natural to her, assured me that it was all a vulgar error, in which however the nobility and gentry prided themselves: but that in truth she had never observed the children of the quality to be wholesomer and stronger than others, but rather the contrary; which difference she imputed to certain causes, which I shall not here specify. This natural (and I dare say, to the best of her observation, true) account, confirmed me in my former philosophical error. But still, not thoroughly satisfied with it, and thinking that there must be something more in what was so universally valued, I determined to get some farther information, by addressing myself to a person of vast, immense, prodigious birth, and descended *atarvis regibus*, with whom I have the honour of being acquainted. As he expatiates willingly upon that subject, it was very easy for me to set him a going upon it, inasmuch that upon some few doubts which I humbly suggested to him, he spoke to me in the following manner.

"I BELIEVE, Mr. Fitz-Adam, you are not (for nobody is) ignorant of the antiquity of my family, which by authentic records I can trace up to king Alfred, some of whose blood runs at this moment in my veins; and I will not conceal from you that I find infinite inward comfort and satisfaction in that reflection. Let people of no birth laugh as much as they please at these notions, they are not imaginary; they are real; they are solid; and whoever is well born, is glad that he is so. A merchant, a tradesman, a yeoman, a farmer, and such sort of people, may perhaps have common honesty and vulgar virtue; but take my word for it, the more refined and generous sentiments of honour, courage, and magnanimity, can only flow in ancient and noble blood. What shall animate a tradesman or mean born man to any great or heroic virtues? Shall it be the examples of his ancestors? he has none. Or shall it be that impure blood that rather stagnates than circulates in his veins? No; ancient birth and noble blood are the only true sources of great virtues. This truth appears even among brutes, who we observe never degenerate, except in cases of misalliances with their inferiors. Are not the pedigrees of horses, cocks, dogs, &c. carefully preserved, as the never-failing proofs of their swiftness and courage? I repeat it again, birth is an inestimable advantage, not to be adequately understood but by those who have it."

My friend was going on, and to say the truth, growing dull, when I took the liberty of interrupting him, by acknowledging that the cogency of his arguments, and the self-evidence of his facts had entirely removed all my doubts, and convinced me of the unspeakable advantages of illustrious birth; and unfortunately I added, that my own vanity was greatly flattered by it, in consequence of my being lineally descended from the first man. Upon this my friend looked grave, and seemed rather displeased; whether from a suspicion that I was jesting, or upon an apprehension that I meant to out-descend him, I cannot determine; for he contented himself with saying, 'That is not a necessary consequence neither, Mr. Fitz-Adam, since I have read somewhere or other of the Pre-adamites, which opinion did not seem to me an absurd one.'

HERE I took my leave of him, and went home full of reflections upon the astonishing power of self-love, that can extract comfort and pleasure from such groundless, absurd, and extravagant prejudices. In all other respects my friend is neither a fool nor a madman, and can talk very rationally upon any rational subject. But such is the inconsistency both of the human mind and the human heart, that one must not form a general judgment of either, from one glaring error, or one shining excellence.

GOOD SENSE *and* GOOD HUMOUR *of more* ADVANTAGE
to a WOMAN *than* BEAUTY.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 33.]

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and

com-

complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments, to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned: her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion, as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, 'Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia—' She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia; but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—'Faith, Daphne, continued he, I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.' The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laugh.—'Nay, says he, I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father.' He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but

but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister.

As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seems to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

‘MONSIEUR St. Evremont has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts, which pretend to improve it or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family in any county of South-Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries in Europe, owe the first rising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

‘THIS has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

‘IN order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

‘THAT

‘THAT no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

‘THAT pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

‘THAT no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

‘AND that what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

‘FROM these few principles thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: And those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

‘It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller’s. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia’s innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

‘WHEN Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the

lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

*Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love !*

‘WITHOUT this irradiating power the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

‘I CANNOT better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by Ben Johnson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing :

*‘ Underneath this stone doth lie
‘ As much virtue as cou'd die ;
‘ Which when alive did vigour give
‘ To as much beauty as could live.’*

PERSONAL BEAUTY *produced by* MORAL SENTIMENT.



[ADVENTURER, NO. 32.]



THOUGH the danger of disappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profess to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few: an art by which their predominant passion may be gratified, and their conquests not only extended but secured; ‘The art of being pretty.’

BUT though my subject may interest the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend those profound moralists, who have long since determined,

determined, that beauty ought rather to be despised than desired; that, like strength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of causes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happiness or the distinction of merit.

To these gentlemen I shall remark, that beauty is among those qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wished, at least, that beauty was in some degree dependent upon sentiment and manners, that so high a privilege might not be possessed by the unworthy, and that human reason might no longer suffer the mortification of those who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a stone or a log only by the skill of the artificer: And if they cannot themselves behold beauty with indifference, they must, surely, approve an attempt to shew that it merits their regard.

I SHALL however principally consider that species of beauty which is expressed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not less complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requisites to perfect beauty, which are wholly produced by external causes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common estimation these are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty without something more.

THE finest features, ranged in the most exact symmetry, and heightened by the most blooming complexion, must be animated before they can strike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the same passions which they express. If they are fixed in the dead calm of insensibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not express kindness, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, disdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirror, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aspect excites desire, it is but like that of a savage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the destruction of its object.

AMONG particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reason is evident; dimples are produced by a smile, and a smile is an expression of complacency; so the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

THE lover is generally at a loss to define the beauty, by which his passion was suddenly and irresistibly determined to a

particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the shape or disposition of the features, or the colour of the skin: he tells you, that it is something which he cannot fully express, something not fixed in any part, but diffused over the whole: he calls it a sweetness, a softness, a placid sensibility, or gives it some other appellation which connects beauty with sentiment, and expresses a charm which is not peculiar to any set of features, but is perhaps possible to all.

THIS beauty, however, does not always consist in smiles, but varies as expressions of meekness and kindness vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the silent complaint of patient sufferance, the tender solicitude of friendship, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, or of pity, or of grief, it is almost irresistible.

THIS is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmost bounty is ineffectual. But it cannot be assumed as a mask to conceal insensibility or malevolence; it must be the genuine effect of corresponding sentiments, or it will impress upon the countenance a new and more disgusting deformity, affectation; it will produce the grin, the smirk, the stare, the languish, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By some, indeed, this species of hypocrisy has been practised with such skill as to deceive superficial observers, though it can deceive even these but for a moment. Looks which do not correspond with the heart cannot be assumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquish them must, therefore, soon preponderate, and the aspect and apparel of the visit will be laid by together; the smiles and the languishments of art will vanish, and the fierceness of rage, or the gloom of discontent, will either obscure or destroy all the elegance of symmetry and complexion.

THE artificial aspect is, indeed, as wretched a substitute for the expression of sentiment, as the smear of paint for the blushes of health: it is not only equally transient and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghastly, the passions burst out with more violence after the restraint, the features become more distorted, and excite more determined aversion.

BEAUTY, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and consequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant passion may generally be discovered in the countenance; because the muscles by

which it is expressed, being almost perpetually contracted, lose their tone, and never totally relax; so that the expression remains, when the passion is suspended: thus an angry, a disdainful, a subtil, and a suspicious temper, is displayed in characters that are almost universally understood. It is equally true of the pleasing and the softer passions, that they leave their signatures upon the countenance when they cease to act: the prevalence of these passions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aspect, and gives a turn and cast to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impression upon the mind of others, than any charm produced by mere external causes.

NEITHER does the beauty which depends upon temper and sentiment, equally endanger the possessor; 'It is', to use an eastern metaphor, 'like the towers of a city, not only an ornament but a defence:' if it excites desire, it at once controuls and refines it; it represses with awe, it softens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reason and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; because this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer passion, it also more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himself more powerfully restrained from giving pain to goodness than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expression of goodness, is a silent reproach of the first irregular wish; and the purpose immediately appears to be disingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be disappointed, the placid confidence of unsuspecting simplicity abused, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the most sordid infidelity and the breach of the strongest obligations.

BUT the hope of the hypocrite must perish. When the fictitious beauty has laid by her smiles, when the lustre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have lost their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant divested of power, who will never be seen without a mixture of indignation and disdain? The only desire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance, but with triumph. As resentment will succeed to disappointment, a desire to mortify will succeed to a desire to please; and the husband may be urged to solicit a mistress, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which lasted only till she was known.

LET it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be disciples of the Graces, but in the school of virtue; and that those who wish to be *lovely*, must learn early to be *good*.

On GAMING.

[RAMBLER, NO. 15.]

THERE is no grievance, public or private, of which, since I took upon me the office of a periodical monitor, I have received so many, or so earnest complaints, as of the predominance of play; of a fatal passion for cards and dice, which seems to have overturned not only the ambition of excellence, but the desire of pleasure; to have extinguished the flames of the lover, as well as of the patriot; and threatens, in its further progress, to destroy all distinctions, both of rank and sex, to crush all emulation but that of fraud, to corrupt all those classes of our people, whose ancestors have, by their virtue, their industry, or their parsimony given them the power of living in extravagance, idleness, and vice, and to leave them without knowledge but of the modish games, and without wishes but for lucky hands.

I HAVE found, by long experience, that there are few enterprises so hopeless as contests with the fashion, in which the opponents are not only made confident by their numbers, and strong by their union, but are hardened by contempt of their antagonist, whom they always look upon as a wretch of low notions, contracted views, mean conversation, and narrow fortune, who envies the elevation which he cannot reach, who would gladly imbitter the happiness which his inelegance or indigence deny him to partake, and who has no other end in his advice, than to revenge his own mortification by hinder-

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ing those whom their birth and taste have set above him, from the enjoyment of their superiority, and bringing them down to a level with himself.

THOUGH I have never found myself much affected by this formidable censure, which I have incurred often enough to be acquainted with its full force, yet I shall, in some measure, obviate it on this occasion, by offering very little in my own name, either of argument or intreaty, since those who suffer by this general infatuation may be supposed best able to relate its effects.

SIR,

THERE seems to be so little knowledge left in the world, and so little of that reflection practised, by which knowledge is to be gained, that I am in doubt whether I shall be understood, when I complain of want of opportunity for thinking: or whether a condemnation, which at present seems irreversible, to perpetual ignorance, will raise any compassion, either in you or your readers: yet I will venture to lay my state before you, because, I believe, it is natural to most minds, to take some pleasure in complaining of evils, of which they have no reason to be ashamed.

I AM the daughter of a man of great fortune, whose diffidence of mankind, and, perhaps, the pleasure of continual accumulation, incline him to reside upon his own estate, and to educate his children in his own house, where I was bred, if not with the most brilliant examples of virtue before my eyes, at least remote enough from any incitements to vice; and wanting neither leisure nor books, nor the acquaintance of some persons of learning in the neighbourhood, I endeavoured to acquire such knowledge as might most recommend me to esteem, and thought myself able to support a conversation upon most of the subjects, which my sex and condition made it proper for me to understand. I had, besides my knowledge, as my mamma and my maid told me, a very fine face, and elegant shape, and with all these advantages had been seventeen months the reigning toast for twelve miles round, and never came to the monthly assembly, but I heard the old ladies that sat by wishing that *it might end well*, and their daughters criticising my air, my features, or my dress.

You

You know, Mr. Rambler, that ambition is natural to youth, and curiosity to understanding, and therefore will hear, without wonder, that I was desirous to extend my victories over those who might give more honour to the conqueror; and that I found in a country life a continual repetition of the same pleasure, which was not sufficient to fill up the mind for the present, or raise any expectations of the future; and, I will confess to you, that I was impatient for a sight of the town, and filled my thoughts with the discoveries which I should make, the triumphs that I should obtain, and the praises that I should receive.

At last the time came. My aunt, whose husband has a seat in parliament, and a place at court, buried her only child, and sent for me to supply the loss. The hope that I should so far insinuate myself into their favour, as to obtain a considerable augmentation of my fortune, procured me every convenience for my departure, with great expedition; and I could not, amidst all my transports, forbear some indignation to see with what readiness the natural guardians of my virtue sold me to a state, which they thought more hazardous than it really was, as soon as a new accession of fortune glittered in their eyes.

THREE days I was upon the road, and on the fourth morning my heart danced at the sight of London. I was set down at my aunt's, and entered upon the scene of action. I expected now, from the age and experience of my aunt, some prudential lessons; but, after the first civilities and first tears were over, was told what pity it was to have kept so fine a girl so long in the country; for that people who did not begin young seldom dealt their cards handsomely, or played them tolerably.

YOUNG persons are commonly inclined to slight the remarks and counsels of their elders. I smiled, perhaps, with too much contempt, and was upon the point of telling her, that my time had not been past in such trivial attainments. But I soon found that things are to be estimated, not by the importance of their effects, but the frequency of their use.

A FEW days after, my aunt gave me notice, that some company, which she had been six weeks in collecting, was to meet that evening, and she expected a finer assembly than had been seen all the winter. She expressed this in the jargon of a gamester, and, when I asked an explication of her terms of art, wondered where I had lived. I had already found my aunt so incapable of any rational conclusion, and so ignorant

of every thing, whether great or little, that I had lost all regard to her opinion, and dressed myself with great expectations of opportunity to display my charms among rivals, whose competition would not dishonour me. The company came in, and after the cursory compliments of salutation, alike easy to the lowest and the highest understanding, what was the result? The cards were broke open, the parties were formed, the whole night passed in a game, upon which the young and old were equally employed; nor was I able to attract an eye, or gain an ear, but being compelled to play without skill, I perpetually embarrassed my partner, and soon perceived the contempt of the whole table gathering upon me.

I CANNOT but suspect, Sir, that this odious fashion is produced by a conspiracy of the old, the ugly, and the ignorant, against the young and beautiful, the witty and the gay, as a contrivance to level all distinctions of nature and of art, to confound the world in a chaos of folly, to take from those, who could outshine them, all the advantages of mind and body, to withhold youth from its natural pleasures, deprive wit of its influence, and beauty of its charms, to fix those hearts upon money, to which love has hitherto been entitled, to sink life into a tedious uniformity, and to allow it no other hopes or fears, but those of robbing, and being robbed.

BE pleased, Sir, to inform those of my sex, who have minds capable of nobler sentiments, that if they will unite in vindication of their pleasures and their prerogatives, they may fix a time at which cards shall cease to be in fashion, or be left only to those who have neither beauty to be loved, nor spirit to be feared; neither knowledge to teach, nor modesty to learn; and who, having passed their youth in vice, are justly condemned to spend their age in folly.

On FEMALE GAMESTERS.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 120.]

I SHOULD ill deserve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards against a practice, which, when it runs to excess, is the most shameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill consequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I shall consider them; First, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

COULD we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play season returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. Was the understanding, that divine part in our composition, given for such an use? Is it thus that we improve the greatest talent human nature is endowed with? What would a superior being think, were he shewn this intellectual faculty in a female gamester, and at the same time told, that it was by this that she was distinguished from brutes, and allied to angels.

WHEN our women thus fill their imagination with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the story I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

THEIR passions suffer no less by this practice than their understandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, sorrow and discontent break out all at once in a fair assembly, upon so noble an occasion as that of turning up a card? Who can consider without a secret indignation

that all those affections of the mind which should be consecrated to their children, husbands, and parents, are thus vilely prostituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I see a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from such trivial motives: When I behold the face of an angel agitated and discomposed by the heart of a fury.

OUR minds are of such a make, that they naturally give themselves up to every diversion which they are much accustomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with assiduity, engrosses the whole woman. She quickly grows uneasy in her own family, takes but little pleasure in all the domestic innocent endearments of life, and grows more fond of Pam than her husband. My friend Theophrastus, the best of husbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's conversation. When she returns to me with joy in her face, it does not arise, says he, from the sight of her husband, but from the good luck she has had at cards. On the contrary, says he, if she has been a loser, I am doubly a sufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, displeased with all I can do or say, and in reality for no other reason, but because she has been throwing away my estate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life men are likely to meet with that chuse their wives out of such women of vogue and fashion! What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, must we expect from mothers of this make!

I COME in the next place to consider the ill consequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is so ordered that almost every thing which corrupts the soul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally destroyed by the same means. This consideration should have a particular weight with the female world, who were designed to please the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the species. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and those cutting passions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gamester. Her morning sleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Bassette, and have many a time grieved to see a person of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a spectre

spectre amidst a glare of flambeaux. In short, I never knew a thorough-paced female gamester hold her beauty two winters together.

BUT there is still another case in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts must be paid in specie, or by an equivalent. The man that plays beyond his income pawns his estate; the woman must find ~~out~~ something else to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the husband has his lands to dispose of, the wife her person. Now when the female body is once dipped, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my readers to consider the consequences.

On LOTTERIES; the FOLLY of engaging in them.

[RAMBLER, NO. 181.]

AS I have passed much of my life in disquiet and suspense, and lost many opportunities of advantage by a passion which I have reason to believe prevalent in different degrees over a great part of mankind, I cannot but think myself well qualified to warn those who are yet uncaptivated, of the danger which they incur by placing themselves within its influences.

I SERVED an apprenticeship to a linen-draper with uncommon reputation for diligence and fidelity; and at the age of three and twenty opened a shop for myself, with a large stock, and such credit among all the merchants who were acquainted with my master, that I could command whatever was imported curious or valuable. For five years I proceeded with success proportionate to close application and untainted integrity; was a daring bidder at every sale; always paid my notes before they were due; and advanced so fast in commercial reputation, that I was proverbially marked out as the model of young traders, and every one expected that a few years would make me an alderman.

IN this course of even prosperity, I was one day persuaded to buy a ticket in the lottery. The sum was inconsiderable, part was to be repaid though fortune might fail to favour me, and therefore my established maxims of frugality did not restrain me from so trifling an experiment. The ticket lay almost forgotten till the time at which every man's fate was to be determined; nor did the affair even then seem of any importance, till I discovered by the public papers that the number next to mine had conferred the great prize.

MY heart leaped at the thought of such an approach to sudden riches, which I considered myself, however contrary to the laws of computation, as having missed by a single chance; and I could not forbear to revolve the consequences which such a bounteous allotment would have produced, if it had happened to me. This dream of felicity, by degrees, took possession of my imagination. The great delight of my solitary hours was to purchase an estate, and form plantations with money which once might have been mine, and I never met my friends but I spoiled all their merriment by perpetual complaints of my ill luck.

AT length another lottery was opened, and I had now so heated my imagination with the prospect of a prize, that I should have pressed among the first purchasers, had not my ardour been with-held by deliberation upon the probability of success from one ticket rather than another. I hesitated long between even and odd; considered the square and cubic numbers through the lottery: examined all those to which good luck had been hitherto annexed; and at last fixed upon one which by some secret relation to the events of my life I thought predestined to make me happy. Delay in great affairs is often mischievous; the ticket was sold, and its possessor could not be found.

I RETURNED to my conjectures, and after many arts of prognostication, fixed upon another chance, but with less confidence. Never did captive, heir, or lover feel so much vexation from the slow pace of time, as I suffered between the purchase of my ticket and the distribution of the prizes. I solaced my uneasiness as well as I could, by frequent contemplations of approaching happiness; when the sun rose I knew it would set, and congratulated myself at night that I was so much nearer to my wishes. At last the day came, my ticket appeared, and rewarded all my care and sagacity with a despicable prize of fifty pounds.

MY

My friends, who honestly rejoiced upon my success, were very coldly received; I hid myself a fortnight in the country, that my chagrin might fume away without observation, and then returning to my shop, began to listen after another lottery.

With the news of a lottery I was soon gratified, and having now found the vanity of conjecture and inefficacy of computation, I resolved to take the prize by violence, and therefore bought forty tickets, not omitting however to divide them between the even and odd numbers, that I might not miss the lucky class. Many conclusions did I form, and many experiments did I try, to determine from which of those tickets I might most reasonably expect riches. At last, being unable to satisfy myself by any modes of reasoning, I wrote the numbers upon dice, and allotted five hours every day to the amusement of throwing them in a garret; and examining the event by an exact register, found, on the evening before the lottery was drawn, that one of my numbers had been turned up five times more than any of the rest in three hundred and thirty thousand throws.

This experiment was fallacious; the first day presented the hopeful ticket, a detestable blank. The rest came out with different fortune, and in conclusion I lost thirty pounds by this great adventure.

I had now wholly changed the cast of my behaviour and the conduct of my life. The shop was for the most part abandoned to my servants, and, if I entered it, my thoughts were so engrossed by my tickets, that I scarcely heard or answered a question, but considered every customer as an intruder upon my meditations, whom I was in haste to dispatch. I mistook the price of my goods, committed blunders in my bills, forgot to file my receipts, and neglected to regulate my books. My acquaintances by degrees began to fall away, but I perceived the decline of my business with little emotion, because whatever deficiency there might be in my gains I expected the next lottery to supply.

MISCARRIAGE naturally produces diffidence; I began now to seek assistance against ill luck, by an alliance with those that had been more successful. I enquired diligently at what office any prize had been sold, that I might purchase of a propitious vender; solicited those who had been fortunate in former lotteries, to partake with me in my new tickets; and, whenever I met with one that had in any event of his

life

life been eminently prosperous, I invited him to take a larger share. I had, by this rule of conduct, so diffused my interest, that I had a fourth part of fifteen tickets, one eighth of forty, and a sixteenth of ninety.

I WAITED for the decision of my fate with my former palpitations, and looked upon the business of my trade with the usual neglect. The wheel at last was turned, and its revolutions brought me a long succession of sorrows and disappointments. I indeed often partook of a small prize, and the loss of one day was generally balanced by the gain of the next: but my desires yet remained unsatisfied, and when one of my chances had failed, all my expectation was suspended on those which remained yet undetermined. At last a prize of five thousand pounds was proclaimed; I caught fire at the cry, and enquiring the number, found it to be one of my own tickets, which I had divided among those on whose luck I depended, and of which I had retained only a sixteenth part.

You will easily judge, with what detestation of himself, a man thus intent upon gain reflected that he had sold a prize which was once in his possession. It was to no purpose, that represented to my mind, the impossibility of recalling the past, or the folly of condemning an act, which only its event, an event which no human intelligence could foresee, proved to be wrong. The prize which, though put in my hands, had been suffered to slip from me, filled me with anguish, and knowing that complaint would only expose me to ridicule, I gave myself up silently to grief, and lost by degrees my appetite and my rest.

My indisposition soon became visible; I was visited by my friends, and among them by Eumathes, a clergyman, whose piety and learning gave him such an ascendant over me, that I could not refuse to open my heart. There are, said he, few minds sufficiently firm to be trusted in the hands of chance. Whoever finds himself inclined to anticipate futurity, and exalts possibility to certainty, should avoid every kind of casual adventure, since his grief must be always proportionate to his hope. You have long wasted that time which, by a proper application, would have certainly, though moderately, encreased your fortune, in a laborious and anxious pursuit of a species of gain, which no labour or anxiety, no art or expedient can secure or promote. You are now fretting away your life in repentance of an act, against which repentance can give no caution, but to avoid the occasion of committing it.

it. Rouze from this lazy dream of fortuitious riches, which if obtained, you could scarcely have enjoyed, because they could confer no consciousness of desert; return to rational and manly industry, and consider the mere gift of luck as below the care of a wise man.

NEEDLE-WORK *recommended to the* LADIES.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 606.]

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE a couple of nieces under my direction who so often run gadding abroad, that I do not know where to have them. Their dress, their tea, and their visits take up all their time and they go to bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am after quilting a whole under-petticoat. The whole time they are not idle, is while they read your Spectators; which being dedicated to the interests of virtue, I desire you to recommend the long neglected art of needle-work. Those hours which in this age are thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the like, were employed, in my time, in writing out receipts or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family. For my part, I have plied my needle these fifty years, and by my good will would never have it out of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple of proud idle flirts sipping their tea for a whole afternoon, in a great room hung round with the industry of their great grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the laudable mystery of embroidery into your serious consideration, and as you have a great deal of the virtue of the lace age in you, continue your endeavours to reform the present.

I am, &c.

IN obedience to the commands of my venerable correspondent, I have duly weighed this important subject, and promise myself, from the arguments here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over, to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

WHAT a delightful entertainment must it be to the fair sex, whom their native modesty, and the tenderness of men towards them, exempts from public business, to pass their hours in imitating fruits and flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature into their own dress, or raising a new creation in their closets and apartments! How pleasing is the amusement of walking among the shades and groves planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain by their needle, or little Cupids which they have brought into the world without pain!

THIS is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a lady can shew a fine genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several writers of that sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhyme. Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy in rural landscapes, and place despairing shepherds under silken willows, or drown them in a stream of mohair. The heroic writers may work up battles as successfully, and inflame them with gold or stain them with crimson. Even those who have only a turn to a song or an epigram, may put many valuable stitches into a purse, and croud a thousand graces into a pair of garters.

If I may, without breach of good manners, imagine that any pretty creature is void of genius, and would perform her part herein but very awkwardly, I must nevertheless insist upon her working, if it be only to keep her out of harm's way.

ANOTHER argument for busying good women in works of fancy, is, because it takes them off from scandal, the usual attendant of tea-tables and all other unactive scenes of life. While they are forming their birds and beasts, their neighbours will be allowed to be the fathers of their own children: and Whig and Tory will be but seldom mentioned, where the great dispute is, whether blue or red is the more proper colour. How much greater glory would Sophronia do the general, if she would chuse rather to work the battle of Blenheim in tapestry, than signalize herself with so much vehemence against those who are Frenchmen in their hearts.

A THIRD

A THIRD reason that I shall mention, is the profit that is brought to the family where these pretty arts are encouraged. It is manifest that this way of life not only keeps fair ladies from running out into expences, but is at the same time an actual improvement. How memorable would that matron be, who shall have it inscribed upon her monument, 'That she wrote out the whole bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in the mansion-house.

THE premises being considered, I humbly submit the following proposals to all mothers in Great-Britain.

I. THAT no young virgin whatsoever be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover, but in a suit of her own embroidering.

II. THAT before every fresh servant she be obliged to appear with a new stomacher at the least.

III. THAT no one be actually married until she hath the child-bed pillows, &c. ready stitched, as likewise the mantle for the boy quite finished.

THESE laws, if I mistake not, would effectually restore the decayed art of needle-work, and make the virgins of Great Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered in their business.

THERE is a memorable custom of the Grecian ladies in this particular preserved in Homer, which I hope will have a very good effect with my countrywomen. A widow, in ancient times, could not, without indecency, receive a second husband, until she had woven a shroud for her deceased lord, or the next of kin to him. Accordingly, the chaste Penelope, having, as she thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she employed her time in preparing a winding sheet for Laertes, the father of her husband. The story of her web being very famous, and yet not sufficiently known in its several circumstances, I shall give it to my reader, as Homer makes one of her wooers relate it :

*Sweet hope she gave to every youth apart,
With well taught looks and a deceitful heart :
A web she wove of many a slender twine,
Of curious texture, and perplexed design ;
My youth, she cry'd, my lord but newly dead,
Forbear a while to court my widow'd bed,
'Till I have wov'n, as solemn vows require,
This web, a shroud for poor Ulysses' sire.*

His

*His limbs, when fate the Hero's soul demands,
 Shall claim this labour of his daughter's hands:
 Lest all the Dames of Greece my name despise,
 While the great King without a covering lies.
 Thus she. Nor did my friends mistrust the guile,
 All day she sped the long laborious toil:
 But when the burning lamps supply'd the sun,
 Each night unravell'd what the day begun.
 Three live-long summers did the fraud prevail;
 The fourth her maidens told th' amazing tale.
 These eyes beheld, as close I took my stand,
 The backward labours of her faithless hand:
 'Till watch'd at length, and press'd on every side,
 Her task she ended, and commenc'd a bride.*

LEARNING a necessary ACCOMPLISHMENT in a WOMAN
 of QUALITY or FORTUNE.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 155.]

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a proper ingredient in the education of a woman of quality or fortune: Since they have the same improveable minds as the male part of the species, why should they not be cultivated by the same method? why should reason be left to itself in one of the sexes, and be disciplined with so much care in the other?

THERE are some reasons why learning seems more adapted to the female world than to the male. As in the first place, because they have more spare time upon their hands, and lead a more sedentary life. Their employments are of a domestic nature, and not like those of the other sex, which are often inconsistent with study and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady Lizard, in the space of one summer furnished

I

a gal-

a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters' working: and at the same time heard all Dr. Tillotson's sermons twice over. It is always the custom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; so that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleased the other day to find them all busy in preserving several fruits of the season, with the Sparkler in the midst of them, reading over 'The plurality of worlds.' It was very entertaining to me to see them dividing their speculations between jellies and stars, and making a sudden transition from the sun to an apricot, or from the Copernican system to the figure of a cheese-cake.

A SECOND reason why women should apply themselves to useful knowledge rather than men, is, because they have that natural gift of speech in greater perfection. Since they have so excellent a talent, such a *Copia Verborum*, or plenty of words, it is pity they should not put it to some use. If the female tongue will be in motion, why should it not be set to go right? Could they discourse about the spots in the sun, it might divert them from publishing the faults of their neighbours: could they talk of the different aspects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandestine marriages. In short, were they furnished with matters of fact, out of arts and sciences it would now and then be of great use to their invention.

THERE is another reason why those especially who are women of quality, should apply themselves to letters, namely because their husbands are generally strangers to them.

It is great pity there should be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great house, where perhaps there is not a single person that can spell, unless it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir like to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's side!

IF we look into the histories of famous women, we find many eminent philosophers of this sex. Nay, we find that several females have distinguished themselves in those sects of philosophy which seem almost repugnant to their nature. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithstanding most of that philosophy consisted in keeping a secret, and that the disciple was to hold her tongue five years together.

LEARNING and knowledge are perfections in us, not in we are men, but as we are reasonable creatures, in which

order of beings the female world is upon the same level with the male. We ought to consider in this particular, not what is the sex, but what is the species to which they belong. At least I believe every one will allow me, that a female philosopher is not so absurd a character, and so opposite to the sex, as a female gamester; and that it is more irrational for a woman to pass away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up stores of useful learning. This therefore is another reason why I would recommend the studies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loss how to employ those hours that lie upon their hands.

I MIGHT also add this motive to my fair readers, that several of their sex, who have improved their minds by books and literature, have raised themselves to the highest posts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furnish us with a very remarkable instance of this kind; but I shall conclude this head with the history of Athenais, which is a very signal example to my present purpose.

THE emperor Theodosius being about the age of one and twenty, and designing to take a wife, desired his sister Pulcheria and his friend Paulinus to search his whole empire for a woman of the most exquisite beauty and highest accomplishments. In the midst of this search, Athenais, a Grecian virgin, accidentally offered herself. Her father, who was an eminent philosopher of Athens, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very small portion, in which also she suffered great hardships from the injustice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to Constantinople, where she had a relation who represented her case to Pulcheria in order to obtain some redress from the emperor. By this means that religious princess became acquainted with Athenais, whom she found the most beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long course of philosophy in the strictest virtue, and most unspotted innocence. Pulcheria was charmed with her conversation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor Theodosius, her brother. The character she gave made such an impression on him, that he desired his sister to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend Paulinus, where he found her beauty and her conversation beyond the highest idea he had framed of them. His friend Paulinus converted her to Christianity, and gave her the name of Eudisia: after which the emperor publicly espoused her, and enjoyed all the happiness in his marriage which he promised himself from such a

virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raised them to great honours; and by several works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herself so dear to the whole empire, that she had statues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her sex.

On the ABSURDITY of OMENS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 7.]

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a very strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into joining-hand on Thursday: 'Thursday!' says she, 'no, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way;

way; at which she immediately started, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and, observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady however recovering herself, after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow: 'Do you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is a figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of a fellow, with an unfortunate aspect; for which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror, than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may

not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I REMEMBER I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

AN old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men, to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

FOR my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I KNOW but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of That Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the

the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

*A GOOD CONSCIENCE the best Security against CALUMNY
and REPROACH.*

[GUARDIAN, NO. 135.]

A GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us. I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of our being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

I HAVE been always mightily pleased with that passage in Don Quixote, where the fantastical knight is represented as loading a gentleman of good sense with praises and eulogiums. Upon which the gentleman makes this reflection to himself: How grateful is praise to human nature! I cannot forbear being secretly pleased with the commendations I receive, though I am sensible it is a madman that bestows them on me. In the same manner, though we are often sure that the censures which are passed upon us are uttered by those who know nothing of us,

and have neither means nor abilities to form a right judgment of us, we cannot forbear being grieved at what they say.

IN order to heal this infirmity, which is so natural to the best and wisest of men, I have taken a particular pleasure in observing the conduct of the old philosophers, how they bore themselves up against the malice and detraction of their enemies.

THE way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praise-worthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends, that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt. It was in the same spirit that he heard the accusations of his two great adversaries, who had uttered against him the most virulent reproaches. Anytus and Melitus, says he, may procure sentence against me, but they cannot hurt me. This divine philosopher was so well fortified in his own innocence, that he neglected all the impotence of evil tongues which were engaged in his destruction. This was properly the support of a good conscience, that contradicted the reports which had been raised against him, and cleared him to himself.

OTHERS of the philosophers rather chuse to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect to themselves. They show that it stung them, though at the same time they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them. Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. You, says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them take no pleasure in hearing them. Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him: Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you.

IN these, and many other instances I could produce, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not in this case the secret consolation, that he deserves no such reproaches as are cast upon him, to follow the advice of Epictetus; if any one speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee. When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing: Aye, says he; then I must learn to sing better. But of all the sayings of philosophers which I have gathered together for my own use on this occasion, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato. Being told

told that he had many enemies that spoke ill of him : It is no matter, said he, I will live so that none shall believe them. Hearing at another time, that an intimate friend of his had spoken detractingly of him : I am sure he would not do it, says he, if he had not some reason for it. This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing the sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny, 'a good conscience.'

I DESIGNED, in this essay, to show, that there is no happiness wanting to him who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, and that no person can be miserable who is in the enjoyment of it ; but I find this subject so well treated in one of Dr. South's sermons, that I shall fill this Saturday's paper with a passage of it, which cannot but make the man's heart burn within him, who reads it with due attention.

THAT admirable author, having shewn the virtue of a good conscience in supporting a man under the greatest trials and difficulties of life, concludes with representing its force and efficacy in the hour of death.

'THE third and last instance, in which above all others this confidence towards God does most eminently shew and exert itself, is at the time of death. Which surely gives the grand opportunity of trying both the strength and worth of every principle. When a man shall be just about to quit the stage of this world to put off his mortality, and to deliver up his last accounts to God ; at which sad time his memory shall serve him for little else, but to terrify him with a frightful review of his past life, and his former extravagancies, stripped of all their pleasure, but retaining their guilt : what is it then that can promise him a fair passage into the other world, or a comfortable appearance before his dreadful judge when he is there ? Not all the friends and interests, all the riches and honours under heaven can speak so much as a word for him, or one word of comfort to him in that condition ; they may possibly reproach, but they cannot relieve him.

'No, at this disconsolate time, when the busy tempter shall be more than usually apt to vex and trouble him, and the pains of a dying body to hinder and discompose him, and the settlement of worldly affairs to disturb and confound him ; and in a word, all things conspire to make his sick bed grievous and uneasy : nothing can then stand up against all these ruins, and speak life in the midst of death, but a clear conscience.

'AND the testimony of that shall make the comforts of heaven descend upon his weary head, like a refreshing dew,

or shower upon a parched ground. It shall give him some lively earnestness, and secret anticipations of his approaching joy. It shall bid his soul go out of the body undauntedly, and lift up his head with confidence before saints and angels. Surely the comfort which it conveys at this season, is something bigger than the capacities of mortality, mighty and unspeakable, and not to be understood until it comes to be felt.

‘AND now who would not quit all the pleasures and trash and trifles, which are apt to captivate the heart of man, and pursue the greatest rigours of piety, and austerities of a good life, to purchase to himself such a conscience as, at the hour of death, when all the friendship in the world shall bid him adieu, and the whole creation turns its back upon him, shall dismiss the soul and close his eyes with that blessed sentence, ‘Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.’

On CONTENTMENT.



[SPECTATOR, NO. 574.]



I WAS once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about the *great secret*. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven: After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant,

I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together in the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but content.

THIS virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

AMONG the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, How much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

FIRST of all, a man should always consider how much more he has than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: 'Why, said he, I have three farms still, and you have but one: so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me.' On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads, and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is,

this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty: or to give the thought a more agreeable turn, 'Content is natural wealth,' says Socrates; to which I shall add, 'Luxury is artificial poverty.' I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher; namely, 'That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness.'

IN the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive a great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I LIKE the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the slanders-by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them; 'Every one, says he, has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.' We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Dr. Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I CANNOT conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been

hitherto speaking of. In order to make us content with our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary it should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the *scheme* of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: 'It is for that very reason, said the emperor, that I grieve.'

ON the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to a very miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them: it makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

UPON the whole, a contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

*A LIFE of VIRTUE preferable to a LIFE of PLEASURE,
exemplified in the Choice of HERCULES.*

TATLER, NO. 97.

WHEN Hercules, says the divine Prodicus, was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured

voured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy; her person clean and unspotted: her eyes cast towards the ground, with an agreeable reserve; her motion and behaviour full of modesty; and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red, and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

‘MY dear Hercules,’ says she, ‘I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crouds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, and to business.’

HERCULES, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, my friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

‘HERCULES’, says she, ‘I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent

descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper to your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness'. The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: 'you see', said she, 'Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy'. 'Alas!' said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, 'what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are thirsty, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

'As for me, I am a friend of the Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years, and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity'.

WE know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every
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one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice.

I VERY much admire the speeches of these ladies, as containing in them the chief arguments for a life of virtue, or a life of pleasure, that could enter into the thoughts of an heathen; but am particularly pleased with the different figures he gives the two Goddesses. Our modern authors have represented pleasure or vice with an alluring face, but ending in snakes and monsters: here she appears in all the charms of beauty, though they are all false and borrowed; and by that means, composes a vision entirely natural and pleasing.

I HAVE translated this allegory for the benefit of the youth of Great-Britain: and particularly of those who are still in the deplorable state of non-existence, and whom I most earnestly intreat to come into the world. Let my embryos shew the least inclination to any single virtue, and I shall allow it to be a struggling towards birth. I do not expect of them that, like the hero in the foregoing story, they should go about as soon as they are born, with a club in their hands, and a lion's skin on their shoulders, to root out monsters and destroy tyrants; but, as the finest author of all antiquity has said upon this very occasion, though a man has not the abilities to distinguish himself in the most shining parts of a great character, he has certainly the capacity of being just, faithful, modest, and temperate.

VIRTUE rewarded; the HISTORY of AMANDA.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 375.]

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the Gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of this day.

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AN eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was, by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends, in order to support the shew of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints, that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears; which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expence, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty, when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped, by so advantageous a match, she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who, with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his intentions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him
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in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately dispatched a messenger to her father with the following letter.

‘SIR,

‘I HAVE heard of your misfortune, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous, as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

‘I am, &c.’

THIS letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother; she opened it and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger; but desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

‘MY DEAREST CHILD,

‘YOUR father and I have just now received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their wants, by giving up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing; but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: It is not so bad as you have perhaps been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

‘I HAVE been interrupted. I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by a noise of one that knocked at the door, and had brought

an unexpected supply of a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will soon be at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister: she says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to intreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear chearfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there is a power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child.
Thy affectionate mother——.

THE messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention; her concern gave new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

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‘MADAM,

‘I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself, if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from
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my intention to add trouble to the afflicted: nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while Amanda is your daughter: nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

‘MADAM,

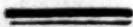
‘Your obedient humble servant—

THIS letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to compleat the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.

The Story of ABDALLAH and BALSORA.



[GUARDIAN, NO. 167.]



THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale: and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

THE name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great Physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great King of Persia.

ALNARESCHIN

ALNARESCHIN was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious, and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty of his sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner, 'Helim,' said he, 'I have long admired thy great wisdom, and retired way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire confidence which I place in thee. I have only two sons remaining, who are as yet but infants. It is my design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. By this means shall the line of Caliphs be preserved, and my children succeed after me without aspiring to my throne whilst I am yet alive.' The words of my lord the king shall be obeyed, said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king's presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the learning of the east. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes and his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balfora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him

him it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, 'Far be it,' says he, 'from the king of Persia to contaminate the blood of the Caliphs, and join himself in marriage with the daughter of his physician.' The king, however, was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed for her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence, as he had commanded.

SHE appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended for her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance in which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; insomuch that at length she fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by those who saw her. Helim, finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties she was in, after having composed his mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her asleep many hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress of a disconsolate father, informed the king she was dead. The king, who never let any sentiments of humanity come near his heart, did not much trouble himself about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father that since it was known through the empire that Balsora died at a time when he designed her for his bride, it was his intention that she should be honoured as such after her death, that her body should be laid in the black palace, among those of his deceased queens.

IN the mean time Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As to the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king

was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the black palace; which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governor of the black palace; it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The black palace is so called from the colour of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that nobody enters besides the governor.

HELM, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him till such time the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design when he gave him this sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blest, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balsora.

HELM, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family, who are in a state of bliss, do, on the

the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the black palace, which is therefore called the gate of paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe of azure silk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garland of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that shewed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen, but this was looked upon by the king himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the black temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the king made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and garden that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; insomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

IN about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted on the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new king Ibrahim, having been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshment. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation, and seeing his brother enter the room with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, 'It is he! it is my Abdallah!' having said this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The king at length having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balsora with the greatest tenderness, and told her that she should now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of

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Abdallah and Balfora. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Persian empire.

On RASHNESS and COWARDICE.

[RAMBLER, NO. 25.]

THERE are some vices and errors which, though often fatal to those in whom they are found, have yet, by the universal consent of mankind, been considered as entitled to some degree of respect, or have, at least, been exempted from contemptuous infamy, and condemned by the severest moralists with pity rather than detestation.

A CONSTANT and invariable example of this general partiality will be found in the different regard which has always been shown to rashness and cowardice, two vices, of which, though they may be conceived equally distant from the middle point, where true fortitude is placed, and may equally injure any public or private interest, yet the one is never mentioned without some kind of veneration, and the other always considered as a topic of unlimited and licentious censure, on which all the virulence of reproach may be lawfully exerted.

THE same distinction is made, by the common suffrage, between profusion and avarice, and, perhaps, between many other opposite vices; and, as I have found reason to pay great regard to the voice of the people, in cases where knowledge has been forced upon them by experience, without long deductions or deep researches, I am inclined to believe that this distribution of respect, is not without some agreement with the nature of things; and that in the faults, which are thus invested with extraordinary privileges, there are generally some latent principles of merit, some possibilities of future virtue, which may, by degrees, break from obstruction, and by time and opportunity be brought into act.

It may be laid down as an axiom, that it is more easy to take away superfluities than to supply defects; and therefore, he that is culpable, because he has passed the middle point of virtue, is always accounted a fairer object of hope, than he who fails by falling short. The one has all that perfection requires, and more, but the excess may be easily retrenched; the other wants the qualities requisite to excellence, and who can tell how he shall obtain them? We are certain that the horse may be taught to keep pace with his fellows, whose fault is that he leaves them behind. We know that a few strokes of the axe will lop a cedar; but what arts of cultivation can elevate a shrub?

To walk with circumspection and steadiness in the right path, at an equal distance between the extremes of error, ought to be the constant endeavour of every reasonable being; nor can I think those teachers of moral wisdom much to be honoured as benefactors to mankind, who are always enlarging upon the difficulty of our duties, and providing rather excuses for vice, than incentives to virtue.

BUT, since to most it will happen often, and to all sometimes, that there will be a deviation towards one side or the other, we ought always to employ our vigilance, with most attention, on that enemy, from which there is the greatest danger, and to stray, if we must stray, towards those paths from whence we may quickly and easily return.

AMONG other opposite qualities of the mind, which may become dangerous, though in different degrees, I have often had occasion to consider the contrary effects of presumption and despondency; of heady confidence, which promises victory without contest, and heartless pusillanimity, which shrinks back from the thought of great undertakings, confounds difficulty with impossibility, and considers all advancement towards any new attainment as irreversibly prohibited.

PRESUMPTION will be easily corrected. Every experiment will teach caution, and miscarriages will shortly shew, that attempts are not always rewarded with success. The most precipitate ardour will, in time, be taught the necessity of methodical gradation, and preparatory measures; and the most daring confidence be convinced that neither merit, nor abilities, can command events.

It is the advantage of vehemence and activity, that they are always hastening to their own reformation; because they incite us to try whether our expectations are well grounded, and therefore detect the deceits which they are apt to occasion.

sion. But timidity is a disease of the mind more obstinate and fatal; for a man, once persuaded that any impediment is insuperable, has given it, with respect to himself, that strength and weight which it had not before. He can scarcely strive with vigour and perseverance, when he has no hope of gaining the victory; and since he will never try his strength, can never discover the unreasonableness of his fears.

THERE is often to be found in men devoted to literature, a kind of intellectual cowardice, which, whoever converses much among them, may observe frequently to depress the alacrity of enterprise, and, by consequence, to retard the improvement of science. They have annexed to every species of knowledge some chimerical character of terror and inhibition, which they transmit, without much reflection, from one to another; they first fright themselves, and then propagate the panic to their scholars and acquaintance. One study is inconsistent with a lively imagination, another with a solid judgment; one is improper in the early parts of life, another requires so much time, that it is not to be attempted at an advanced age; one is dry and contracts the sentiments, another is diffuse and overburdens the memory; one is insufferable to taste and delicacy, and another wears out life in the study of words, and is useless to a wise man, who desires only the knowledge of things.

BUT of all the bugbears by which the *Infantes barbati*, boys both young and old, have been hitherto frightened from digressing into new tracts of learning, none has been more mischievously efficacious than an opinion that every kind of knowledge requires a peculiar genius, or mental constitution, framed for the reception of some ideas, and exclusion of others; and that to him whose genius is not adapted to the study which he prosecutes, all labour shall be vain and fruitless, vain as an endeavour to mingle oil and water, or, in the language of chemistry, to amalgamate bodies of heterogeneous principles.

THIS opinion we may reasonably suspect to have been propagated, by vanity, beyond the truth. It is natural for those who have raised a reputation by any science, to exalt themselves as endowed by heaven with peculiar powers, or marked out by an extraordinary designation for their profession; and to fright competitors away by representing the difficulties with which they must contend, and the necessity of qualities which are supposed to be not generally conferred, and which no man can know, but by experience, whether he enjoys.

To this discouragement it may be possibly answered, that since a genius, whatever it be, is like fire in the flint, only to be produced by collision with a proper subject, it is the business of every man to try whether his faculties may not happily co-operate with his desires; and since they whose proficiency he admires, knew their own force only by the event, he needs but engage in the same undertaking, with equal spirit, and may reasonably hope for equal success.

THERE is another species of false intelligence, given by those who profess to shew the way to the summit of knowledge, of equal tendency to depress the mind with false distrust of itself, and weaken it by needless solicitude and dejection. When a scholar whom they desire to animate, consults them at his entrance on some new study, it is common to make flattering representations of its pleasantness and facility. Thus they generally attain one of the two ends almost equally desirable; they either incite his industry by elevating his hopes, or produce a high opinion of their own abilities; since they are supposed to relate only what they have found, and to have proceeded with no less ease than they promise to their followers.

THE student, inflamed by the encouragement, sets forward in the new path, and proceeds a few steps with great alacrity, but he soon finds asperities and intricacies of which he has not been forewarned, and imagining that none ever were so entangled or fatigued before him, sinks suddenly into despair, and desists as from an expedition in which fate opposes him. Thus his terrors are multiplied by his hopes, and he is defeated without resistance, because he had no expectation of an enemy.

OF these treacherous instructors, the one destroys industry, by declaring that industry is vain, the other by representing it as needless; the one cuts away the root of hope, the other raises it only to be blasted. The one confines his pupil to the shore, by telling him that his wreck is certain, the other sends him to sea, without preparing him for tempests.

FALSE hopes and false terrors are equally to be avoided. Every man who proposes to grow eminent by learning, should carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence, and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred but as the recompence of labour, and that labour, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward.

FORTITUDE founded upon the FEAR of GOD.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 117.]

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase, and that the perfect sublime rises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime in four verses from the *Athalia* of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joad the high-priest, that the Queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer.

*Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait aussi des méchans arrêter les complots :
Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.*

'He who ruleth the raging of the sea, knows also how to check the designs of the ungodly. I submit myself with reverence to his holy will. O Abner, I fear my God, and I fear none but him.'—Such a thought gives no less a sublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by just apprehensions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatness that stands in competition with it, and extinguishes every other terror that can settle itself in the heart of man; it lessens and contracts the figure of the most exalted person: it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

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THERE is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

WHAT can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? A Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage? The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is, indeed, sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments, but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may rest satisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our eyes, appear also as such to him who has human nature under his care, in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

THERE is no example of this kind in Pagan history which more pleases me than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to Providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddesses who represented Providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the Deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

THREE persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now sought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of providence, which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, till, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

FOR my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion should have this intrepidity and firmness of mind, or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance as I have here related.

The Folly of YOUTHFUL EXTRAVAGANCE.

[RAMBLER, NO. 26.]

IT is usual for men, engaged in the same pursuits, to be inquisitive after the conduct and fortitude of each other; and, therefore, I suppose it will not be displeasing to you, to read an account of the various changes which have happened in part of a life devoted to literature. My narrative will not exhibit

exhibit any great variety of events, or extraordinary revolutions; but may, perhaps, be not less useful, because I shall relate nothing which is not likely to happen to a thousand others.

I WAS born heir to a very small fortune, and left by my father, whom I cannot remember, to the care of an uncle. He having no children, always treated me as his son, and finding in me those qualities which old men easily discover in sprightly children, when they happen to love them, declared that a genius like mine should never be lost for want of cultivation. He therefore placed me, for the usual time, at a great school, and then sent me to the university, with a larger allowance than my own patrimony would have afforded, that I might not keep mean company, but learn to become my dignity when I should be made lord chancellor, which he often lamented that the increase of his infirmities was very likely to preclude him from seeing.

THIS exuberance of money displayed itself in gaiety of appearance, and wantonness of expence, and introduced me to the acquaintance of those whom the same superfluity of fortune betrayed to the same licence and ostentation: young heirs, who pleased themselves with a remark very frequently in their mouths, that though they were sent by their fathers to the university, they were not under the necessity of living by their learning.

AMONG men of this class I easily obtained the reputation of a great genius, and was persuaded that, with such liveliness of imagination, and delicacy of sentiment, I should never be able to submit to the drudgery of the law. I therefore gave myself wholly to the more airy and elegant parts of learning, and was often so much elated with my superiority to the youth with whom I conversed, that I began to listen, with great attention, to those that recommended to me a wider and more conspicuous theatre; and was particularly touched with an observation, made by one of my friends, that it was not by lingering in the university that Prior became ambassador, or Addison secretary of state.

THIS desire was hourly increased by the solicitation of my companions, who removing one by one to London, as the caprice of their relations allowed them, or the legal dismission from the hands of their guardians put it in their power, never failed to send an account of the beauty and felicity of the new world, and to remonstrate how much was lost by every hour's continuance in a place of retirement and constraint.

My uncle in the mean time frequently harrassed me with monitory letters, which I sometimes neglected to open for a week after I received them, and generally read in a tavern with such comments as might shew how much I was superior to instruction or advice. I could not but wonder, how a man confined to the country, and unacquainted with the present system of things, should imagine himself qualified to instruct a rising genius, born to give laws to the age, refine its taste, and multiply its pleasures.

THE postman however still continued to bring me new remonstrances; for my uncle was very little depressed by the ridicule and reproach which he never heard. But men of parts have quick resentments; it was impossible to bear his usurpations for ever; and I resolved, once for all, to make him an example to those who imagine themselves wise because they are old, and to teach young men, who are too tame under reprehension, in what manner grey-bearded insolence ought to be treated. I therefore one evening took my pen in hand, and after having animated myself with a catch, wrote a general answer to all his precepts, with such vivacity of turn, such elegance of irony, and such asperity of sarcasm, that I convulsed a large company with universal laughter, disturbed the neighbourhood with vociferations of applause, and five days afterwards was answered, that I must be content to live upon my own estate.

THIS contraction of my income gave me no disturbance, for a genius like mine was out of the reach of want. I had friends that would be proud to open their purses at my call, and prospects of such advancement as would soon reconcile my uncle, whom, upon mature deliberation, I resolved to receive into favour, without insisting on any acknowledgment of his offence, when the splendour of my condition should induce him to wish for my countenance. I therefore went up to London, before I had shewn the alteration of my condition, by any abatement of my way of living, and was received by all my academical acquaintance with triumph and congratulation. I was immediately introduced among the wits and men of spirit; and, in a short time, had divested myself of all my scholar's gravity, and obtained the reputation of a pretty fellow.

You will easily believe that I had no great knowledge of the world; yet I had been hindered, by the general disinclination every man feels to confess poverty, from telling to any one the resolution of my uncle, and for some time subsisted upon

upon the stock of money which I had brought with me, and contributed my share as before to all our entertainments. But my pocket was soon emptied, and I was obliged to ask my friends for a small sum. This was a favour, which we had often reciprocally received from one another; they supposed my wants only accidental, and therefore willingly supplied them. In a short time, I found a necessity of asking again, and was again treated with the same civility; but the third time they began to wonder what that old rogue my uncle could mean by sending a gentleman to town without money; and when they gave me what I asked for, advised me to stipulate for more regular remittances.

THIS somewhat disturbed my dream of constant affluence, but I was three days after completely awakened; for entering the tavern, where we met every evening, I found the waiters remitted their complaisance, and instead of contending to light me up stairs, suffered me to wait for some minutes by the bar. When I came to my company, I found them unusually grave and formal, and one of them took a hint to turn the conversation upon the misconduct of young men, and enlarged upon the folly of frequenting the company of men of fortune, without being able to support the expence, an observation which the rest contributed either to enforce by repetition, or to illustrate by examples. Only one of them tried to divert the discourse, and endeavoured to direct my attention to remote questions, and common topics.

A MAN guilty of poverty easily believes himself suspected. I went, however, next morning to breakfast with him who appeared ignorant of the drift of the conversation, and by a series of enquiries, drawing still nearer to the point, prevailed on him, not, perhaps, much against his will, to inform me, that Mr. Dash, whose father was a wealthy attorney, near my native place, had, the morning before, received an account of my uncle's resentment, and communicated his intelligence with the utmost industry of groveling insolence.

It was now no longer practicable to consort with my former friends, unless I would be content to be used as an inferior guest, who was to pay for his wine by mirth and flattery; a character, which, if I could not escape it, I resolved to endure only among those who had never known me in the pride of plenty. I changed my lodgings, and frequented the coffee-houses in a different region of the town; where I was very quickly distinguished by several young gentlemen of high birth, and large estates, and began again to amuse my imagination

with hopes of preferment, though not quite so confidently as when I had less experience.

THE first great conquest which this new scene enabled me to gain over myself was, when I submitted to confess to a party, who invited me to an expensive diversion, that my revenues were not equal to such golden pleasures; they would not suffer me, however, to stay behind, and with great reluctance I yielded to be treated. I took that opportunity of recommending myself to some office, or employment, which they unanimously promised to procure me by their joint interest.

I HAD now entered into a state of dependence, and had hopes, or fears, from almost every man I saw. If it be unhappy to have one patron, what is his misery who has many? I was obliged to comply with a thousand caprices, to concur in a thousand follies, and to countenance a thousand errors. I endured innumerable mortifications, if not from cruelty, at least from negligence, which will creep in upon the kindest and most delicate minds, when they converse without the mutual awe of equal condition. I found the spirit and vigour of liberty every moment sinking in me, and a servile fear of displeasing stole by degrees upon all my behaviour, till no word, or look, or action was my own. As the solicitude to please increased, the power of pleasing grew less, and I was always clouded with diffidence where it was most my interest and wish to shine.

My patrons, considering me as belonging to the community, and, therefore, not the charge of any particular person, made no scruple of neglecting any opportunity of promoting me, which every one thought more properly the business of another.

AN account of my expectations and disappointments, and the succeeding vicissitudes of my life, I shall give you in my following letter, which will be, I hope, of use to shew how ill he forms his schemes, who expects happiness without freedom.

I am, &c.

The MISERY of depending upon the GREAT.

[RAMBLER, NO. 27.]

AS it is natural for every man to think himself of importance, your knowledge of the world will incline you to forgive me, if I imagine your curiosity so much excited by the former part of my narration, as to make you desire that I should proceed without any unnecessary arts of connection. I shall, therefore, not keep you longer in such suspense, as perhaps my performance may not compensate.

IN the gay company with which I was now united, I found those allurements and delights, which the friendship of young men always affords; there was that openness which naturally produced confidence, that affability which, in some measure, softened dependence, and that ardour of profession which incited hope. When our hearts were dilated with merriment, promises were poured out with unlimited profusion, and life and fortune were but a scanty sacrifice to friendship; but when the hour came at which any effort was to be made, I had generally the vexation to find that my interest weighed nothing against the slightest amusement, and that every petty avocation was found a sufficient plea for continuing me in uncertainty and want. Their kindness was, indeed, sincere; when they promised they had no intention to deceive; but the same juvenile warmth which kindled their benevolence, gave force in the same proportion to every other passion, and I was forgotten as soon as any new pleasure seized on their attention.

VAGARIO told me one evening, that all my perplexities should be soon at an end, and desired me from that instant to throw upon him all care of my fortune, for a post of considerable value was that day become vacant, and he knew his interest sufficient to procure it in the morning. He desired me to call on him early, that he might be dressed soon enough to wait on the minister before any other application should be made. I came as he appointed, with all the flame of gratitude,
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and was told by his servant, that having found at his lodgings, when he came home, an acquaintance who was going to travel, he had been persuaded to accompany him to Dover, and that they had taken post-horses two hours before day.

I WAS once very near to preferment, by the kindness of Charinus, who, at my request, went to beg a place, which he thought me likely to fill with great reputation, and in which I should have many opportunities of promoting his interest in return; and he pleaded himself with imagining the mutual benefits that we should confer, and the advances that we should make by our united strength. Away therefore he went equally warm with friendship and ambition, and left me to prepare acknowledgments against his return. At length he came back, and told me that he had met in his way a party going to breakfast in the country, that the ladies importuned him too much to be refused, and that having passed the morning with them, he was come back to dress himself for a ball, to which he was invited for the evening.

I HAVE suffered several disappointments from taylor and periwig makers, who by neglecting to perform their work withheld my patrons from court; and once failed of an establishment for life by the delay of a servant, sent to a neighbouring shop to replenish a snuff-box.

AT last I thought my solicitude at an end, for an office fell into the gift of Hippodamus's father, who being then in the country, could not very speedily fill it, and whose fondness would not have suffered him to refuse his son a less reasonable request. Hippodamus therefore set forward with great expedition, and I expected every hour an account of his success.

A LONG time I waited without any intelligence, but at last received a letter from Newmarket, by which I was informed, that the races were begun, and I knew the vehemence of his passions too well to imagine that he could refuse himself his favourite amusement.

You will not wonder that I was at last weary of the patronage of young men, especially as I found them not generally to promise much greater fidelity as they advanced in life; for I observed that what they gained in steadiness they lost in benevolence, and grew colder to my interest as they became more diligent to promote their own. I was convinced that their liberality was only profuseness, that, as chance directed, they were equally generous to vice and virtue, that they were warm but they were thoughtless, and counted the support of a friend only amongst other gratifications of passion.

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My resolution was now to ingratiate myself with men whose reputation was established, whose high stations enabled them to prefer me, and whose age exempted them from sudden changes of inclination. I was considered as a man of parts, and therefore easily found admission to the table of Hilarius, the celebrated orator, renowned equally for the extent of his knowledge, the elegance of his diction, and the acuteness of his wit. Hilarius received me with an appearance of great satisfaction, introduced me to all his friends, and directed to me that part of his discourse in which he most endeavoured to display his imagination. I had now learned my own interest enough to supply him with opportunities for smart remarks and gay fallies, which I never failed to echo and applaud. Thus I was gaining every hour on his affections, till, unfortunately, when the assembly was more splendid than usual, his desire of admiration prompted him to turn his raillery upon me. I bore it for some time with great submission, and success encouraged him to redouble his attacks; at last my vanity prevailed over my prudence, I retorted his irony with such spirit, that Hilarius, unaccustomed to resistance, was disconcerted, and soon found means of convincing me that his purpose was not to encourage a rival, but to foster a parasite.

I WAS then taken into the familiarity of Argutio, a nobleman eminent for judgment and criticism. He had contributed to my reputation, by the praises which he had often bestowed upon my writings, in which he owned that there were proofs of a genius that might rise to high degrees of excellence, when time, or information, had reduced its exuberance. He therefore required me to consult him before the publication of any new performance, and commonly proposed innumerable alterations without sufficient attention to the general design, or regard to my form of style, and mode of imagination. But these corrections he never failed to press as indispensably necessary, and thought the least delay of compliance an act of rebellion. The pride of an author made this treatment insufferable, and I thought any tyranny easier to be borne than that which took from me the use of my understanding.

My next patron was Eutyches the statesman, who was wholly engaged in public affairs and seemed to have no ambition but to be powerful and rich. I found his favour more permanent than that of the others, for there was a certain price at which it might be bought; he allowed nothing to humour or to affection, but was always ready to pay liberally for the service that he required. His demands were, indeed,

very

very often such as virtue could not easily consent to gratify: but virtue is not to be consulted when men are to raise their fortunes by the favour of the great. His measures were censured; I wrote in his defence, and was recompensed with a place, of which the profits were never received by me without the pangs of remembering that they were the reward of wickedness, a reward which nothing but that necessity, which the consumption of my little estate in these wild pursuits had brought upon me, hindered me from throwing back in the face of my corruptor.

At this time my uncle died without a will, and I became heir to a small fortune. I had resolution to throw off the splendour which reproached me to myself, and retire to an humbler state, in which I am now endeavouring to recover the dignity of virtue, and hope to make some reparation for my crimes and follies, by informing others, who may be led after the same pageants, that they are about to engage in a course of life, in which they are to purchase, by a thousand miseries, the privilege of repentance.

I am, &c.

EUBULUS.

What it is to see the WORLD; the Story of MELISSA.

[RAMBLER, NO. 75.]

THE diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the knowledge of nature, manners, and life, will perhaps incline you to pay some regard to the observations of one who has been taught to know mankind by unwelcome information, and whose opinions are the result, not of solitary conjectures, but of practice and experience.

I WAS born to a large fortune, and bred to the knowledge of those arts which are supposed to accomplish the mind and adorn the person of a woman. To these attainments, which custom and education almost forced upon me, I added some
voluntary

voluntary acquisitions, by the use of books, and the conversation of that species of men whom the ladies generally mention with terror and aversion, under the name of scholars, but whom I have found a harmless and inoffensive order of beings, not so much wiser than ourselves, but that they may receive as well as communicate knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own character by cowardly submission, than to overbear or oppress us with their learning or their wit.

FROM these men, however, if they are by kind treatment encouraged to talk, something may be gained, which, embellished with elegance, and softened by modesty, will always add dignity and value to female conversation; and from my acquaintance with the bookish part of the world, I derived many principles of judgment and maxims of prudence, by which I was enabled to draw upon myself the general regard in every place of concourse or pleasure. My opinion was the great rule of approbation, my remarks were remembered by those who desired the second degree of fame, my mien was studied, my dress was imitated, my letters were handed from one family to another, and read by those who copied them as sent to themselves, my visits were solicited as honours, and multitudes boasted of an intimacy with Melissa, who had only seen me by accident, and whose familiarity had never proceeded beyond the exchange of a compliment, or return of a courtesy.

I SHALL make no scruple of confessing that I was pleased with this universal veneration, because I always considered it as paid to my intrinsic qualities and inseparable merit, and very easily persuaded myself that fortune had no part in my superiority. When I looked upon my glass I saw youth and beauty, with health that might give me reason to hope their continuance: when I examined my mind I found some strength of judgment, and fertility of fancy; and was told that every action was grace, and that every accent was persuasion.

IN this manner my life passed like a continued triumph, amidst acclamations, and envy, and courtship, and caresses: to please Melissa was the general ambition, and every stratum of artful flattery was practised upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our praises are not believed by those who pronounce them: for they prove at least our power, and shew that our favour is valued, since it is purchased by the meanness of falsehood. But perhaps the flatterer is not often detected, for an honest mind is not apt to suspect,

suspect; and no one exerts the powers of discernment with much vigour when self-love favours the deceit.

THE number of adorers, and the perpetual distraction of my thoughts by new schemes of pleasure, prevented me from listening to any of those, who croud in multitudes to give girls advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-seventh year, when, as I was towering in all the pride of uncontested excellency; with a face yet little impaired, and a mind hourly improving, the failure of a fund, in which my money was placed, reduced me to a frugal competency, which allowed little beyond neatness and independence.

I BORE the diminution of my riches without any outrages of sorrow, or pusillanimity of dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had lost, for, having always heard and thought more of my wit and beauty than of my fortune, it did not suddenly enter my imagination, that Melissa could sink beneath her established rank, while her form and her mind continued the same; that she should cease to raise admiration but by ceasing to deserve it, or feel any stroke but from the hand of time.

IT was in my power to have concealed the loss, and to have married, by continuing the same appearance, with all the credit of my original fortune; but I was not so far sunk in my own esteem, as to submit to the baseness of fraud, or to desire any other recommendation than sense and virtue. I therefore dismissed my equipage, sold those ornaments which were become unsuitable to my new condition, and appeared among those with whom I used to converse, with less glitter, but with equal spirit.

I FOUND myself received at every visit with sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for calamities in which we have no part, and was entertained with condolence and consolation, so frequently repeated, that my friends plainly consulted, rather their own gratification, than my relief. Some from that time refused my acquaintance, and forbore, without any provocation, to repay my visits; some visited me, but after a longer interval than usual, and every return was still with more delay; nor did any of my female acquaintances fail to introduce the mention of my misfortunes, to compare my present and former condition, to tell me how much it must trouble me to want the splendor which I became so well, to look at pleasures which I had formerly enjoyed, and to sink to a level with those by whom I had been considered as moving in a higher sphere.

sphere, and who had hitherto approached me with reverence and submission, which I was now no longer to expect.

OBSERVATIONS like these are commonly nothing better than covert insults, which serve to give vent to the flatulence of pride, but they are now and then imprudently uttered by honesty and benevolence, and inflict pain where kindness is intended; I will, therefore, so far maintain my antiquated claim to politeness, as to venture the establishment of this rule, that no one ought to remind another of misfortunes of which the sufferer does not complain, and which there are no means proposed of alleviating. You have no right to excite thoughts which necessarily give pain whenever they return, and which perhaps might not have revived but by absurd and unseasonable compassion.

My endless train of lovers immediately withdrew, without raising any emotions. The greater part had indeed always professed to court, as it is termed, upon the square, had enquired my fortune, and offered settlements; these undoubtedly had a right to retire without censure, since they had openly treated for money, as necessary to their happiness; and who can tell how little they wanted any other portion? I have always thought the clamours of women unreasonable, who imagine themselves injured, because the men who followed them upon the supposition of a greater fortune, reject them when they are discovered to have less. I have never known any who did not think wealth a title to some stipulations in her favour; and surely what is claimed by the possession of money is justly forfeited by its loss. She that has once demanded a settlement, has allowed the importance of fortune; and when she cannot shew pecuniary merit, why should she think her cheapener obliged to purchase?

My lovers were not all contented with silent discretion. Some of them revenged the neglect which they had formerly endured by wanton and superfluous insults, and endeavoured to mortify me by paying, in my presence, those civilities to other ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my rule to treat men according to the rank of their intellect, I had never suffered any one to waste his life in idleness, who could have employed it to better purpose, and had therefore no enemies but coxcombs, whose resentment and respect were equally below my consideration.

THE only pain which I have felt from degradation, is the loss of that influence which I had always exerted on the side of virtue, in the defence of innocence, and the assertion of truth.

truth. I now find my opinions slighted, my sentiments criticised, and my arguments opposed by those that used to listen to me without reply, and struggle to be first in expressing their conviction. The female disputants have wholly thrown off my authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my reasons by an appeal to the scholars that happen to be present, the wretches are certain to pay their court by sacrificing me and my system to a finer gown, and I am every hour insulted with contradiction by cowards, who could never find till lately that Melissa was liable to error.

THERE are two persons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their conduct with my change of fortune. One is an old curate, that has passed his life in the duties of his profession, with great reputation for his knowledge and piety: the other is a lieutenant of dragoons. The parson made no difficulty, in the height of my elevation, to check me when I was pert, and instruct me when I blundered; and if there is any alteration, he is now more timorous lest his freedom should be thought rudeness. The soldier never paid me any particular addresses, but very rigidly observed all the rules of politeness, which he is now so far from relaxing, that whenever he serves the tea, he obstinately carries me the first dish in defiance of the frowns and whispers of the table.

THIS, Mr. Rambler, is *to see the world*. It is impossible for those that have only known affluence and prosperity, to judge rightly of themselves or others. The rich and powerful live in a perpetual masquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed characters; and we only discover in what estimation we are held, when we can no longer give hopes or fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.



ON FRIENDSHIP.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 385.]

FRIENDSHIP is a strong and habitual inclination in two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

EVERY man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

LOVE and esteem are the first principles of friendship, which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship, without an affectionate goodwill towards his person.

FRIENDSHIP immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

THERE is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the authors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patrocles, and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the hero's love, but was preserved by his friendship.

THE character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently

quently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an inoffensive complying temper to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite either gives his advice, or strikes a blow through the whole *Æneid*.

A FRIENDSHIP which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

ATTICUS, one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near the general.

DURING the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Anthony's wife and friends when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between Anthony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships: insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome, in any part of the empire, wrote punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go: and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A LIKENESS of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him who, in the eye of the world, is looked upon as his *other self*.

THE most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be contrived

contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

THE violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship, cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the oppression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

THE proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and the soul thus supported outdoes itself; whereas if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

WE are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relation: since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession.

On choosing our COMPANY.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THE next thing to the choice of your friends, is the choice of your company. Endeavour, as much as you can, to keep company with people above you. There you rise as much as you sink with people below you; for you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake, when I say company above you, and think that I mean with regard to their birth; that is the least consideration: but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

THERE

THERE are two sorts of good company; one, which called the *beau monde*, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those, who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company is but too common; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lays down a character more than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me, whether a man has it always in his power to get into the best company, and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good-breeding will make their way every where. Knowledge will introduce him, and good-breeding will endear him to the best companies; for, as I have often told you, politeness and good-breeding are absolutely necessary to add to any, or all other good qualities or talents. Without them, no knowledge, no perfection whatsoever, is seen in its best light. The scholar, without good-breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

MODESTY and BASHFULNESS.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

MODESTY is a very good quality, and which generally accompanies true merit; it engages and captivates the minds of people; as, on the other hand, nothing is more shocking

and disgustful than presumption and impudence. We cannot like a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. On the contrary, a man who endeavours to conceal his own merit, who sets that of other people in its true light, who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty; such a man makes a favourable impression upon the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

THERE is, however, a great difference between modesty and an awkward bashfulness; which is as ridiculous as true modesty is commendable. It is as absurd to be a simpleton, as to be an impudent fellow; and one ought to know how to come into a room, speak to people, and answer them, without being out of countenance, or without embarrassment. A mean fellow, or a country bumpkin, is ashamed when he comes into good company; he appears embarrassed, does not know what to do with his hands, is disconcerted when spoken to, answers with difficulty, and almost stammers: whereas a gentleman, who is used to the world, comes into company with a graceful and proper assurance, speaks even to people he does not know, without embarrassment, and in a natural and easy manner. This is called usage of the world, and good-breeding; a most necessary and important knowledge in the intercourse of life. It frequently happens, that a man with a great deal of sense, but with little usage of the world, is not so well received as one of inferior parts, but with a gentlemanlike behaviour.

THESE are matters worthy your attention; reflect on them, and unite modesty to a polite and easy assurance.

On FALSE MODESTY.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

AS for the *mauvaise honte*, I hope you are above it. Your figure is like other people's; I suppose you will take care that your dress shall be so too, and to avoid any singularity. What then should you be ashamed of? and why not go into mixed company, with as much ease and as little concern as
 L you

you would go into your own room? vice and ignorance are the only things I know, which one ought to be ashamed of: keep but clear of them, and you may go any where, without fear or concern. I have known some people who, from feeling the pain and inconveniences of this *mauvaise honte*, have rushed into the other extreme, and turned impudent; as cowards sometimes grow desperate from the excess of danger: but this too is carefully to be avoided: there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence. The medium between these two extremes marks out the well-bred man; he feels himself firm and easy in all companies; is modest without being bashful, and steady without being impudent; if he is a stranger, he observes with care the manners and ways of the people the most esteemed at that place, and conforms to them with complaisance.

On GOOD, BAD, and the VERY BEST COMPANY.

[WORLD, NO. 125.]

HAD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented: for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of all the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by all who are before him: every one is flying from his inferiors in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from him with equal alacrity.

WERE not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public, the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobles. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum*: we have no such thing as common people among us; between vanity and pride, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring, with the learning of charity-schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentlefolks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employment

employments of tide-waiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the well-educated daughters of deceased clergymen. Attornies clerks and city 'prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his counting-house for St. James's, and the country gentleman his own affairs for that of the public; by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dress, equipage, and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge themselves into debt and dependence, to preserve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

THE same foolish vanity that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or to pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse, utterly destroyed. We chuse not our companions for their wit or learning, their good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the load-stone, by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals, and his understanding at a gaming-house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious and entertaining of his equals; and every self-conceited girl, in fashionable life, chuses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is ever the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness, it may be proper to inform them that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently in such company, little is said, and

leis attended to; no disposition appears either to please others or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare, between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former have been perpetually pursued by the latter and fairly beaten out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions; every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows; in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed periwigs and toupees to high heads, and low heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestowed riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one side of Temple-bar as on the other, and hoops have grown to a prodigious magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grovesnor-square and Hill-street.

WITH as little success have operas, oratorios, ridottos, and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and, like true conquerors, have obliged their enemy to pay for their defeat. But this stratagem has, in some measure, been obviated by the prudence of the *very bad company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

FOR many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, even on Friday night in the drawing-room at St. James's; which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides; except that on twelfth-night, the *bad company* never fail to assemble to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

THE *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own

hotels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and a cupboard, teemed with card-tables, and overflowed with company: and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against than imitation; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent or extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

BUT though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fiercè* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which, with all their advantage of birth and education, it is surprising they should not long since have discovered; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out; and it is this: that they once more retire to the long deserted forts of true British grandeur, the princely seats and magnificent castles in their several counties; and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers. And though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of those kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity unmolested, for half a century to come.

On BEHAVIOUR in COMPANY.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I SHALL now give you some rules for your conduct in company; rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down, and communicate to you, with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches: I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing concerning your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master, and to your own attention to the best models: remember, however, that they are of consequence.

TALK often, but never long: in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company: this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

TELL stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative, betrays great want of imagination.

NEVER hold any body by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

MOST long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbour) to whisper, or at least, in a half voice, to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill-bred, and in some degree a fraud; conversation-stock being a joint and common property. But, on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, (and at least seeming attention) if he is worth obliging; for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more, than either

to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

TAKE, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will shew them, more or less, upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk fillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

AVOID as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations; which, though they should not entirely, yet certainly do, for a time, indispose the contending parties towards each other: and, if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation-hubbub once, by representing to them, that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat, out of company, what had passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

ABOVE all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts, that it perpetually breaks out even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of egotism.

SOME, abruptly, speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretence or provocation: they are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine; and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves, by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. 'They acknowledge it may, indeed, seem odd, that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done; no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused. But, in these cases, justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others; and when our character is attacked, we may say, in our own justification, what otherwise we never would have said.' This thin veil of Modesty, drawn before Vanity, is much too transparent to conceal it, even from very moderate discernment.

OTHERS go more modestly and more sily still (as they think) to work: but, in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the Cardinal Virtues; by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune, in being made up of those weaknesses. 'They cannot see people suffer, without sympathising with and endeavouring to

help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them: though, truly, their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that, with all their weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it. But they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can.' This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the bye, that you will often meet with characters in nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring.

THIS principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature, that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is) no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms, that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? why, he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drank six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting: out of charity I will believe him a liar; for, if I do not, I must think him a beast.

SUCH, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagancies which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and, as Waller says, upon another subject,

*Make the wretch the most despised,
Where most he wishes to be prized.*

THE only sure way of avoiding these evils, is, never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that any thing you can say yourself will varnish your defects, or add lustre to your perfections; but, on the contrary, it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring, and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or

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in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

TAKE care never to seem dark and mysterious; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too: if you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt; besides that you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear; but they can seldom help looking, what they have no intention that I should know.

NEITHER retail nor receive scandal willingly; for though the defamation of others may, for the present, gratify the malignity or the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

MIMICKRY, which is the common and favourite amusement of little low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practise it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted; and, as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I NEED not (I believe) advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with: for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked in the same manner to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the cameleon, be able to take every different hue: which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance, for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

ONE word only, as to swearing: and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people, in good company, interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe too, that those who do so are never those who contribute, in any degree, to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and illiberal as it is wicked.

RULES for CONVERSATION.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 24.]

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word *conversation*, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

THOUGH nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

THE conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good breeding and discretion.

IF you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A MODEST person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

WE should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults; as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

A MAN may equally affront the company he is in, by engrossing all the talk, or by observing a contemptuous silence.

BEFORE you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the

the principal persons concerned in it; the beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation; the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself will make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

NOTHING however is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A PRUDENT man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered that he was a great poet by discourse: Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has nothing to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

WOMEN are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or a witty expression, than by demonstration.

WHENEVER you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

RAILLERY is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person rallied.

THOUGH good-humour, sense, and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly

fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect if, when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation, which, though they were too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense, (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you should resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

THOUGH the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest of the company, who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider, that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an answer.

NOTHING is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call speaking their minds. A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humours and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dresse it pleases.

I SHALL only add, that besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own observations added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

FAULTS *to be avoided in* CONVERSATION.

[CONNOISSEUR, NO. 138.]

IN the comedy of the 'Frenchman in London,' which we are told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman who is represented as quite unskilful in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of repetition of the common salutation of 'How do you do, how do you do?' Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops very soon; but the Frenchman runs on in a continued alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety: but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a valet de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Thuilleries.

I SHALL not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of Whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

EVERY

EVERY one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can : but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself: for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company ; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

BUT nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with ; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture : they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck ; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or a minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins ; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb shew with their own persons in the looking-glass ; as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of mimicks, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance : though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

NEXT to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed speakers. And first, the emphatical ; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression : they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and* ; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to

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ring (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the whisperers and low speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the whistlers or tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert: and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

THE tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly 'prattling out of fashion,' make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue: but from a rough manly voice and coarse feature, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the half swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*; the Gothic humbuggers, and those who 'nick-name God's creatures,' and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the sensibiles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this, that, and another; and, lastly, the silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

THE rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this particular talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such

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an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any Signor or Signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia grunt as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High-Germany; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chattering and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: grunTERS and growlers may be justly compared to hogs: snarlERS are curs; and the spit-fire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroaking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckows. Poets, that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms, without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

On ABSENCE of MIND.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

WHAT is commonly called an absent man, is mostly either a very weak, or a very affected man; but be he which he will, he is, I am sure, a very disagreeable man in company. He fails in all the common offices of civility; he seems not to know those people to-day, with whom yesterday he appeared to live in intimacy. He takes no part in the general conversation; but, on the contrary, breaks into it from time to time, with some start of his own, as if he waked from a dream.

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This, as I said before, is a sure indication, either of a mind so weak, that it is not able to bear above one object at a time; or so affected, that it would be supposed to be wholly engrossed by, and directed to, some very great and important objects. Sir Isaac Newton, Mr. Locke, and, it may be, five or six more, since the creation of the world, may have had a right to absence, from that intense thought which the things they were investigating required. But if a young man and a man of the world, who has no such avocations to plead, will claim and exercise that right of absence in company, his pretended right should, in my mind, be turned into an involuntary absence, by his perpetual exclusion out of company. However frivolous a company may be, still, while you are among them, do not shew them, by your inattention, that you think them so; but rather take their tone, and conform in some degree to their weakness, instead of manifesting your contempt for them. There is nothing that people bear more impatiently, or forgive less, than contempt: and an injury is much sooner forgotten than an insult. If therefore you would rather please than offend, rather be well than ill spoken of, rather be loved than hated; remember to have that constant attention about you, which flatters every man's little vanity; and the want of which, by mortifying his pride, never fails to excite his resentment, or at least his ill will. For instance; most people, I might say all people, have their weaknesses; they have their aversions and their likings to such or such things; so that, if you were to laugh at a man for his aversion to a cat, or cheese (which are common antipathies), or, by inattention and negligence, to let them come in his way, where you could prevent it, he would, in the first case, think himself insulted, and in the second, slighted; and would remember both. Whereas your care to procure for him what he likes, and to remove from him what he hates, shows him, that he is at least an object of your attention; flatters his vanity, and makes him possibly more your friend, than any more important service would have done. With regard to women, attentions still below these are necessary, and, by the custom of the world, in some measure due, according to the laws of good breeding.

The same SUBJECT continued.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I KNOW no one thing more offensive to a company than inattention and *distraction*. It is showing them the utmost contempt; and people never forgive contempt. No man is *dis- trait* with the man he fears, or the woman he loves; which is a proof that every man can get the better of that *distraction*, when he thinks it worth his while to do so; and take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part, I would rather be in company with a dead man, than with an absent one; for if the dead man gives me no pleasure, at least he shews me no contempt; whereas the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. Besides, can an absent man make any observations upon the characters, customs, and manners of the company? No. He may be in the best companies all his lifetime (if they will admit him, which, if I were they, I would not) and never be one jot the wiser. I never will converse with an absent man; one may as well talk to a deaf one. It is, in truth, a practical blunder, to address ourselves to a man, who, we see plainly, neither hears, minds, nor understands us. Moreover, I aver that no man is, in any degree, fit for either business or conversation, who cannot, and does not, direct and command his attention to the present object, be that what it will. You know, by experience, that I grudge no expence in your education, but I will positively not keep you a flapper. You may read, in Dr. Swift, the description of these flappers, and the use they were of to your friends, the Laputans; whose minds, Gulliver says, are so taken up with intense speculations, that they neither can speak, or attend to the discourses of others, without being roused by some external taction upon the organs of speech and hearing; for which reason, those people who are able to afford it, always keep a flapper in their family, as one of their domestics; nor ever walk about, or make visits, without him. This flapper is likewise employed diligently to attend his master in his walks; and,

and, upon occasion, to give a soft slap upon his eyes; because he is always so wrapped up in cogitation, that he is in manifest danger of falling down every precipice, and bouncing his head against every post, and, in the streets, of jostling others, or being jostled into the kennel himself.

The TURPITUDE and INFAMY of BETRAYING PRIVATE CONVERSATION.

[ADVENTURER, NO. 44.]

AMONGST all the beauties and excellencies of the ancient writers, of which I profess myself an admirer, there are none which strike me with more veneration, than the precepts they have delivered to us for our conduct in society. The fables of the poets, and the narrations of the historians, amaze and delight us with their respective qualifications; but we feel ourselves particularly concerned, when a moral virtue, or a social obligation is set before us, the practice of which is our indispensable duty: and, perhaps, we are more ready to observe these instructions, or at least acquiesce sooner in the propriety of them, as the authority of the teacher is unquestionable, the address not particularly confined or levelled, and the censure consequently less dogmatical.

Of all the virtues which the antients possessed, the zeal and fidelity of their friendships appear to me as the highest distinctions of their characters. Private persons, and particular affinities amongst them, have been long celebrated and admired: and if we examine their conduct as companions, we shall find, that the rites of their religion were not more sacred, more strongly ratified, or more severely preserved, than their laws of society.

THE table of friendship, and the altar of sacrifice, were equally uncontaminated: the mysteries of Bacchus were enveloped with as many leaves as those of Ceres; and the profanation of either deity, excluded the offenders from the assemblies of men: the revealer was judged accursed, and impiety was thought to accompany his steps.

WITHOUT

WITHOUT inveighing against the practice of the present times, or comparing it with that of the past, I shall only remark, that if we cannot meet together upon the honest principles of social beings, there is reason to fear that we are placed in the most unfortunate and lamentable æra since the creation of mankind. It is not the increase of vices inseparable from humanity that alarms us, the riots of the licentious, or the outrages of the profligate; but it is the absence of that integrity, the neglect of that virtue, the contempt of that honour, which, by connecting individuals, formed society, and without which society can no longer subsist.

FEW men are calculated for that close connection, which we distinguish by the appellation of friendship; and we well know the difference between a friend and an acquaintance: the acquaintance is in a post of progression; and after having passed through a course of proper experience, and given sufficient evidence of his merit, takes a new title, and ranks himself higher. He must now be considered as in a place of consequence; in which all the ornaments of our nature are necessary to support him. But the great requisites, those without which all others are useless, are fidelity and taciturnity. He must not only be superior to loquacious imbecility, he must be well able to repress the attacks of curiosity, and to resist those powerful engines that will be employed against him, wine and resentment. Such are the powers that he must constantly exert, after a trust is reposed in him: and that he may not overload himself, let him not add to his charge, by his own enquiries; let it be a devolved, not an acquired commission. Thus accoutred,

— *Sub iisdem*
Sit trabibus, fragilemque mecum
Solvat Phælon.

— They, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

FRANCIS.

THERE are as few instigations in this country to a breach of confidence, as sincerity can rejoice under. The betrayer is for ever shut out from the ways of men, and his discoveries are deemed the effects of malice. We wisely imagine, he must be actuated by other motives than the promulgation of truth; and we receive his evidence, however we may use it, with contempt.

contempt. Political exigencies may require a ready reception of such private advices : but though the necessities of government admit the intelligence, the wisdom of it but barely encourages the intelligencer. There is no name so odious to us, as that of an informer. The very alarm in our streets at the approach of one, is a sufficient proof of the general abhorrence of this character.

SINCE these are the consequential conditions upon which men acquire this denomination, it may be asked, what are the inducements to the treachery ? I do not suppose it always proceeds from the badness of the mind, and indeed I think it impossible that it should : weakness discovers what malignity propagates ; till at last, confirmation is required, with all the solemnity of proof, from the first author of the report : who only designed to gratify his own loquacity, or the importunity of his companion. An idle vanity inclines us to enumerate our parties of mirth and friendship ; and we believe our importance is increased by a recapitulation of the discourse, of which we were such distinguished sharers : and to shew that we were esteemed fit to be entrusted with affairs of great concern and privacy, we notably give in our detail of them.

THERE is, besides, a very general inclination amongst us to hear a secret, to whomsoever it relates, known or unknown to us, of whatever import, serious or trifling, so it be but a secret : the delight of telling it, and of hearing it, are nearly proportionate and equal. The possessor of the valuable treasure, appears indeed rather to have the advantage ; and he seems to claim his superiority. I have discovered at once in a large company, by an air and deportment that is assumed upon such occasions, who it is that is conscious of this happy charge : he appears restless and full of doubt for a considerable time ; has frequent consultations with himself, like a bee undetermined where to settle in a variety of sweets ; till at last, one happy ear attracts him more forcibly than the rest, and there he fixes, ' stealing and giving odours.'

IN a little time it becomes a matter of great amazement, that the whole town is as well acquainted with the story, as the two who were so busily engaged ; and the consternation is greater, as each reporter is confident, that he only communicated it to one person. ' A report,' says Strada, ' thus transmitted from one to one, is like a drop of water at the top of a house ; it descends but from tile to tile, yet at last makes its way to the gutter, and then is involved in the general stream.' And if I may add to the comparison, the drop of

water, after its progress through all the channels of the streets, is not more contaminated with filth and dirt, than a simple story, after it has passed through the mouths of a few modern tale-bearers.

On GOOD-BREEDING.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

A FRIEND of yours and mine has very justly defined Good-breeding to be, 'the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them.' Taking this for granted, (as I think it cannot be disputed) it is astonishing to me, that any body, who has good-sense and good-nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances; and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is every where and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general; their cement, and their security. And, as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill-effects of bad ones: so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions and sacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects: whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil

civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

VERY few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent: but naturally, easily, and without concern: whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living, guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect, which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is intitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accost you, and talk to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are intitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinencies, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and, if possible, guessed at, and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and *agrémens* which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself,

and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose, that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

THERE is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all. I mean with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons: and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case. Suppose you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can possibly have in any another; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners, to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to shew you, by a manifest inattention to what you said to me, that I was thinking of something else the whole time; were I to yawn extremely, snore, or break wind in your company, I should think that I behaved myself to you like a beast, and should not expect that you would care to frequent me. No. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connexions, and friendships, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, or a man and his mistress, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good-breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent

imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you; it would be mis-placed between us: but I shall certainly observe that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

I WILL say no more, now, upon this important subject of good-breeding; upon which I have already dwelt too long, it may be, for one letter; and upon which I shall frequently refresh your memory hereafter; but I will conclude with these axioms.

THAT the deepest learning, without good-breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use no where but in a man's own closet: and consequently of little or no use at all.

THAT a man, who is not perfectly well-bred, is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it; will consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it; and be reduced to solitude, or, what is worse, low and bad company.

THAT a man, who is not well-bred, is full as unfit for business as for company.

MAKE then, my dear child, I conjure you, good-breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day. Observe carefully the behaviour and manners of those who are distinguished by their good-breeding; imitate, nay endeavour to excel, that you may at least reach them; and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you! Adieu.

ON THE SAME.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

YOU behaved yourself so well at Mr. Boden's, last Sunday, that you justly deserve commendation: besides, you encourage me to give you some rules of politeness and good-breeding, being persuaded that you will observe them. Know then, that

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as learning, honour, and virtue, are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind; politeness and good-breeding are equally necessary, to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation, and common life. Great talents, such as honour, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and obliging, agreeable address and manner; because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing. Good-sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding, because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise at another time, and to another person; but there are some general rules of good breeding, that hold always true, and in all cases. As for example; it is always extremely rude, to answer only Yes, or No, to any body, without adding, Sir, my Lord, or Madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to; as, in French, you must always say *Monsieur, Milord, Madame, and Mademoiselle*. I suppose you know that every married woman is, in French, *Madame*, and every unmarried one is *Mademoiselle*. It is likewise extremely rude, not to give the proper attention, and a civil answer, when people speak to you; or to go away, or be doing something else, while they are speaking to you; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need tell you how rude it is, to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others; as if you considered nobody but yourself. On the contrary, you should always endeavour to procure all the conveniencies you can, to the people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good-breeding is, to be civil with ease, and in a gentleman-like manner. For this you should observe the French people; who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out. But, pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right: you would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed, if you were not civil; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil? And why not say a civil and obliging thing, as easily and as naturally, as you would ask what o'clock it is? This kind of bashfulness

which

which is justly called, by the French *mauvaise honte*, is the distinguished character of an English booby; who is frightened out of his wits, when people of fashion speak to him; and, when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, can hardly get out what he would say; and becomes really ridiculous, from a groundless fear of being laughed at: whereas a real well-bred man would speak to all the kings in the world, with as little concern, and as much ease, as he would speak to you.

REMEMBER, then, that to be well-bred is the only way to be beloved, and well received in company; that to be ill-bred, and rude, is intolerable, and the way to be kicked out of company; and that to be bashful, is to be ridiculous. As I am sure you will mind and practise all this, I expect that when you are *novitius*, you will not only be the best scholar, but the best-bred boy in England of your age.

ON COMPLAISANCE.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 162.]

COMPLAISANCE, though in itself to be scarce reckoned in the number of moral virtues, is that which gives a lustre to every talent a man can be possess of. It was Plato's advice to an unpolished writer, that he should sacrifice to the Graces. In the same manner I would advise every man of learning, who would not appear in the world a meer scholar, or philosopher, to make himself master of the social virtue which I have here mentioned.

COMPLAISANCE renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinctions, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature, and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider, so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world.

IF we could look into the secret anguish and affliction of every man's heart, we should often find that more of it arises from little imaginary distresses, such as checks, frowns, contradictions, expressions of contempt, and (what Shakespear reckons among other evils under the sun)

—— The poor man's contumely,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

than from the more real pains and calamities of life. The only method to remove these imaginary distresses as much as possible out of human life, will be the universal practice of such an ingenious complaisance, as I have been here describing, which, as it is a virtue, may be defined to be, 'A constant endeavour to please those whom we converse with, so far as we may do it innocently.' I shall here add that I know nothing so effectual to raise a man's fortune as complaisance; which recommends more to the favour of the great, than wit, knowledge, or any other talent whatsoever. I find this consideration very prettily illustrated by a little wild Arabian tale, which I shall here abridge, for the sake of my reader, after having again warned him, that I do not recommend to him such an impertinent or vicious complaisance as is not consistent with honour and integrity.

'SCHACABAC being reduced to great poverty, and having eat nothing for two days together, made a visit to a noble Barmecide in Persia, who was very hospitable, but withal a great humourist. The Barmecide was sitting at his table that seemed ready covered for an entertainment. Upon hearing Schacabac's complaint, he desired him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty plate, and asked him how he liked his rice-soup. Schacabac, who was a man of wit, and resolved to comply with the Barmecide in all his humours, told him it was admirable, and at the same time, in imitation of the other, lifted up the empty spoon to his mouth with great pleasure. The Barmecide then asked him if he ever saw whiter bread? Schacabac, who saw neither bread nor meat. If I did not like it, you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the Barmecide, pray let me help you to this leg of goose. Schacabac reached out his plate, and received nothing on it with great chearfulness. As he was eating very heartily of this imaginary goose, and crying up the sauce to the skies, the Barmecide desired him to keep a corner of his stomach for a roasted

roasted lamb fed with pistachio-nuts, and after having called for it, as though it had really been served up, Here is a dish, says he, that you will see at no body's table but my own. Schacabac was wonderfully delighted with the taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice dishes were served up in idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible desert, no part of which delighted Schacabac so much as a certain lozenge, which the Barmecide told him was a sweet-meat of his own invention. Schacabac at length, being courteously reproached by the Barmecide, that he had no stomach, and that he eat nothing, and at the same time being tired with moving his jaws up and down to no purpose, desired to be excused, for that really he was so full he could not eat a bit more. Come then, says the Barmecide, the cloth shall be removed, and you shall taste of my wines, which I may say, without vanity, are the best in Persia. He then filled both their glasses out of an empty decanter. Schacabac would have excused himself from drinking so much at once, because he said he was a little quarrelsome in his liquor; however, being prest to it, he pretended to take it off, having before-hand praised the colour, and afterwards the flavour. Being plied with two or three other imaginary bumpers of different wines equally delicious, and a little vexed with this fantastic treat, he pretended to grow flustered, and gave the Barmecide a good box on the ear, but immediately recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thousand pardons, but I told you before, that it was my misfortune to be quarrelsome in my drink. The Barmecide could not but smile at the humour of his guest, and instead of being angry with him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant fellow, and deservest to be entertained in my house. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my humour, we will now eat together in good earnest. Upon which calling for his supper, the rice-soup, the goose, the pistachio-lamb, the several other nice dishes, with the desert, the lozenges, and all the variety of Persian wines were served up successively one after another; and Schacabac was feasted, in reality, with those very things which he had before been entertained with in imagination.

The ART of PLEASING.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THE art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess; but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules; and your own good-sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. Do as you would be done by, is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same things in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention, on your part, to theirs, will equally please them. Take the tone of the company, that you are in, and do not pretend to give it; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company; this is an attention, due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable: if by chance you know a short story, and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible; and even then, throw out that you do not love to tell stories; but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns, or private affairs; though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to every body else: besides that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company; nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation, which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be discovered, without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right; but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and, if that does not do, try to change the conversation,

tion, by saying, with good humour, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

REMEMBER that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies; and that what is extremely proper in one company, may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

THE jokes, the *bon mots*, the little adventures, which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious, when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company may give merit to a word, or a gesture, which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company, and in certain circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive, by being ill-timed, or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble; 'I will tell you an excellent thing;' or, 'I will tell you the best thing in the world.' This raises expectations, which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relater of this excellent thing, look, very deservedly, like a fool.

On a GENTEEL CARRIAGE.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

I HAVE often told you, that the strictest and most scrupulous honour and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind; that parts and learning can alone make you admired and celebrated by them; but that the possession of lesser talents was most absolutely necessary, towards making you liked, beloved, and sought after in private life. Of these lesser talents, good-breeding is the principal and most necessary one; not only as it is very important in itself, but as it adds great lustre to the more solid advantages both of the heart and the mind. I have often touched upon good-breeding to you before; so that this letter should be upon the next necessary qualification to it, which is a genteel, easy manner, and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardnesses

wardnesses, which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behaviour. However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women; which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing: and I have known many a man from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike to him at first, that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favour, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you. Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes; either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that; do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for every thing else; and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world. When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, it is highly probable, that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble, at least; when he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not; there he soon lets his hat fall down, and, in taking it up again, throws down his cane; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again. If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his breeches. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do: there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth, picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again. If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in every body's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a button-hole, and tickles his chin. When he drinks, he infallibly coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the company. Besides all this, he has strange tricks and gestures; such as snuffing up his nose, making faces, putting his fingers in his nose, or blowing it and looking afterwards in his handkerchief, so as to make the company sick. His hands are troublesome to him, when he has not something in them, and he does not know where to put them; but they are in perpetual motion between his bosom and his breeches: he does not

wear his clothes, and, in short, does nothing like other people. All this, I own, is not in any degree criminal: but it is highly disagreeable and ridiculous in company, and ought most carefully to be avoided, by whoever desires to please.

FROM this account of what you should not do, you may easily judge what you should do; and a due attention to the manners of people of fashion, and who have seen the world, will make it habitual and familiar to you.

THERE is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided; such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs; which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example; if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, That what is one man's meat, is another man's poison; or else, Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow; every body would be persuaded that you had never kept company with any body above footmen and house-maids.

ATTENTION will do all this; and without attention nothing is to be done: want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to every thing, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe, at once, all the people in the room; their motions, their looks, and their words; and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer. This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness, and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that for my part, I see no real difference. A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it.

On DIGNITY of MANNERS.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

HORSE-PLAY, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubbs you their dependant, and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon; and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well; we will have such-a-one to supper, for he is always joking and laughing; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. *Whoever is bad* (as it is called) in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

THIS dignity of Manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking; but is absolutely inconsistent with it; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man, are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation: as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

ABJECT flattery and indiscriminate assentation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

VULGAR, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply, either a low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

FRIVOLOUS curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment that he told him he had wrote three years with

with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A CERTAIN degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions, gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

On DANCING.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

NOW that the Christmas breaking-up draws near, I have ordered Mr. Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms; which, with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And, though I would not have you a dancer, yet, when you do dance, I would have you dance well, as I would have you do every thing, you do, well. There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it be to be done at all) ought to be done well. And I have often told you, that I wished you even played at pitch, and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance, dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding, that it is rather a proof of it, to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with: the difference in this case, between a man of sense and a fop, is, that the fop values himself upon his dress; and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it: there are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which, not being cri-

minal, must be complied with, and even chearfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the Cynic was a wise man for despising them; but a fool for shewing it. Be wiser than other people, if you can; but do not tell them so.

On Dress.

[LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.]

YOUR dress (as insignificant a thing as dress is in itself) is now become an object worthy of some attention; for, I confess, I cannot help forming some opinion of a man's sense and character from his dress; and, I believe, most people do as well as myself. Any affectation whatsoever in dress, implies, in my mind, a flaw in the understanding. Most of our young fellows, here, display some character or other by their dress; some affect the tremendous, and wear a great and fiercely cocked hat, an enormous sword, a short waistcoat, and a black cravat: these I should be almost tempted to swear the peace against, in my own defence, if I were not convinced that they are but mere asses in lions' skins. Others go in brown frocks, leather breeches, great oaken cudgels in their hands, their hats uncocked, and their hair unpowdered; and imitate grooms, stage-coachmen, and country bumpkins, so well in their outsides, that I do not make the least doubt of their resembling them equally in their insides. A man of sense carefully avoids any particular character in his dress; he is accurately clean for his own sake; but all the rest is for other people's. He dresses as well, and in the same manner, as the people of sense and fashion of the place where he is. If he dresses better, as he thinks, that is, more than they, he is a fop: if he dresses worse, he is unpardonably negligent: but, of the two, I would rather have a young fellow too much than too little dressed; the excess on that side will wear off, with a little age and reflection; but, if he is negligent at twenty, he will be a sloven at forty, and stink at fifty years old. Dress yourself fine where others are fine; and plain where others are plain; but take care, always, that your clothes are well made, and fit

fit you, for otherwise they will give you a very awkward air. When you are once well dressed, for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let all your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all. So much for dress, which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.

*The VANITY of HUMAN PROJECTS displayed in the STORY
of ALNASCHAR.*

[SPECTATOR, NO. 535.]

I DESIGN this paper as a speculation upon that vain and foolish hope, which is misemployed on temporal objects, and produces many sorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept several times inculcated by Horace, that we should not entertain an hope of any thing in life which lies at a great distance from us. The shortness and uncertainty of our time here, makes such a kind of hope unreasonable and absurd. The grave lies unseen between us and the object which we reach after: Where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thousand are cut off in the pursuit of it.

It happens likewise unluckily, that one hope no sooner dies in us, but another rises up in its stead. We are apt to fancy that we shall be happy and satisfied if we possess ourselves of such and such particular enjoyments; but either by reason of their emptiness, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no sooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We still find new inviting scenes and land skips lying behind those which at a distance terminated our view.

THE natural consequences of such reflections are these; that we should take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we should sufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be such as we may reasonably expect from them what they propose in their fruition, and whether they are such as we are pretty sure of attaining, in case our life extend itself so far. If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be inter-
cepted

cepted by death in our progress towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

MANY of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and projector, are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to condemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often ensnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

WHAT I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by Monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild; but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

ALNASCHAR, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen-ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: 'This basket,' says he, 'cost me at the wholesale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it, by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which of course will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot

cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glassman, and turn jeweller. I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, eunuchs, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffick until I have got together an hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of an hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the foot of a prince, and will demand the grand Vizier's daughter in marriage, after having represented to that minister the information which I have received of the beauty, wit, discretion, and other high qualities which his daughter possesses. I will let him know at the same time, that it is my intention to make him a present of a thousand pieces of gold on our marriage night. As soon as I have married the grand Vizier's daughter, I will buy her twelve black eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be bought for money. I must afterwards make my father-in-law a visit with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed at his right hand, which he will do of course, if it be only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thousand pieces of gold which I promised him, and afterwards to his great surprize, will present him another purse of the same value: with some short speech: as, 'Sir, you see I am a man of my word: I always give more than I promise.'

'WHEN I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in a due respect to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To this end I shall confine her to her own apartment, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her woman will represent to me, that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness, and beg me with tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall still remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all the first night. Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated upon my sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa.'

ALNASCHAR was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: so that unluckily striking his basket of brittle

ware,

ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

The Folly and Madnefs of AMBITION illustrated.

[WORLD, NO. 174.]

AMONG the variety of subjects with which you have entertained and instructed the public, I do not remember that you have any where touched upon the folly and madnefs of ambition; which, for the benefit of those who are dissatisfied with their present situations, I beg leave to illustrate by giving the history of my own life.

I AM the son of a younger brother of a good family, who at his decease left me a little fortune of a hundred pounds a year. I was put early to Eton school, where I learnt Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the university, where I learnt—— not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college; and having no inclination to follow any profession, I removed myself to town, and lived for some time as most young gentlemen do, by spending four times my income. But it was my happiness, before it was too late, to fall in love, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whose fortune was just sufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able to square my wishes to my circumstances. In this endeavour I succeeded so well, that except a few private hankerings after a little more than I possessed, and now and then a sigh when a coach and six happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I CAN truly assure you, Mr. Fitz-Adam, that though our family œconomy was not much to be boasted of, and in consequence of it, we were frequently driven to great streights and difficulties, I experienced more real satisfaction in this humble situation, than I have ever done since in more enviable circumstances. We were sometimes a little in debt, but when
money

money came in, the pleasure of discharging what we owed was more than equivalent for the pain it put us to : and though the narrowness of our circumstances subjected us to many cares and anxieties, it served to keep the body in action as well as the mind : for as our garden was somewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order, than we could afford to hire, we laboured daily in it ourselves, and drew health from our necessities.

I HAD a little boy who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been spoiled by nursing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwise employed. His mother was naturally of a sickly constitution, but the affairs of her family, as they engrossed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to those who have nothing else to think of are almost insupportable, were less terrible to us than to persons in easier circumstances ; for it is a certain truth, however your readers may please to receive it, that where the mind is divided between many cares, the anxiety is lighter than where there is only one to contend with. Or even in the happiest situation, in the midst of ease, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious at tormenting itself, losing the immediate enjoyment of those invaluable blessings, by the painful suggestion that they are too great for continuance.

THESE are the reflections that I have made since : for I do not attempt to deny that I sighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a distant relation, which happened five years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happiest man living. My income was now increased to six hundred a year ; and I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in less easy circumstances had not touched me so nearly, was now constantly in my thoughts, and soured all my enjoyments. The consciousness too of having such an estate to leave my boy, made me so anxious to preserve him, that instead of suffering him to run at pleasure where he pleased, and to grow hardy by exercise, I almost destroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, because we were in circumstances to have it kept by others : but as air and exercise were necessary for our healths, we resolved to abridge ourselves in some unnecessary articles, and to set up an equipage. This in time brought with it a train of expences which we had neither prudence to foresee, nor courage to prevent. For as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our visits,

it

it greatly increased our acquaintance, and subjected us to the necessity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for all those which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living were much too great for the income we possessed; insomuch that we found ourselves in a very short time more necessitous than ever. Pride would not suffer us to lay down our equipage; and to live in a manner unsuitable to it, was what we could not bear to think of. To pay the debts I had contracted I was soon forced to mortgage, and at last to sell, the best part of my estate: and as it was utterly impossible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it advisable to remove of a sudden, to sell our coach in town, and to look out for a new situation at a great distance from our acquaintance.

BUT unfortunately for my peace, I carried the habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to absolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle and his two sons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I succeeded to an estate of seven thousand pounds a year.

AND now, Mr. Fitz-Adam, both you and your readers will undoubtedly call me a very happy man: and so indeed I was. I set about the regulation of my family with the most pleasing satisfaction. The splendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of servants that attended me, the elegance of my house and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpressible delight, so long as they were novelties: but no sooner were they become habitual to me, than I lost all manner of relish for them: and I discovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wish for, I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by satiety, a perpetual crowd of visitors robbed me of all domestic enjoyment, my servants plagued me, and my steward cheated me.

BUT the curse of greatness did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than myself. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous opposer of all ministerial measures; and as his estate was the largest of any gentleman's in the county, he supported an interest in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myself on that side: but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too great for me; insomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almost

most every thing I have undertaken. To desert the cause I have embarked in would disgrace me, and to go greater lengths in it would undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual warfare with the principal gentry of the county, and am cursed by my tenants and dependants for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleased to tell me) contrary to their conscience.

My wife and I had once pleased ourselves with the thought of being useful to the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and industrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourselves; and the agents we entrust are either pocketing our bounty, or bestowing it on the undeserving. At night, when we retire to rest, we are venting our complaints on the miseries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace which was only the companion of our humblest situation.

THIS, Sir, is my history, and if you give it a place in your paper, it may serve to inculcate this important truth, that where pain, sickness, and absolute want are out of the question, no external change of circumstances can make a man more lastingly happy than he was before. It is to the ignorance of this truth, that the universal dissatisfaction of mankind is principally to be ascribed. Care is the lot of life; and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

THE only satisfaction I can enjoy in my present situation is, that it has not pleased heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

The ART of HAPPINESS.

[WORLD, NO. 126.]

A GOOD temper is one of the principal ingredients of happiness. This, it will be said, is the work of nature, and must be born with us: and so in a good measure it is: yet sometimes it may be acquired by art, and always improved by culture. Almost every object that attracts our notice, has its bright, and its dark side. He that habituates himself to look at the displeasing

ing side, will sour his disposition, and consequently impair his happiness; while he who constantly beholds it on the bright side, insensibly meliorates his temper, and in consequence of it, improves his own happiness, and the happiness of all about him.

ARACHNE and Melissa are two friends. They are both of them women in years, and alike in birth, fortune, education, and accomplishments. They were originally alike in temper too; but by different management, are grown the reverse of each other. Arachne has accustom'd herself to look only on the dark side of every object. If a new poem or a play makes its appearance, with a thousand brilliances, and but one or two blemishes, she slightly skims over the passages that should give her pleasure, and dwells upon those only that fill her with dislike. If you shew her a very excellent portrait, she looks at some part of the drapery which has been neglected, or to a hand or finger which has been left unfinished. Her garden is a very beautiful one, and kept with great neatness and elegance; but if you take a walk with her in it, she talks to you of nothing but blights and storms, of snails and caterpillars, and how impossible it is to keep it from the litter of falling leaves and worm-casts. If you sit down in one of her temples, to enjoy a delightful prospect, she observes to you, that there is too much wood, or too little water; that the day is too sunny, or too gloomy; that it is sultry or windy; and finishes with a long harangue upon the wretchedness of our climate. When you return with her to the company, in hopes of a little cheerful conversation, she casts a gloom over all, by giving you the history of her own bad health, or of some melancholy accident that has befallen one of her daughter's children. Thus she insensibly sinks her own spirits, and the spirits of all around her, and at last discovers, she knows not why, that her friends are grave.

MELISSA is the reverse of all this. By constantly habituating herself to look only on the bright side of objects, she preserves a perpetual cheerfulness in herself, which, by a kind of happy contagion, she communicates to all about her. If any misfortune has befallen her, she considers it might have been worse, and is thankful to providence for an escape. She rejoices in solitude, as it gives her an opportunity of knowing herself; and in society, because she can communicate the happiness she enjoys. She opposes every man's virtues to his failings, and can find out something to cherish and applaud in the very worst of her acquaintance. She opens every book with a desire to be entertained or instructed, and therefore seldom

seldom misses what she looks for. Walk with her, though it be but on a heath or a common, and she will discover numberless beauties unobserved before, in the hills, the dales, the broom, the brake, and the variegated flowers of weeds and poppies. She enjoys every change of weather and of season, as bringing with it something of health or convenience. In conversation it is a rule with her never to start a subject that leads to any thing gloomy or disagreeable; you therefore never hear her repeating her own grievances, or those of her neighbours, or (what is worst of all) their faults and imperfections. If any thing of the latter kind be mentioned in her hearing, she has the address to turn it into entertainment, by changing the most odious railing into a pleasant raillery. Thus Melissa, like the bee, gathers honey from every weed; while Arachne, like the spider, sucks poison from the fairest flowers. The consequence is, that of two tempers, once very nearly allied, the one is for ever sour and dissatisfied, the other always gay and cheerful; the one spreads an universal gloom; the other a continual sunshine.

THERE is nothing more worthy of our attention than this Art of Happiness. In conversation, as well as life, happiness very often depends on the slightest incidents. The taking notice of the badness of the weather, a north-wind, the approach of winter, or any trifling circumstance of the disagreeable kind, shall insensibly rob a whole company of its good-humour, and fling every member of it into the vapours. If therefore we would be happy in ourselves, and are desirous of communicating that happiness to all about us, these *minutiae* of conversation ought to be attended to. The brightness of the sky, the lengthening of the days, the encreasing verdure of the spring, the arrival of any little piece of good news, or whatever carries with it the most distant glimpse of joy, shall frequently be the parent of a social and happy conversation. Good-manners exact from us this regard to our company. The clown may repine at the sunshine that ripens his harvest, because his turnips are burnt up by it; but the man of refinement will extract pleasure from the thunder-storm to which he is exposed, by remarking on the plenty and refreshment which may be expected from such a shower.

THUS does good-manners, as well as good-sense, direct us to look at every object on the bright side; and by thus acting, we cherish and improve both the one and the other. By this practice it is that Melissa is become the wisest and the best-bred

bred woman living ; and by this practice may every man and woman arrive at that easy benevolence of temper, which the world calls Good-nature, and the scripture Charity, whose natural and never-failing fruit is Happiness.

PROSPERITY and ADVERSITY : *an ALLEGORY.*

[WORLD, NO. 84.]

PROSPERITY and Adversity, the daughters of Providence, were sent to the house of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velasco, whose residence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

PROSPERITY, the elder, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the spring : but Adversity was sorrowful and ill-favoured.

VELASCO had two sons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the strictest harmony and friendship. But love, before whom all the affections of the soul are as the traces of a ship upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to set them at variance : for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Prosperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns ; but to avoid a particular declaration, she avowed a resolution never to marry, unless her sister, from whom she said it was impossible for her to be long separated, was married at the same time.

VELASCO, who was no stranger to the passions of his sons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent consequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretensions by lots ; each previously engaging in a solemn oath to marry the nymph that should fall to his share. The lots were accordingly drawn ; and Prosperity became the wife of Felix, and Adversity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of these nuptials Velasco died, having bequeathed to his eldest son Felix the house wherein he

he dwelt, together with the greatest part of his large fortune and effects.

THE husband of Prosperity was so transported with the gay disposition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he clothed her in gold and silver, and adorned her with jewels of inestimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with music, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as strangers, and the companions of his youth passed by unregarded. His brother also became hateful in his sight, and in process of time, he commanded the doors of his house to be shut against him.

BUT as the stream flows from its channel and loses itself among the vallies, unless confined by banks; so also will the current of fortune be dissipated, unless bounded by œconomy. In a few years the estate of Felix was wasted by extravagance, his merchandize failed him by neglect, and his effects were seized by the merciless hands of creditors. He applied himself for support to the nobles and great men whom he had feasted and made presents to: but his voice was the voice of a stranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife also insulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart so bewitched with her forceries, that he pursued her with entreaties, till by her haste to abandon him, her mask fell off, and discovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

WHAT became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariously on the scanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deserted him, and that he died in a short time, wretched and an exile.

LET us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already observed, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adversity, though hateful to his heart, and a spectre to his eyes, was the constant attendant upon his steps: And to aggravate his sorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richest vessel was taken by a Sardinian pirate: that another was lost upon the the Lybian Syrtes; and to complete all, that the banker, with whom the greatest part of his ready money was entrusted, had deserted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the small remains of his fortune, he bade
adieu

adieu to Tyre, and, led by Adversity through unfrequented roads and forests overgrown with thickets, he came at last to a small village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for some time; and Adversity, in return for all the anxiety he had suffered, softening the severity of her look, administered to him the most faithful counsel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole trust and happiness in their government and protection. She humanized his soul, made him modest and humble, taught him to compassionate the distresses of his fellow-creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

I AM sent, says she, by the gods to those only whom they love: for I not only train them up by my severe discipline to future glory, but also prepare them to receive with a greater relish all such moderate enjoyments as are not inconsistent with this probationary state. As the spider, when assailed, seeks shelter in its inmost web, so the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happiness to itself. It was I who raised the characters of Cato, Socrates, and Timoleon to so divine a height, and set them up as guides and examples to every future age. Prosperity, my smiling but treacherous sister, too frequently delivers those whom she has seduced to be scourged by her cruel followers, Anguish and Despair; while Adversity never fails to lead those who will be instructed by her, to the blissful habitations of tranquillity and content.

URANIO listened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earnestly on her face, the deformity of it seemed insensibly to decrease. By gentle degrees his aversion to her abated; and at last he gave himself wholly up to her counsel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wise maxims of the philosopher, 'That those who want the fewest things, approach nearest to the gods, who want nothing.' She admonished him to turn his eyes to the many thousands beneath him, instead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and splendor; and in his addresses to the gods, instead of asking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet state, and unblamable life, and a death full of good hopes.

FINDING him to be every day more and more composed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed him in the following manner:

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, so is Adversity sent by providence to try and improve the virtue of mortals.'

mortals. The end obtained, my task is finished; and I now leave you to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, and whose condition you so much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy.'

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return. But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inscription:

*Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

On NATURAL and FANTASTICAL PLEASURES.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 49.]

IT is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical.

taftical. Natural pleasures I call thofe, which, not depending on the fafhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are fuitcd to human nature in general, and were intended by providence as rewards for the uſing our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaftical pleasures are thofe, which having no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people, to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleasures are, which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings ‘that nothing is made in vain,’ much leſs the inſtincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence, as well as wiſdom of the deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing, than the acquiſition is eaſy, and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having answered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the ſupreme governor of the univerſe.

UNDER natural pleasures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuitcd, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature: And of the pleasures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human nature as ſenſe. And, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleasures, much leſs natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a deſire terminating in money is fantaſtical; ſo is the deſire of outward diſtinctions, which bring no delight of ſenſe, nor recommend us as uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new or foreign. Men who are indipoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatiſfied. It is

in some sort, owing to the bounty of providence, that disdain-
ing a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves
imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raise desire,
but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the
contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves
for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an
habitual reflection on these truths, made them familiar, the
effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have de-
bauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light,
which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of ge-
nius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false
notions instilled by custom and education.

THE various objects that compose the world were by na-
ture formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that
makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be
said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoy-
ments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is
usual with me to consider myself as having a natural pro-
perty in every object that administers pleasure to me. When
I am in the country, all the fine seats near the place of my
residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The
same I think of the groves and fields, where I walk, and muse
on the folly of the silly landlord in London, who has the fan-
tastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a
stranger to the fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these prin-
ciples I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in
England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my
acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near
the court.

IN some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a
stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domesticks,
but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master
of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward,
who eases me of the care of providing for myself the conveni-
encies and pleasures of life.

WHEN I walk the streets I use the foregoing natural maxim,
(viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it,
and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it) to con-
vince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the
gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements de-
signed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind
people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have
a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior
embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered

that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator, than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as so many parroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is, the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

THE same principle I find of great use in my private economy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully designed pieces of landscape and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters: my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Irish stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of China in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who would rather be happy than be thought rich.

EVERY day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit, where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among the green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levee. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as a part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

BUT

BUT the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss! But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, till I see some symptoms of amendment.

HUMAN CALAMITIES *mostly* IMAGINARY; a VISION.

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[SPECTATOR, NO. 558.]

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IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the beginning of his first satire, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we should change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several

loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

THERE was a certain lady, of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burthens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

THERE were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

THERE were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burthens, composed of darts and flames: but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy loaden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles; and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surpris'd to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advance towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his nearer approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me, was a remark

I made,

I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I TOOK notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

WHEN the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burthens, the Phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when on a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance; upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length: I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to change his misfortunes for those of another person. But as there arose many new incidents in the sequel of my vision, I shall reserve them for the subject of my next paper.

The VISION continued.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 559.]

IN my last paper, I gave my readers a sight of that mountain of miseries which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure,

the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows ; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life ; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any other such bundle as should be delivered to him.

UPON this *Fancy* began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations which I made upon the occasion I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out ; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic ; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

THE female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features ; one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation : but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with ; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes
more

more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I COULD not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I MUST not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: On the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph; for as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trap-sticks that had no calfs to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters: observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

THE heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burthens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which the Phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of a quite different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every

now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was *Patience*. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

BESIDES the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

*The JOURNEY of a DAY, a PICTURE of HUMAN LIFE:
the STORY of OBIDAH.*



[RAMBLER, NO. 65.]



OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices: he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

THUS

THUS he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

HAVING thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is

consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,
Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.—

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the branches the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, 'Tell me,' said the hermit, 'by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son,' said the hermit, 'let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the strait road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit

our

our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors, and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

MANKIND *divided into the* SERIOUS *and the* MERRY.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 598.]

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the serious, who, both of them, make a very good figure in the species, so long as they keep their respective humours from degenerating into the neighbouring extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a fantastic levity.

THE merry part of the world are very amiable, while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversation at proper seasons and on proper occasions, but on the contrary, a great grievance to society, when they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to it. For though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered as the mark of folly.

ON the other side, seriousness has its beauty, while it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and does not come in unseasonably to pall the good humour of those with whom we converse.

THESE two sets of men, notwithstanding they each of them shine in their respective characters, are apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to one another.

WHAT is more usual than to hear men of serious tempers and austere morals, enlarging upon the vanities and follies of the young part of the species; while they look with a kind of horror upon such pomps and diversions as are innocent in themselves, and only culpable when they draw the mind too much?

I COULD not but smile upon reading a passage in the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life, wherein he represents it as a great blessing, that in his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place at court.

IT must indeed be confessed, that levity of temper takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours all the approaches of vice,
and

and weakens all the resistance of virtue. For which reason a renowned statesman in queen Elizabeth's days, after having retired from court and public business, in order to give himself up to the duties of religion; when any of his old friends used to visit him, had still this word of advice in his mouth, *Be serious.*

AN eminent Italian author of this cast of mind, speaking of the great advantage of a serious and composed temper, wishes very gravely, that for the benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his possession; which, says he, would contribute more to the reformation of manners than all the work-houses and bridewells in Europe.

WE have a very particular description of this cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in the form of a huge oven, and had many particular circumstances which disposed the person who was in it to be more pensive and thoughtful than ordinary; insomuch that no man was ever observed to laugh all his life after, who had once made his entry into this cave. It was usual in those times, when any one carried a more than ordinary gloominess in his features, to tell him that he looked like one just come out of Trophonius's cave.

ON the other hand, writers of a more merry complexion have been no less severe on the opposite party; and have had one advantage above them, that they have attacked them with more turns of wit and humour.

AFTER all, if a man's temper were at his own disposal, I think he would not chuse to be of either of these parties; since the most perfect character is that which is formed out of both of them. A man would neither chuse to be a hermit nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy, as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world; nor at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

The wonderful Effects of TROPHONIUS'S CAVE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 599.]

IT has been my custom, as I grow old, to allow myself some little indulgencies, which I never took in my youth. Among others is that of an afternoon's nap, which I fell into in the fifty-fifth year of my age, and have continued for the three years last past. By this means I enjoy a double morning, and rise twice a day fresh to my speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my dreams have proved instructive to my countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the good of the public. I was yesterday meditating on the account with which I have already entertained my readers concerning the cave of Trophonius. I was no sooner fallen into my usual slumber, but I dreamt that this cave was put into my possession, and that I gave public notice of its virtue, inviting every one to it who had a mind to be a serious man for the remaining part of his life. Great multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the experiment was a Merry-Andrew, who was put into my hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that profligate kind of life. Poor pickle-herring had not taken above one turn in it, when he came out of the cave like a hermit from his cell, with a penitential look, and a most rueful countenance. I then put in a young laughing fop, and watching for his return, asked him with a smile, how he liked the place? He replied, Pr'ythee, friend, be not impertinent; and stalked by me as grave as a judge. A citizen then desired me to give free ingress and egress to his wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured ribbons I have ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her fan and a smirking countenance, but came out with the severity of a vestal, and throwing from her several female gewgaws, told me with a sigh that she resolved to go into deep mourning, and to wear black all the rest of her life. As I had had many coquets recommended to me by their parents, their husbands, and their

lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into day-light, you would have fancied my cave to have been a nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn procession of religious marching out, one behind another, in the most profound silence and the most exemplary decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a sight, there came towards me a great company of males and females laughing, singing, and dancing, in such a manner, that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their leader, what brought them thither? They told me all at once, that they were French protestants lately arrived in Great-Britain, and that finding themselves of too gay an humour for my country, they applied themselves to me in order to compose them for British conversation. I told them, that to oblige them I would soon spoil their mirth; upon which I admitted a whole shoal of them, who after having taken a survey of the place, came out in very good order, and with looks entirely English. I afterwards put in a Dutchman, who had a great fancy to see the Keldar, as he called it, but I could not observe that I had made any manner of alteration in him.

A COMEDIAN who had gained great reputation in parts of humour, told me he had a mighty mind to act Alexander the Great, and fancied that he should succeed very well in it, if he could strike two or three laughing features out of his face: He tried the experiment, but contracted so very solid a look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no other part hereafter but a Timon of Athens, or a mute in the Funeral.

I THEN clapped up an empty fantastic citizen, in order to qualify him for an alderman. He was succeeded by a young rake of the Middle Temple, who was brought to me by his grandmother; but to her great sorrow and surprise, he came out a quaker. Seeing myself surrounded with a body of Free-thinkers, and scoffers at religion, who were making themselves merry at the sober looks and thoughtful brows of those who had been in the cave: I thrust them all in one after another, and locked the door upon them. Upon my opening it, they all looked as if they had been frightened out of their wits, and were marching away with ropes in their hands to a wood that was within sight of the place. I found they were not able to bear themselves in their first serious thoughts; but knowing these would quickly bring them to a better frame of mind, I gave them into the custody of their friends until that happy change was wrought in them.

THE last that was brought to me was a young woman, who at the first sight of my short face fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and was forced to hold her sides all the while her mother was speaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old lady, and taking the daughter by the hand, madam, said I, be pleased to retire into my closet, while your mother tells me your case. I then put her into the mouth of the cave, when the mother, after having begged pardon for the girl's rudeness, told me, that she often treated her father and the gravest of her relations in the same manner; that she would sit giggling and laughing with her companions from one end of a tragedy to the other, nay, that she would sometimes burst out in the middle of a sermon, and set the whole congregation a staring at her. The mother was going on, when the young lady came out of the cave to us with a composed countenance, and a low curtsy. She was a girl of such exuberant mirth, that her visit to Trophonius only reduced her to a more than ordinary decency of behaviour, and made a very pretty prude of her. After having performed innumerable cures, I looked about me with great satisfaction, and saw all my patients walking by themselves in a very pensive and musing posture, so that the whole place seemed covered with philosophers. I was at length resolved to go into the cave myself, and see what it was that had produced such wonderful effects upon the company; but as I was stooping at the entrance, the door being something low, I gave such a nod in my chair, that I awaked. After having recovered myself from my first startle, I was very well pleased at the accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little stay in the place might have spoiled my *Spectators*.

The VISION of MIRZA, exhibiting a PICTURE of HUMAN LIFE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 159.]

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended

cended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I HAD been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thy eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity

nity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

THERE were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I PASSED some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge,

bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

THE genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; Take thine eyes off the bridge, says he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I HERE fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, inso-much that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers: and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lye so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean

ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

The VOYAGE of LIFE; an ALLEGORY.

[RAMBLER, NO. 102.]

'LIFE,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which, we are perpetually changing our scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.' The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to

all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion, I was told that we were launching out into the ocean of life; that we had already passed the streights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence, of those who undertook to steer them: and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I THEN looked round with anxious eagerness; and first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands all was darkness, nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

BEFORE me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eye could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

THE current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from the danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

IT was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence, for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his comforts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course: if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

THIS negligence did not proceed from indifference or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed upon destruction, failed, when he was sinking, to call loudly upon his associates for that help which could not now be given him; and many spent their last moments in cautioning others against the folly by which they were intercepted in the midst of their course. Their benevolence was sometimes praised, but their admonitions were unregarded.

THE vessels in which we had embarked being confessedly unequal to the turbulence of the stream of life, were visibly impaired in the course of the voyage; so that every passenger was certain, that how long soever he might, by favourable accidents, or by incessant vigilance, be preserved, he must sink at last.

THIS necessity of perishing might have been expected to sadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at least to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the solace of their labours; yet in effect none seemed less to expect destruction than those to whom it was most dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themselves; and those who knew their inability to bear the sight of the terrors that embarrassed their way, took care never to look forward, but found some amusement, and generally entertained themselves by playing with HOPE, who was the constant associate of the voyage of life.

YET all that HOPE ventured to promise, even to those whom she favoured most, was, not that they should escape,

but

but that they should sink last; and with this promise every one was satisfied, though he laughed at the rest for seeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their vessels grew leaky, she redoubled her assurances of safety; and none were more busy in making provisions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themselves saw likely to perish soon by irreparable decay.

IN the midst of the current of life was the *gulph of Intemperance*, a dreadful whirlpool, interspersed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Ease spread couches of repose, and with shades, where Pleasure warbled the song of invitation. Within sight of these rocks all who sailed on the ocean of life must necessarily pass. REASON indeed was always at hand to steer the passengers through a narrow outlet by which they might escape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonstrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without stipulating that she should approach so near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might solace themselves with a short enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to pursue their course without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon so far by these promises, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the course of the vessel, and drew it, by insensible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too strong to be overcome; and the passenger, having danced in circles with a pleasing and giddy velocity, was at last overwhelmed and lost. Those few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally suffered so many shocks upon the points which shot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their course with the same strength and facility as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

THERE were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered the

the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had only received a single blow; but I remarked that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

THE only advantage which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of Infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overfet by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce HOPE herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked.

RICHES *not productive of* HAPPINESS; *the* STORY *of* ORTOGRUL *of* BASRA.

[IDLER, NO. 99.]

AS Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a croud that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief Visier, who having returned from the Divan, was entering his palace.

ORTOGRUL mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the Visier, was permitted to enter.

enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the floors covered with filken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

SURELY, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wish is gratified! all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise, but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content and have not found it, I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

FULL of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes proposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamt that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. Ortogrul, said the old man, I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father, turn thine eye on the opposite mountain. Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills. Ortogrul looked and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish

for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual encrease, resembling the rill gliding from the well? Let me be quickly rich, said Ortogrul; let the golden stream be quick and violent. Look round thee, said his father, once again. Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

HAVING sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the Visier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with his faults. How long, said he, with a deep sigh, have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered.

The TRUE USE of RICHES; the STORY of NOURADIN.



[RAMBLER, NO. 120.]

IN the reign of Jenghiz Khan, conqueror of the East, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded

crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky waisted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed, to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious langour, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and, dismissing his attendants, 'My son,' says he, 'behold here the weakness and fragility of man; look backward a few days, thy father was great and happy, fresh as the vernal rose, and strong as the cedar of the mountain; the nations of Asia drank his dews, and art and commerce delighted in his shade. Malevolence beheld me, and sighed: His root, she cried, is fixed in the depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; it sends out branches afar, and bids defiance to the blast; prudence reclines against his trunk, and prosperity dances on his top. Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and prostrate; look upon me, and attend. I have trafficked, I have prospered, I have rioted in gain; my house is splended, my servants are numerous; yet I displayed only a small part of my riches; the rest, which I was hindered from enjoying by the fear of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, I have hidden in secret repositories, which this scroll will discover. My purpose was, after ten months more spent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a safer country; to have given seven years to delight and festivity, and the remaining part of my days to solitude and repentance; but the hand of death is upon me; a frigid torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it must be thy business to enjoy with wisdom.'

wisdom.' The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief that he fell into convulsions, became delirious, and expired.

ALMAMOULIN, who loved his father, was touched a while with honest sorrow, and sat two hours in profound meditation, without perusing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborn with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new possessions, which swelled his heart with such transports, that he no longer lamented his father's death.

HE was now sufficiently composed to order a funeral of modest magnificence, suitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profession, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he spent in visiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treasures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

ALMAMOULIN had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

HE immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and appeased them with gold, and gems, and supplication.

HE then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms, for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected, and his presents refused; but a princess of Altracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda; command sparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestick pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

THESE amusements pleased him for a time ; but langour and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted ; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

HE therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies ; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness ; every hour was crowded with pleasure ; and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, ' I have at last found the use of riches : I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy ; and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure ? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend ?'

SUCH were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence ; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and in the form of legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason, in hopes of sharing his confiscation ; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth ; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

ALMAMOULIN now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses ; and being now weary with vain experi-

ments upon life, and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation, on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. ‘Brother,’ said the philosopher, ‘thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hast taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them what, as experience has now taught thee, they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at how dear a price they tempted thee, upon thy first entrance into the world, to purchase the empty sound of vulgar acclamation. That they cannot bestow fortitude or magnanimity, that man may be certain, who stood trembling at Astracan before a being not naturally superior to himself. That they will not supply unexhausted pleasure, the recollection of forsaken palaces, and neglected gardens, will easily inform thee. That they rarely purchase friends, thou didst soon discover, when thou wert left to stand thy trial uncountenanced and alone. Yet think not riches useless; there are purposes to which a wise man may be delighted to apply them; they may, by a rational distribution to those who want them, ease the pains of helpless disease, still the throbs of restless anxiety, relieve innocence from oppression, and raise imbecility to cheerfulness and vigour. This they will enable thee to perform, and this will afford the only happiness ordained for our present state, the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of future rewards.’

The FORCE and ADVANTAGES of NOVELTY.

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[SPECTATOR, NO. 626.]

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WHEN I have seen young puss playing her wanton gambols, and with a thousand antic shapes express her own gaiety at the same time that she moved mine, while the old grannum hath sat by with a most exemplary gravity, unmoved at all that past; it hath made me reflect what should be the occasion of

of humours so opposite in two creatures, between whom there was no visible difference but that of age; and I have been able to resolve it into nothing else but *the force of novelty*.

IN every species of creatures, those who have been least time in the world, appear best pleased with their condition: For, besides that to a new comer the world hath a freshness on it that strikes the sense after a most agreeable manner, *Being* itself, unattended with any great variety of enjoyments, excites a sensation of pleasure. But as age advances, every thing seems to wither, the senses are disgusted with their old entertainments, and existence turns flat and insipid. We may see this exemplified in mankind: the child, let him be free from pain, and gratified in his change of toys, is diverted with the smallest trifle: nothing disturbs the mirth of the boy, but a little punishment or confinement: the youth must have more violent pleasures to employ his time: the man loves the hurry of an active life, devoted to the pursuits of wealth or ambition: and lastly, old age, having lost its capacity for these avocations, becomes its own insupportable burden. This variety may in part be accounted for by the vivacity and decay of the faculties; but I believe is chiefly owing to this, that the longer we have been in possession of *Being*, the less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more it requires of adventitious amusements to relieve us from the satiety and weariness it brings along with it.

AND as novelty is of a very powerful, so is it of an extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which lessens in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon a thorough acquaintance is utterly extinguished. But I think it hath not been so commonly remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but novelty that awakes desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love languishes with fruition, and friendship itself is recommended by intervals of absence: Hence monsters, by use, are beheld without loathing, and the most enchanting beauty without rapture. That emotion of the spirits in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and as long as it continues, heightens the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

It may not be an useless enquiry how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible, that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever without endeavouring farther; for after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still behind worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing up a hill in the midst of a wide plain; a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed, who conceives them to be perpetually employed in fresh searches into nature, and to eternity advancing into the fathomless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought there is nothing but what doth honour to these glorified Spirits; provided still it be remembered, that their desire of more proceeds not from their disrelishing what they possess; and the pleasure of a new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of many thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills them with the same pleasing wonder and profound awe, which Adam felt himself seized with as he first opened his eyes upon this glorious scene. Truth captivates with un-borrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction, will always do it: in all which they have manifestly the advantage of us, who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we can with the greatest coldness behold the stupendous display of omnipotence, and be in transports at the puny essays of human skill; throw aside speculations of the sublimest nature and vastest importance into some obscure corner of the mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all; are even tired of health, because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author, to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

Our being thus formed serves many useful purposes in the present state. It contributes not a little to the advancement of learning; for, as Cicero takes notice, that which makes men willing to undergo the fatigues of philosophical disquisitions, is not so much the greatness of objects as their novelty. It is not enough that there is field and game for the chase, and that the understanding is prompted with the restless thirst of

knowledge, effectually to rouse the soul, sunk into a state of sloth and indolence; it is also necessary that there be an uncommon pleasure annexed to the first appearance of truth in the mind. This pleasure being exquisite for the time it lasts, but transient, it hereby comes to pass that the mind grows into an indifference to its former notions, and passes on after new discoveries, in hope of repeating the delight. It is with knowledge as with wealth, the pleasure of which lies more in making endless additions, than in taking a review of our own store. There are some inconveniences that follow this temper, if not guarded against, particularly this, that through a too great eagerness of something new, we are many times impatient of staying long enough upon a question that requires some time to resolve it, or, which is worse, persuade ourselves that we are masters of the subject before we are so, only to be at the liberty of going upon a fresh scent; in Mr. Locke's words, 'We see a little, presume a great deal, and so jump to the conclusion.'

A FARTHER advantage of our inclination for novelty, as at present circumstantiated, is, that it annihilates all the boasted distinctions among mankind. Look not up with envy to those above thee. Sounding titles, stately buildings, fine gardens, gilded chariots, rich equipages, what are they? they dazzle every one but the possessor: to him that is accustomed to them they are cheap and regardless things: they supply him not with brighter images, or more sublime satisfactions than the plain man may have, whose small estate may just enable him to support the charge of a simple unincumbered life. He enters heedless into his rooms of state as you or I do under our poor sheds. The noble paintings and costly furniture are lost on him; he sees them not: as how can it be otherwise, when by custom, a fabrick infinitely more grand and finished, that of the universe, stands unobserved by the inhabitants, and the everlasting lamps of heaven are lighted up in vain for any notice that mortals take of them? Thanks to indulgent nature, which not only placed her children originally upon a level, but still, by the strength of this principle, in a great measure preserves it, in spite of all the care of man to introduce artificial distinctions.

To add no more, is not this fondness for novelty, which makes us out of conceit with all we already have, a convincing proof of a future state? Either man was made in vain, or this is not the only world he was made for: for there cannot be a greater instance of vanity, than that to which man is liable

able, to be deluded from the cradle to the grave with fleeting shadows of happiness. His pleasures, and those not considerable neither, die in the possession, and fresh enjoyments do not rise fast enough to fill up half his life with satisfaction. When I see persons sick of themselves any longer than they are called away by something that is of force to chain down the present thought; when I see them hurry from country to town, and then from town back again into the country, continually shifting postures, and placing life in all the different lights they can think of; 'Surely,' say I to myself, 'life is vain, and the man beyond expression stupid or prejudiced, who from the vanity of life cannot gather, that he is designed for immortality.'

On the IMMORTALITY of the SOUL.

[SPECTATOR, NO. III.]

I WAS yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

FIRST, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

SECONDLY, from its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hope of immortality, with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

THIRDLY, from the nature of the supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

BUT among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever

ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargement, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A MAN, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

Hæres

Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.

HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

—Heir crowds on heir, as in a rolling flood

Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are
never

never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they spread and flourish to all eternity.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

METHINKS this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

WITH what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him; who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness!

PROVIDENCE

PROVIDENCE *proved from the* INSTINCT of ANIMALS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 120.]

I MUST confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: The arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

THE make of every kind of animals is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

THE most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: Others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

WHAT can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according

according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

THE violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking: 'A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain: On the removal, she kept her eye fixt on it, and again began a wailing sort of cry; which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments.'

BUT notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves: and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

THIS natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

ONE would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

REASON shews itself in all occurrences of life ; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men ; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

WITH what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance ? when she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth ? when she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal ? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together ; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison ? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself ; not to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick ; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars,

BUT at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner : She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays : She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species ; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard

regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

THERE is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws in mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

The same SUBJECT continued.



[SPECTATOR, NO. 129.]

AS I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginary anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it *instinct*, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of providence, and such an operation of the supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned dissertation on the souls of brutes, delivers the same opinion though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, God himself is the soul of brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity

in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately, and of its own accord, it applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe it is marked with the pecking of birds: but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

BUT notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of reason, we find in them all the lower parts of our nature, the passions and senses, in the greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses, which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

NOR must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kinds of animals, such as claws, hoofs, and horns, teeth and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a *proboscis*. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle distinct from what we call reason, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their foreheads, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I SHALL

I SHALL add to these general observations an instance, which Mr. Locke has given us of providence even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. 'We may,' says he, 'from the make of an oyster, or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature that cannot move itself to, or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it.'

I SHALL add to this instance out of Mr. Locke, another out of the learned Dr. More, who cites it from Cardan, in relation to another animal which providence has left defective but at the same time has shewn its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. 'What is more obvious and ordinary than a mole? and yet what more palpable argument of providence than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life. For her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can hardly agree whether she has any sight at all or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore feet armed with sharp claws, we see by the event to what purpose they are, she is swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore feet are broad, that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground like the rat and mouse, of whose kindred she is, but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had completed or got full possession of her works.'

I CANNOT

I CANNOT forbear mentioning Mr. Boyle's remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works observes, that though the mole be not totally blind (as is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I HAVE only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect works of nature; and if providence shews itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I COULD wish our royal society would compile a body of Natural History, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth, and education; its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the all-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a Natural History, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and desarts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the Howling Wilderness and in the Great Deep, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

TULLY

TULLY has given us an admirable sketch of natural history in his second book, concerning the nature of the Gods; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

*On the OMNIPRESENCE and the OMNISCIENCE of the
DEITY, together with the IMMENSITY of his WORKS.*

[SPECTATOR, NO. 565.]

I WAS yesterday about sun-set walking in the open field until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western part of heaven: In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To compleat the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection, 'when I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him!' In the same manner when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which

were moving round their respective suns : when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us: In short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of God's Works.

WERE the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little, in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *blank* in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return therefore to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a Being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

IN order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that
is,

is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise above one another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason, indeed, assures us, that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

WE should therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects, among which he seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is Omnipresent, and in the second, that he is Omniscient.

IF we consider him in his Omnipresence: His being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

IN the second place, he is Omniscient as well as Omnipresent. His Omniscience indeed necessarily and naturally flows from his Omnipresence; he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the

creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hand, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *Sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *Sensoriola*, or little *Sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to Omniscience.

WERE the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the God-head. Whilst we are in the body, he is not less present with us, because he is concealed from us. 'O that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.' In short, reason, as well as revelation assures us, that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

IN this consideration of God Almighty's Omnipresence and Omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: For as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that he should be mindful of them.

On the ANIMAL WORLD, and SCALE of BEINGS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 519.]

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that system of bodies into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations which those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all those animals with which every part of the universe is furnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: The world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world which lie the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarce a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. The surface of animals is also covered with other animals, which are, in the same manner, the basis of other animals, that live upon them; nay, we find in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessities and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

THE author of the *Plurality of Worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waste and useless, those great bodies which are at such a distance from us should not be desert and unpeopled.

but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

EXISTENCE is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

INFINITE goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

THERE are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being severed from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing, others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree of perfection in the sense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals be distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If after this we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising after the same manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing goodness of the supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly seen, as I have before hinted, from his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life: nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity

than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has, therefore, *specified*, in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of beings. The whole chasm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one above another, by such a gentle and easy ascent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost insensible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is scarce a degree of perception which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness or wisdom of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

THERE is a consequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress so high as man, we may, by a parity of reason, suppose that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is an infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the supreme Being and man, than between man and the most despicable insect. The consequence of so great a variety of beings which are superior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a passage which I shall here set down, after having premised, that notwithstanding there is such infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itself in, it is impossible that it should ever be filled up, since there will be still an infinite gap or distance between the highest created being, and the Power which produced him.

“THAT there should be more species of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of sensible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the visible corporeal world, we see no chasms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the descent is by easy steps, and a continued series of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fishes that have wings, and are no strangers to the airy region: and there are some birds that are inhabitants of the water, whose blood is cold as fishes, and their flesh so like in taste, that the scrupulous are allowed them on fish days. There are animals so near of kin both to birds and beasts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terrestrial and aquatic together: seals live at land and at sea, and porpoises have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported
of

of mermaids or sea men. There are some brutes that seem to have as much knowledge and reason as some that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are so nearly joined, that if you will take the lowest of one, and the highest of the other, there will scarce be perceived any great difference between them: and so on until we come unto the lowest and most inorganical parts of matter, we shall find every where that the several species are linked together, and differ but in almost insensible degrees. And when we consider the infinite power and wisdom of the Maker, we have reason to think that it is suitable to the magnificent harmony of the universe, and the great design and infinite goodness of the architect, that the species of creatures should also, by gentle degrees, ascend upward from us toward his infinite perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct species, we have no clear distinct ideas."

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and the intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque Mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may in another respect say to corruption, *Thou art my father*; and to the worm, *Thou art my mother and my sister*.

The NATURAL HISTORY of ANTS.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 156.]

IN a former paper I supposed a molehill, inhabited by pismires or ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This supposition will not appear too forced.

or strained to those who are acquainted with the natural history of these little insects; in order to which I shall present my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious subject, as it was published by the members of the French Academy, and since translated into English. I must confess I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

‘IN a room next to mine, which had been empty for a long time, there was upon a window a box full of earth, two feet deep, and fit to keep flowers in. That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated; and therefore it was covered with old plaister, and a great deal of rubbish that fell from the top of the house, and from the walls, which, together with the earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of a dry and barren soil. That place lying on the south, and out of the reach of the wind and rain, besides the neighbourhood of a granary, was a most delightful spot of ground for ants; and therefore they had made three nests there, without doubt for the same reason that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near springs and rivers.

‘HAVING a mind to cultivate some flowers, I took a view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the garden into that box; but casting my eyes upon the ants, continually taken up with a thousand cares, very inconsiderable with respect to us, but of the greatest importance to them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curiosity than all the flowers in the world. I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and restorer of that little commonwealth. This was the only thing they wanted; for their policy, and the order observed among them, are more perfect than the wisest republics: and therefore they have nothing to fear, unless a new legislator should attempt to change the form of their government.

‘I MADE it my business to procure them all sorts of conveniences. I took out of the box every thing that might be troublesome to them; and frequently visited my ants, and studied all their actions. Being used to go to bed very late, I went to see them work in a moon-shiny night; and I did frequently get up in the night, to take a view of their labours. I always found some going up and down, and very busy: one would think that they never sleep. Every body knows that ants come out of their holes in the day time, and expose to the sun the corn, which they keep under ground in the night. Those who have seen ant-hillocks, have easily perceived those small heaps of corn about their nests. What surprised me at
first

first was, that my ants never brought out their corn, but in the night when the moon did shine, and kept it under ground in the day-time; which was contrary to what I had seen, and saw still was practised by those insects in other places. I quickly found out the reason of it: there was a pigeon house not far from thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their corn if they had brought it out in the day time. 'Tis highly probable they knew it by experience; and I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place when I went to it in the morning. I quickly delivered them from those robbers: I frightened the birds away with some pieces of paper tied to the end of a string over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them away several times; and when they perceived that the place was more frequented than before, they never came to it again. What is more admirable, and what I could hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, is, that those ants knew, some days after, that they had nothing to fear, and began to lay out the corn in the sun. However, I perceived they were not fully convinced of being out of all danger; for they durst not bring out their provisions all at once, but by degrees, first in a small quantity, and without any great order, that they might quickly carry them away in case of any misfortune, watching, and looking every way. At last, being persuaded that they had nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, almost every day, and in good order, and carried it in at night.

'THERE is a straight hole in every ant's nest, about half an inch deep; and then it goes down sloping into a place where they have their magazine, which I take to be a different place from that where they rest and eat. For it is highly improbable that an ant, which is a very cleanly insect, and throws out of her nest all the small remains of the corn on which she feeds, as I have observed a thousand times, will fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and ordure.

'THE corn that is laid up by ants would shoot under ground, if those insects did not take care to prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay it up; and therefore the corn that has lain in the nests will produce nothing. Any one may easily make this experiment, and even plainly see that there is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bitten off, there remains another inconvenience, that corn must needs swell and rot under ground; and therefore it could be of no use for the nourishment of ants. Those insects prevent that inconvenience by their labour and industry, and contrive the

matter so, that corn will keep as dry in their nests as in our granaries.

“THEY gather many small particles of dry earth, which they bring every day out of their holes, and place them round to heat them in the sun. Every ant brings a small particle of that earth in her pincers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches another. Thus, in less than a quarter of an hour, one may see a vast number of small particles of dry earth heaped up round the hole. They lay their corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with the same. They perform this work almost every day, during the heat of the sun; and though the sun went from the window about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, they did not remove their corn and their particles of earth, because the ground was very hot, till the heat was over.

‘IF any one should think that those animals should use sand, or small particles of brick or stone, rather than take so much pains about dry earth; I answer, that upon such an occasion nothing can be more proper than earth heated in the sun. Corn does not keep upon sand: Besides, a grain of corn that is cut, being deprived of its bud, would be filled with small sandy particles, that could not easily come out. To which I add, that sand consists of such small particles, that an ant could not take them up one after another; and therefore those insects are seldom to be seen near rivers, or in a very sandy ground.

‘AS for the small particles of brick or stone, the least moistness would join them together, and turn them into a kind of mastick, which those insects could not divide. Those particles sticking together could not come out of an ant's nest, and would spoil its symmetry.

‘WHEN ants have brought out those particles of earth, they bring out their corn after the same manner, and place it round the earth. Thus one may see two heaps surround their hole, one of dry earth, and the other of corn; and then they fetch out a remainder of dry earth, on which doubtless their corn was laid up.

‘THOSE insects never go about this work, but when the weather is clear, and the sun very hot. I observed that those little animals having one day brought out their corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed it, against their usual custom, before one in the afternoon: the sun being very hot, and sky very clear, I could perceive no reason for it. But half an hour after, the sky began to be overcast, and there fell a small rain, which the ants foresaw; whereas the Milan almanack had foretold there would be no rain upon that day.

‘I HAVE

'I HAVE said before, that those ants which I did so particularly consider, fetched their corn out of a garret. I went very frequently into that garret: there was some old corn in it; and because every grain was not alike, I observed that they chose the best.

'I KNOW, by several experiments, that those little animals take great care to provide themselves with wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the best; but they can make shift without it. When they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, and even crumbs of bread; but seldom any barley, unless it be in a time of great scarcity, and when nothing else can be had.

'BEING willing to be more particularly informed of their forecast and industry, I put a small heap of wheat in a corner of the room, where they were kept; and to prevent their fetching corn out of the garret, I shut up the window, and stopt all the holes. Though ants are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurors; and therefore they could not guess that I had put some corn in that room. I perceived for several days that they were very much perplexed, and went a great way to fetch their provisions. I was not willing for some time to make them more easy; for I had a mind to know, whether they would at last find out the treasure, and see it at a great distance; and whether smelling enabled them to know what is good for their nourishment. Thus they were some time in great trouble, and took a great deal of pains: they went up and down a great way looking out for some grains of corn: they were sometimes disappointed, and sometimes they did not like their corn, after many long and painful excursions. What appeared to me wonderful, was, that none of them came home without bringing something; one brought a grain of wheat, another a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, if she could get nothing else.

'THE window upon which those ants had made their settlement, looked into a garden, and was two stories high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, others to the first story, in quest of some corn. It was a very hard journey for them, especially when they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of corn which must needs be a heavy burden for an ant, and as much as she can bear. The bringing of that grain from the middle of the garden to the nest, took up four hours; whereby one may judge of the strength and prodigious labour of those little animals. It appears from thence, that an ant works as hard as a man who should carry a very heavy load

on his shoulders almost every day for the space of four leagues. 'Tis true, those insects don't take so much pains upon a flat ground: but then how great is the hardship of a poor ant, when she carries a grain of corn to the second story, climbing up a wall with her head downwards, and her backside upwards? none can have a true notion of it, unless they see those little animals at work in such a situation. The frequent stops they made in the most convenient places, are a plain indication of their weariness. Some of them were strangely perplexed, and could not get to their journey's end. In such a case, the strongest ants, or those that are not so weary, having carried their corn to their nest, came down again to help them. Some are so unfortunate as to fall down with their load, when they are almost come home: when this happens they seldom lose their corn, but carry it up again.

'I SAW one of the smallest carrying a large grain of wheat with incredible pains: when she came to the box where the nest was, she made so much haste that she fell down with her load, after a very laborious march: such an unlucky accident would have vexed a philosopher. I went down, and found her with the same corn in her paws. She was ready to climb up again. The same misfortune happened to her three times. Sometimes she fell in the middle of her way and sometimes higher; but she never let go her hold, and was not discouraged. At last her strength failed her: she stopt; and another ant helped her to carry her load, which was one of the largest and finest grains of wheat that an ant can carry. It happens sometimes that a corn slips out of their paws, when they are climbing up: they take hold of it again, when they can find it; otherwise they look for another, or take something else, being ashamed to return to their nest without bringing something. This I have experimented, by taking away the grain which they looked for. All these experiments may easily be made by any one that has patience enough: they do not require so great a patience as that of ants: but few people are capable of it.'

The same SUBJECT continued.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 157.]

IT has been observed by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human industry, providence has so contrived it that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chase of birds and beasts, the several arts of fishing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are necessary scenes of business, and give employment to the greatest part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a necessary subsistence for themselves, or those that grow up under them: the preservation of their being is the whole business of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monster in the creation. All nature is busy about him; every animal he sees reproaches him. Let such a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the species, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himself and family, consider that instinct with which providence has endowed the ant, and by which is exhibited an example of industry to rational creatures. This is set forth under many surprising circumstances in the paper of yesterday, and in the conclusion of that narrative, which is as follows:

“THUS my ants were forced to make shift for a livelihood, when I had shut up the garret, out of which they used to fetch their provisions. At last being sensible that it would be a long time before they could discover the small heap of corn which I had laid up for them, I resolved to shew it them.

“IN order to know how far their industry could reach, I contrived an expedient which had good success: the thing will appear incredible to those, who never considered, that all animals of the same kind, which form a society, are more knowing than others. I took one of the largest ants, and threw her upon that small heap of wheat. She was so glad to

find herself at liberty, that she ran away to her nest, without carrying off a grain; but she observed it: for an hour after all my ants had notice given them of such a provision; and I saw most of them very busy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be said, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another, for otherwise how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhausted; and I put in more, but in a small quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up provisions against the winter: we read it in holy Scripture; a thousand experiments teach us the same; and I don't believe that any experiment has been made that shows the contrary.

'I HAVE said before, that there were three ants nests in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may say so, three different cities, governed by the same laws, and observing the same order and the same customs. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of those holes seemed to be more knowing and industrious than their neighbours. The ants of that nest were disposed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of provisions; their nest was furnished with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and stronger: it was the principal and the capital nest. Nay, I observed that those ants were distinguished from the rest, and had some pre-eminence over them.

'THOUGH the box full of earth, where the ants had made their settlement, was generally free from rain; yet it rained sometimes upon it, when a certain wind blew. It was a great inconvenience for those insects: ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great way in quest of provisions, and are surprised by the rain, they shelter themselves under some tile, or something else, and don't come out till the rain is over. The ants of the principal nest found out a wonderful expedient to keep out the rain: there was a small piece of a flat slate, which they laid over the hole of the nest in the day-time, when they foresaw it would rain; and almost every night above fifty of those little animals, especially the strongest, surrounded that piece of slate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: they removed it in the morning; and nothing could be more curious than to see those little animals about such a work. They had made the ground uneven about their nest, insomuch that the slate did not lie flat upon it, but left a free passage underneath. The ants of the two other nests did not so well succeed in keep-

ing out the rain: they laid over their holes several pieces of old and dry plaister one upon the other; but they were still troubled with the rain, and the next day they took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence it is that those insects are so frequently to be found under tiles, where they settle themselves to avoid the rain. Their nests are at all times covered with those tiles without any incumbrance, and they lay out their corn and dry their earth in the sun about the tiles, as one may see every day. I took care to cover the two ants nests that were troubled with the rain: as for the capital nest, there was no need of exercising my charity towards it.

‘M. DE LA LOUBERE says, in his relation of Siam, that in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to great inundations, all the ants make their settlements upon trees: no ants nests are to be seen any where else. I need not insert here what that author says upon those insects. You may see his relation.

‘HERE follows a curious experiment which I made: Upon the same ground where I had three ants nests, I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in the following manner: In a corner of a kind of terrace, at a considerable distance from the box, I found a hole swarming with ants much larger than all those I had already seen; but they were not so well provided with corn, nor under so good a government. I made a hole in the box like that of an ant’s nest, and laid, as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards I got as many ants as I could out of the nest in the terrace, and put them into a bottle, to give them a new habitation in my box; and because I was afraid they would return to the terrace, I destroyed their whole nest, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill those ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled the new hole with the ants that were in the bottle; but none of them would stay in it. They went away in less than two hours; which made me believe that it was impossible to make a fourth settlement in my box.

‘Two or three days after, going accidentally over the terrace, I was much surprised to see the ants nest which I had destroyed very artfully repaired. I resolved then to destroy it entirely, and to settle those ants in my box. To succeed in my design, I put some gunpowder and brimstone into their hole, and sprung a mine; whereby the whole nest was overthrown; and then I carried as many ants as I could get, into the place which I designed for them. It happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all night; and therefore they remained

mained in the new hole all that time. In the morning, when the rain was over, most of them went away to repair their old habitation; but finding it impracticable, by reason of the smell of the powder and brimstone, which kills them, they came back again, and settled in the place I had appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted with their neighbours, and received from them all manner of assistance out of their holes. As for the inside of their nest, none but themselves were concerned in it, according to the inviolable laws established among those animals.

‘AN ant never goes into any other nest but her own: and if she should venture to do it, she would be turned out, and severely punished. I have often taken an ant out of one nest, to put into another; but she quickly came out, being warmly pursued by two or three other ants. I tried the same experiment several times with the same ant; but at last the other ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have often frightened some ants with my fingers, and pursued them as far as another hole, stopping all the passages to prevent their going to their own nests. It was very natural for them to fly into the next hole: many a man would not be so cautious, and would throw himself out of the windows, or into a well, if he were pursued by assassins. But the ants I am speaking of, avoided going into any other hole but their own, and rather tried all other ways of making their escape. They never fled into another nest, but at the last extremity; and sometimes chose rather to be taken, as I have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable custom among those insects, not to go into any other hole but their own. They don’t exercise hospitality; but they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. They put down their loads at the entrance of a neighbouring nest; and those that live in it carry them in.

‘THEY keep up a sort of trade among themselves: and it is not true that those insects are not for lending: I know the contrary: they lend their corn; they make exchanges; they are always ready to serve one another; and I can assure you, that more time and patience would have enabled me to observe a thousand things more curious and wonderful than what I have mentioned. For instance, how they lend and recover their loans; whether it be in the same quantity, or with usury; whether they pay the strangers that work for them, &c. I don’t think it impossible to examine all those things; and it would be a great curiosity to know by what maxims they govern

vern themselves : perhaps such a knowledge might be of some use to us.

'THEY are never attacked by any enemies in a body, as it is reported of bees : their only fear proceeds from birds, which sometimes eat their corn when they lay it out in the sun ; but they keep it under ground, when they are afraid of thieves. It is said that some birds eat them : but I never saw any instance of it. They are also infested by small worms ; but they turn them out, and kill them. I observed, that they punish those ants, which probably had been wanting to their duty : nay, sometimes they kill them ; which they did in the following manner : three or four ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they live very quietly ; from whence I infer that they have a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so good an order ; or that they are great lovers of peace, if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'WAS there ever a greater union in any commonwealth ? Every thing is common among them : which is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we are told so many wonderful things, have each of them a hole in their hives ; their money is their own ; every bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said of all other animals. They frequently fight, to deprive one another of their portion. It is not so with ants : they have nothing of their own : a grain of corn which an ant carries home, is deposited in a common stock : it is not designed for her own use, but for the whole community : there is no distinction between a private and a common interest. An ant never works for herself, but for the society.

'WHATEVER misfortune happens to them, their care and industry find out a remedy for it ; nothing discourages them. If you destroy their nests, they will be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see how difficult it is to drive them out of their habitations, without destroying the inhabitants ; for as long as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.'

The ADVENTURES of an HALFPENNY.

[ADVENTURER, NO. 43.]

THE adulteration of the copper-coin, as it is highly pernicious to trade in general, so it more immediately affects the itinerant branches of it. Among these, at present, are to be found the only circulators of base metal; and, perhaps, the only dealers who are obliged to take in payment such counterfeits, as will find a currency no where else: and yet they are not allowed to raise the price of their commodities, though they are abridged of so considerable a portion of their profits.

A TYBURN execution, a duel, a most terrible fire, or a horrid, barbarous, bloody, cruel, and inhuman murder, was wont to bring in vast revenues to the lower class of pamphleteers, who get their livelihood by vending these diurnal records publicly in the streets: but since halfpence have been valued at no more than five-pence the pound weight, these occasional pieces will hardly answer the expences of printing and paper; and the servant maid who used to indulge her taste for polite literature, by purchasing fifty new playhouse songs, or a whole poetical sheet of the Yorkshire garland, or Gloucestershire tragedy, for a halfpenny, can now scarcely procure more than one single slip of *'I love Sue, or the Lover's Complaint'*.

It is also observable, that the park no longer echoes with the shrill cry of "Toothpicks! Take your six, your honour, for a halfpenny," as it did when halfpence were halfpence worth. The vender contents herself with silently presenting her little portable shop, and guards against the rapacity of the buyer, by exhibiting a very small parcel of her wares.

BUT the greatest sufferers are undoubtedly the numerous fraternity of beggars; for, as things are circumstanced, it would be almost as profitable to work as to beg, were it not that many more are now induced to deal out their charity in what is of no other use to themselves, in the hope of receiving sevenfold in return. Indeed, since the usual donation has been so much lessened in its value, the beggars have been observed to be more vociferous and importunate. One of these orators, who takes his stand at Spring-gardens, now enforces his
piteous

piteous complaint, with ' Good Christians, one good halfpenny to the stone blind;' and another, who tells you he has lost the use of his precious limbs, addresses your compassion by shewing a bad halfpenny, and declaring that he is ready to perish with hunger, having tried it in vain, at twenty-three places, to buy a bit of bread. Farthings, we are told, were formerly called in by the beggars, as they threatened the ruin of their community. I should not wonder, therefore, if this public-spirited people were also to put a stop to the circulation of bad halfpence, by melting them down from time to time as they come into their hands. The experiment is worth making; and I am assured, that, for some such end or other, orders will be issued out from the king of the beggars, to bring all their adulterated copper to their mint in the Borough, or their foundery in Moor-fields.

I WAS led to the consideration of this subject by some halfpence I had just received in change; among which one in particular attracted my regard that seemed once to have born the profile of King William, now scarcely visible, as it was very much battered, and besides other marks of ill usage had a hole through the middle. As it happened to be the evening of a day of some fatigue, my reflections did not much interrupt my propensity to sleep, and I insensibly fell into a kind of half-slumber; when to my imagination the halfpenny which then lay before me upon the table, erected itself upon its rim, and from the royal lips stamped on its surface articulately uttered the following narration:

'SIR! I shall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baseness of my extraction; and though I seem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not six months ago. From thence I was transported, with many of my bretheren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew-pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in specie scarce a fifth-part of our nominal and extrinsic value. We were soon after separately disposed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houses, chop-houses, chandlershops, and ginshops.

'I HAD not been long in the world, before an ingenious transmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and observing my thin shape and flat surface, by the help of a little quicksilver exalted me into a shilling. Use, however, soon degraded me again to my native low station; and I unfortunately fell into the possession of an urchin just breeched, who received me as a Christmas-box of his godmother.

A LOVE of money is ridiculously instilled into children so early, that before they can possibly comprehend the use of it, they consider it as of great value: I lost, therefore, the very essence of my being, in the custody of this hopeful disciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while snatched me from him, and released me from my confinement.

'I now underwent various hardships among his playfellows, and was kicked about, hustled, tossed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I suffered most by the pegging of tops, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this state the unwitting cause of rapacity, strife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurse of those passions which disgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent pastimes. At length, I was dismissed from their service, by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

'FROM her, it is natural to conclude I posted to the gin-shop; where, indeed, it is probable I should have immediately gone, if her husband, a foot-soldier, had not wrested me from her, at the expence of a bloody nose, black eye, scratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park; where—I am ashamed to tell how I parted from him—Let it suffice that I was soon after safely deposited in a night-cellar.

'FROM hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with several of my brethren for some days unnoticed. But one evening, as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a sash-window into the dining-room of a tradesman, who he remembered had been so unmannerly to him the day before, as to desire payment of his bill. We reposed in soft ease on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid swept us up; and some of us were allotted to purchase tea, some to buy snuff, and I myself was immediately trucked away at the door for the *Sweetheart's Delight*.

'IT is not my design to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumstances, as is the practice of those important egotists, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As useless to the community as my single self may appear to be, I have been the instrument of much good and evil in the intercourse of mankind: I have contributed no small sum to the revenues of the

crown.

THE POLITE PRECEPTOR.

...crown, by my share in each newspaper; and in the consumption of tobacco, spirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or supported extravagance; I have also rewarded the labours of industry, and relieved the necessities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their constant friend; and the rich, though they affect to slight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to distresses, which it is even in my power to relieve.

'THE present exact scrutiny into our constitution has, indeed, very much obstructed and embarrassed my travels; though I could not but rejoice in my condition last Tuesday, as I was debarred having any share in maiming, bruising, and destroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock-encounters with feathers and stuffed leather; a childish sport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in the arts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exercise of inhumanity on helpless animals!

'I SHALL conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the Kill-Care Club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the kennel. The lad wasted half his tar-flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you.'

I am your's &c.

TIM. TURNPENNY.

IMPUDENCE and MODESTY; an ALLEGORY.

[HUME'S ESSAYS.]

I AM of opinion, that the common complaints against Providence are ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of.

of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and these too pretty numerous; but few, comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity: nor indeed could it be otherwise from the common course of human affairs. To be endued with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprize and undertaking; besides the satisfaction, which immediately results from it. The case is the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily attached to virtue and merit; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I MUST, however, confess, that this rule admits of an exception, with regard to one moral quality; and that *Modesty* has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as *Impudence* displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth, and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the generality of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he is pleased to put himself forward for; and admit his over-bearing airs, as proofs of the merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it: as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which in outward appearance so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effect upon a man's fortune as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually encrease upon indulgence. Many a man being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent, and to put a bold face upon the matter: but it is observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like true genuine natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt whatever faults a man commits and is sensible of, he is much the nearer his end. But when he endeavours at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of

that failure will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him: after which every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he is found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If any thing can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favourable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre when a person is endowed with it, and supply its place in a great measure when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves, with large possessions, give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations, but rather seem to favour them by the modesty of their behaviour. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine every thing with the greatest accuracy: as on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose in the practice of the world that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence, is as difficult as to reconcile vice and modesty.

THESE are the reflections which have occurred upon this subject of impudence and modesty; and I hope the reader will not be displeased to see them wrought into the following allegory.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together; and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence: and thus connected, sent them into the world. But though he thought he had matched them with great judgment; and said that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not been gone far before dissensions arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to enquire whither it led; what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly or probably occur in it. In these deliberations she usually consumed some time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without such forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable: but Confidence one day, following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way

way before his guides and companions; and not feeling a want of their company, he never enquired after them, never met with them more. In like manner the other societies though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As Folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was encreased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays, and was never satisfied without his full career, whatever his inclination led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companions, wandered for some time, till at last chance led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to Wealth, the lord of the village; and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train, recommended himself very quickly to his landlord, and entered into such a familiarity with Vice, that he was enlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from Poverty, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion of her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means she altered in a little time somewhat of her manners, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of Modesty. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of Impudence. Mankind who see these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and know nothing of these mutual desertions, are thereby led into

strange mistakes; and wherever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom, but wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

The STUDY of HISTORY recommended to the LADIES.

[HUME'S ESSAYS.]

THERE is nothing which I would recommend more earnestly to my female readers than the study of history, as an occupation of all others the best suited to their sex and education; much more instructive than their ordinary books of amusement; and more entertaining than those serious compositions, which are usually to be found in their closets. Among other important truths which they may learn from history, they may be informed of two particulars, the knowledge of which may contribute very much to their quiet and repose: That our sex, as well as theirs, are far from being such perfect creatures as they are apt to imagine; and that love is not the only passion which governs the male world, but is often overcome by avarice, ambition, vanity, and a thousand other passions. Whether they be false representations of mankind in those two particulars, which endear romances and novels so much to the fair sex, I know not; but must confess, that I am sorry to see them have such an aversion to matter of fact, and such an appetite for falsehood. I remember I was once desired by a young beauty, for whom I had some passion, to send her some novels and romances for her amusement in the country; but was not so ungenerous as to take the advantage which such a course of reading might have given me, being resolved not to make use of poisoned arms against her. I therefore sent her Plutarch's Lives, assuring her at the same time, that there was not a word of truth in them from beginning to end. She perused them very attentively, till she came to the lives of Alexander and Cæsar, whose names she had heard of by accident; and then returned me the book, with many reproaches for deceiving her.

THE

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds: as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

IN reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind, than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint efforts towards the arts and sciences? to see the policy of government, and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing which is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection? to remark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? in short, to see all the human race, from the beginning of time, pass, as it were, in review before us: appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises, which during their life-time so much perplexed the judgment of the beholders? What spectacle can be so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be, which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!

BUT history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome. A woman may behave herself with good manners, and have even some vivacity in her turn of wit; but where her mind is so unfurnished, 'tis impossible her conversation can afford any entertainment to men of sense and reflection.

I MUST add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our time, we must be sensible, that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience

to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our own observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

On AMBITION, or the LOVE of FAME.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 224.]

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man in proportion to the vigour of his complexion is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

THOUGH the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our nature as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

THIS passion indeed, like others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many

many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenious disposition, or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise-worthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler:

*Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led;
He that the world subdu'd, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.*

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercise in miniature those talents of nature,

ture, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

THUS nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory; education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsidings and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: For certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

ONE very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever shewed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent,

an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may sooth his vanity by contradicting him.' Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendor of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present

present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

THE man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects: When these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

RELIGION therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities: as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, correct love, and elegant desire.

*The PRESENT LIFE to be considered only as it may conduce
to the HAPPINESS of a FUTURE ONE.*

[SPECTATOR, NO. 575.]

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.*—*True, son*, said the hermit; *but*

what is thy condition if there is?—Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in, is this, in which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life that is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provision for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

SHOULD a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and titles? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty, by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

BUT how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age! How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason than that men,

who

who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

THE following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us, is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary,

miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I HERE put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

EVERY wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

The STUDY of ASTRONOMY recommended.

[GUARDIAN, NO. 169.]

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions, or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

THUNDER and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

WHEN I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the

the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to providence of the same kind, (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet, to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

AND yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable machines, whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived upon a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but says some illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about on it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

THE man, who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

WITHIN this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yield a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. But when we have seen frequent returns of the same things, when we have often viewed the heaven and the earth in all their various array, our attention flags, and our admiration ceases. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleased with the same entertainment, presented a hundred years successively to our view.

I AM led into this way of thinking by a question started the other night, viz. Whether it were possible that a man should be weary of a fortunate and healthy course of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the same objects, abstracted from all other inconveniencies, was sufficient to create in our minds a distaste of the world, and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a distrust of what may follow, than from the prospect of losing any present enjoyments. For (as an ancient author somewhere expresses it) when a man has seen the vicissitudes of night and day, winter and summer, spring and autumn, the returning faces of the several parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below.

THE spectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing several times. But in a very few scenes of revolving years, we feel a satiety of the same images; the mind grows impatient to see the curtain drawn, and behold new scenes disclosed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confused idea of the next.

DEATH, considered in this light, is no more than passing from one entertainment to another. If the present objects are grown tiresome and distasteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquisite relish of those which are fresh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are transient, they will be succeeded by those which the inexhaustible power of the Deity will supply to eternal ages. If the pleasures of our present state are blended with pain and uneasiness, our future will consist of sincere unmixed delights. Blessed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occasions of comfort and joy.

BUT what consolation is left to the man who hath no hope or prospect of these things? View him in that part of life when the natural decay of his faculties concurs with the frequency of the same objects to make him weary of this world, when, like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his present situation is uneasy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is sure of sinking into hell or annihilation.

THERE is not any character so hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The freethinkers make it their business to introduce doubts, perplexities, and despair into the minds of men, and, according to the poet's rule, are most justly punished by their own schemes.

On TRUTH and SINCERITY.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 352.]

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit: it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to re-

pose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and while he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

AND to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

AND I have often thought, that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefits and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but these sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty
and

and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

INDEED, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concerns of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

RULES for the KNOWLEDGE of ONE'S SELF.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 399.]

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours, which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

BUT there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues.

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It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-conceit which is taken notice of in those words, *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

IF the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers, to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue? I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul; and to shew my reader those methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in Sacred Writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that Person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I WOULD therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

IN the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations, after such a manner that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

IN order likewise to come to a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider, on the other hand, how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestows upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

IN the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess, that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection, in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution for any party or opinion, how praise-worthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many persons, eminent for piety, suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

WE should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these or the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

THERE is nothing of greater importance to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue as will turn to account in that
great

great day, when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I SHALL conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with, either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the psalmist addresses himself to the great searcher of hearts in that emphatical petition; *Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts: look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

*No LIFE pleasing to GOD but that which is useful to MAN-
KIND. An EASTERN STORY.*

[ADVENTURER, NO. 38.]

IT pleased our mighty sovereign *Abbas Carascan*, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set *Mirza* his servant over the province of *Tauris*. In the hand of *Mirza*, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: *Mirza*, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed on the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

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HE, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the World forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if *Mirza* presume again to lay the bounty of *Abbas* at his feet. Thou hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of *Damascus*; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendor of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent as the colours of the bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity: let me give up my soul to meditation: let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the ALMIGHTY." *Mirza* then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon the throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the King first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

"MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force: but yet I know not whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment; and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, eternity is before me, for which I also should prepare: but by whom then must the faithful be governed? by those only who have no fear of judgment? by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die? Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition? and is the cell of the Dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a Dervise is not possible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request: and

“and may he who illuminates the mind of the humble enable me to determine with wisdom!”

MIRZA departed, and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. “My Lord,” said he, “I have learned by this letter, which I received from *Cofrou* the Iman, who stands now before thee, in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at *Tauris*, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign.” The King, who had listened to *Mirza* with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to *Cofrou*, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words.

“To *Mirza*, whom the wisdom of *Abbas* our mighty Lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! When I heard thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of *Tauris*, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the King when he is troubled? and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee will I relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the Prophet multiply to thee.

“UNDER the instruction of the physician *Aluzar*, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, langour, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion that as there was no merit but in voluntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty, money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was

“a cave

"a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from
 "the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find.
 "To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched
 "all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face
 "to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the
 "Prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One
 "morning after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the
 "horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep
 "became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself
 "still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn in-
 "creased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam
 "of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived
 "that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near,
 "and at length I discovered it to be an eagle. I still kept my
 "eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small dis-
 "tance, where I now descried a fox whose two fore legs ap-
 "peared to be broken. Before this fox the eagle laid part of
 "a kid, which she had brought in her talons, and then disap-
 "peared. When I awaked, I laid my forehead upon the
 "ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the
 "morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself:
 "*Cosrou*, thou hast done well to renounce the tumult, the busi-
 "ness, and the vanities of life: but thou hast as yet only done
 "it in part: thou art still every day busied in the search of
 "food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in
 "PROVIDENCE complete. What art thou taught by this vision?
 "If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by HEAVEN to feed
 "a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of HEAVEN also supply
 "thee with food; when that which prevents thee from pro-
 "curing it for thyself, is not necessity but devotion? I was
 "now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to
 "walk out for my repast, which, after the first day, I expected
 "with an impatience that left me little power of attending to
 "any other object: this impatience, however, I laboured to
 "suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at
 "length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other;
 "I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness
 "would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly
 "roused by the voice of an invisible being, who pronounced
 "these words:" *Cosrou*, I am the angel, who by the command
 "of the ALMIGHTY, have registered the thoughts of thy
 "heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou
 "wast attempting to become wise above that which is revealed,
 "thy folly has perverted the instruction which was vouchsafed
 "thee.

thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“ At these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the King that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, so do I also, who am but dust, imbibe the instructions of the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is prophane, which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this can be gained. When the gates of paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious vision; and in the meantime emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue, yet, as a prince, thou may'st stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest: thou canst not produce the principle; but may'st enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from ostentation or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether it be intended to obtain the favour of GOD or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above. Farewel. May the smile of HIM who resides in the Heaven of Heavens, be upon thee! and against thy name in the volume of HIS will, may happiness be written!”

THE King, whose doubts like those of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and

commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know "that no life is pleasing to GOD, but that which is useful to MANKIND."

The ADVENTURES of THEODOSIUS and CONSTANTIA.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 164.]

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodosius* was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with *Constantia*, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with *Constantia*. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between *Theodosius* and *Constantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of *Constantia* was so incensed at the father of *Theodosius*, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that

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he told *Constantia* it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. *Constantia*, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached *Theodosius*, who, after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to *Constantia*.

“THE thought of my *Constantia*, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

THEODOSIUS.”

THIS letter was conveyed to *Constantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodosius*, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. *Constantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted: she now accused herself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of *Theodosius*: in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love.

Constantia

Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the *Ramish* church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

WE must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon extraordinary occasions, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after *Constantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom *Constantia* had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable *Theodosius* had now taken upon him the name of father *Francis*, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, *Constantia* kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out into tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault

fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father: who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, in so much that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. *Constantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of *Theodosius*. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that name, to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her sins were forgiven her—That her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—That she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her application. *Theodosius* having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such

such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

CONSTANTIA's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father *Francis*, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

THE abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and father *Francis*, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter :

“ AS the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The love which we had for one another will make us more happy in its disappointment than it could have done in its success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your *Theodosius* still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in father

“ *FRANCIS.*”

CONSTANTIA saw that the hand writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and, upon reflecting on the voice of the person, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, ‘It is enough,’ says she, ‘*Theodosius* is still in being; I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.’

THE letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia*; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which

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generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. *Constantia* received it with pleasure: 'and now,' says she, 'if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it.'—She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

THEIR tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose:

HERE lye the bodies of father *Francis* and sister *Constance*. *They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

On the VANITY of some MEN'S WISHES and PRAYERS.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 391.]

MENIPPUS, the philosopher, was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door, that was placed by his footstool. At its rising there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words *riches, honour, and long life*, repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it, by the voice, to be the prayer of his friend Lycander, the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden

a ship

a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of an Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart: This, says Jupiter, is a very honest fellow; I have received a great deal of incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as to hear his prayers. He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows, which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects, who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle? Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher, seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, enquired of Jupiter what it meant. This, says Jupiter, is the smoke of a whole hecatomb that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him: What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory, forsooth? But hark! says Jupiter, there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger; it is a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea: I saved him upon a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking.—But yonder, says he, is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ach, I can tell him that for his pains. This was followed by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs: They smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate

complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him, they came to him from the island of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. I am so trifled with, says he, by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The last petition I heard was from a very aged man, near a hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. This is the rarest old fellow, says Jupiter; he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world; I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him. Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.

NOTWITHSTANDING the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not to break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion.

The ADVANTAGES of COMMERCE.

[SPECTATOR, NO. 69.]

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal-Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction,

faction, and, in some measure, gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the political world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages: Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians: Sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

THOUGH I frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking any farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no further than a bow and a grimace.

THIS grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, inasmuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stole down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

NATURE seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffick among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependance upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes: The infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine Islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mine of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren and uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pignuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plumb than to a floe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab: That our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens: and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffick more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate: Our tables are stored with spices, and oils and wines: Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan: Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth: We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir Andrew calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessities

necessaries of life, but traffick gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

WHEN I have been upon the change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire: It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

The BLESSINGS of a FREE GOVERNMENT

[SPECTATOR, NO. 237.]

I LOOK upon it as a peculiar happiness, that choose of what religion I would be, and under

ment I would live, I should most certainly give the preference to that form of religion and government which is established in my own country. In this point I think I am determined by reason and conviction; but if I should be told that I am actuated by prejudice, I am sure it is an honest prejudice; it is a prejudice that arises from the love of my country, and therefore such an one as I will always indulge. I have in several papers endeavoured to express my duty and esteem for the church of England, and design this as an essay upon the civil part of our constitution, having often entertained myself with reflections on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers.

THAT form of government appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace and tranquillity. This is what may properly be called liberty, which exempts one man from subjection to another so far as the order and œconomy of government will permit.

LIBERTY should reach every individual of a people, as they all share one common nature; if it only spreads among particular branches, there had better be none at all, since such a liberty only aggravates the misfortune of those who are deprived of it, by setting before them a disagreeable subject of comparison.

THIS liberty is best preserved, where the legislative power is lodged in several persons, especially if those persons are of different ranks and interests; for, where they are of the same rank, and consequently have an interest to manage peculiar to that rank, it differs but little from a despotical government in a single person. But the greatest security a people can have for their liberty, is when the legislative power is in the hands of persons so happily distinguished, that by providing for the particular interests of their ranks, they are providing for the whole body of the people, or, in other words, when there is no part of the people who has not a common interest with at least one part of the legislature.

But if there be but one body of legislators, it is no better than a despotism; if there are only two, there will want a balance, and one of them must at length be swallowed up. Three and contentions that will necessarily arise. Four would have the same inconvenience as a greater number would cause too much confusion. I could

I could never read a passage in Polybius, and another in Cicero, to this purpose, without a secret pleasure in applying it to the English constitution, which it suits much better than the Roman. Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a mixed government, consisting of three branches, the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the Roman commonwealth, in which the consul represented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tribunes the people. This division of the three powers in the Roman constitution was by no means so distinct and natural, as it is in the English form of government. Among several objections that might be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect the consular power, which had only the ornaments without the force of the regal authority. Their number had not a casting voice in it; for which reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad, while the other sat at home, the public business was sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of a law, or decree of the senate, so that indeed they were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had the consuls been invested with the regal authority to as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which had in it the power of all the three orders, and ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

SUCH an history as that of Suetonius, which gives us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an unanswerable argument against the despotic power. Where the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is indeed happy for his people that he is absolute; but since in the common run of mankind, for one that is wise and good you find ten of a contrary character, it is very dangerous for a nation to stand its chance, or to have its public happiness or misery depend on the virtues or vices of a single person. Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must you read through, before you come to an emperor that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when converted into an absolute prince. Give a man power of doing what he pleases with impunity,

you extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature.

SOME tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for following this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. About nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

RICHES and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where those abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

THE first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will ingross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers

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of knowledge: And as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally over-run with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould the constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present; so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty,

BESIDES poverty and want, there are other reasons that debase the minds of men, who live under slavery, though I look on this as the principal. This natural tendency of despotic power to ignorance and barbarity, though not insisted upon by others, is, I think, an unanswerable argument against that form of government, as it shews how repugnant it is to the good of mankind, and the perfection of human nature, which ought to be the great ends of all civil institutions.

The BRAVERY of the ENGLISH COMMON SOLDIERS.

[IDLER.]

BY those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation, it is remarked, that 'the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow; and that the English soldiers will always follow, if their officers will lead'.

IN all pointed sentences some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness; and, in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed, that the English soldiers are more willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can show a peasantry of heroes, and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

THERE may be some pleasure in tracing the causes of this plebeian magnanimity. The qualities which commonly make an army formidable, are long habits of regularity, great exactness of discipline, and great confidence in the commander. Regularity may in time produce a kind of mechanical obedience to signals and commands, like that which the perverse Cartesians impute to animals; discipline may impress such an awe upon the mind, that any danger shall be less dreaded than the danger of punishment; and confidence in the wisdom or fortune of the general, may induce the soldiers to follow him blindly to the most dangerous enterprize.

WHAT may be done by discipline and regularity, may be seen in the troops of the Russian Empress, and Prussian monarch. We find that they may be broken without confusion, and repulsed without flight.

BUT the English troops have none of these requisites, in any eminent degree. Regularity is by no means part of their character: they are rarely exercised, and therefore shew very little dexterity in their evolutions as bodies of men, or in the manual use of their weapons as individuals; they neither are thought by others nor by themselves more active or exact than their enemies, and therefore derive none of their courage from such imaginary superiority.

THE manner in which they are dispersed in quarters over the country during times of peace, naturally produces laxity of discipline: they are very little in fight of their officers; and, when they are not engaged in the slight duty of the guard, are suffered to live every man his own way.

THE equality of English privileges, the impartiality of our laws, the freedom of our tenures, and the prosperity of our trade, dispose us very little to reverence our superiors. It is not to any great esteem of the officers that the English soldier is indebted for his spirit in the hour of battle; for perhaps it does not often happen that he thinks much better of his leader

leader than of himself. The French count, who has lately published the *Art of War*, remarks how much soldiers are animated, when they see all their dangers shared by those who were born to be their masters, and whom they consider as beings of a different rank. The Englishman despises such motives of courage: he was born without a master; and looks not on any man, however dignified by lace or titles, as deriving from nature any claims to his respect, or inheriting any qualities superior to his own.

THERE are some, perhaps, who would imagine that every Englishman fights better than the subjects of absolute governments, because he has more to defend. But what has the English more than the French soldier? Property they are both commonly without. Liberty is, to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving; and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country. The English soldier seldom has his head very full of the constitution; nor has there been, for more than a century, any war that put the property or liberty of a single Englishman in danger.

WHENCE then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependance which obliges every man to regard his own character. While he looks for no protection from others, he is naturally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed: the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks: but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember, that their insolence in peace is bravery in war.

HABITS *of* LIFE *and* EXPENCE in ENGLAND PARTICULARIZED.

[OBSERVER, NO. 85.]

I WAS in company the other day with a young gentleman, who had newly succeeded to a considerable estate, and was a good deal struck with the conversation of an elderly person present, who was very deliberately casting up the several demands that the community at large had upon his property.—“Are you not aware,” says he, “how small a portion of your revenue will properly remain to yourself, when you have satisfied all the claims which you must pay to society and your country for living amongst us, and supporting the character of what is called a landed gentleman? Part of your income will be stopt for the maintenance of them who have none, under the denomination of poor-rates; this may be called a fine upon the partiality of fortune, levied by the law of society, which will not trust its poor members to the precarious charity of the rich. Another part must go to the debts and necessities of the government, which protects you in war and peace, and is also a fine, which you must be content to pay for the honour of being an Englishman and the advantage of living in a land of liberty and security. The learned professions will also have their share; the church for taking care of your soul, the physician for looking after your body, and the lawyer must have part of your property for superintending the rest. The merchant, tradesman, and artisan, will have their profit upon all the multiplied wants, comforts, and indulgences of civilized life: these are not to be enumerated, for they depend upon the humours and habits of men; they have grown up with the refinements and elegances of the age, and they will farther increase, as these shall advance: they are the conductors, which, like the blood-vessels in the human frame, circulate your wealth, and every man’s wealth, through every limb and even fibre of the national body: the hand of industry creates that wealth, and to the hand of industry it finally returns, as blood does to the heart.”

If

IF we trace the situation of man from a mere state of nature to the highest state of civilization, we shall find these artificial wants and dependencies increase with every stage and degree of his improvement; so that if we consider each nation apart as one great machine, the several parts and springs, which give it motion, naturally become more and more complicated and multifarious, as the uses to which it is applied are more and more diversified. Again, if we compare two nations in an equal state of civilization, we may remark, that where the greater freedom obtains, there the greater variety of artificial wants will obtain also, and of course property will circulate through more channels. This I take to be the case upon a comparison between France and England, arising from the different constitutions of these two countries with respect to civil liberty.

The natural wants of men are pretty much the same in most states, but the humours of men will take different directions in different countries, and are governed in a great degree by the laws and constitution of the realm in which they are found. There are numbers of people in England, who get their living by arts and occupations, which would not be tolerated in a despotic government. Men's manners are simplified in proportion to the restraint and circumscription under which they are kept. The country sports of English gentlemen furnish maintenance and employment to vast numbers of our people, whereas in France, and other arbitrary states, men of the first rank and fortune reside in the capital, and keep no establishments of this sort. What a train of grooms, jockies, and stable-boys follow the heels of our horses and hounds in light boots and leather breeches! each of which carries the clothes of six men upon his back, cased in one skin of flannel under another, like the coats of an onion. The loco-motive mania of an Englishman circulates his person, and consequently his cash, into every quarter of the kingdom. A Frenchman takes a journey only when he cannot help it, an Englishman has no other reason but because he likes it; he moves with every shift of the weather, and follows the changes of the most variable climate in the world; a frosty morning puts him from his hunting, and he is in London before night; a thaw meets him in town, and again he scampers into the country: he has a horse to run at Epsom, another at Salisbury, and a third at York, and he must be on the spot to back every one of them; he has a stud at Newmarket, a shooting-box in Norfolk, and a pack of fox-hounds in the New Forest: for

one wheel that real business puts in motion, pleasure, whim, *ennui* turn one hundred: sickness, which confines all the rest of the world, sends him upon his travels; one doctor plunges him into the sea at Brighthelmston, another steeps him in warm water at Buxton, and a third sends him to Bath; for the gentlemen of the learned faculty, whether they help us into life, or help us out of it, make us pay toll at each gate; and if at any time their art keeps us alive, the fine we must pay to their ingenuity makes the renewal in some cases too hard a bargain for a poor man to profit by. In all other countries upon earth, a man is contented to be well and pay nothing for being so, but in England even health is an expensive article, as we are for ever contriving how to be a little better, and physicians are too conscientious to take a fee and do nothing for it. If there is any thing like ridicule in this, it is against the patient and not against the physician I would wish to point it; it is in England, that the profession is truly dignified, and if it is here accompanied with greater emoluments, it is proportionably practised with superior learning; if life is more valuable in a land of freedom than in a land of slavery, why should it not be paid for according to its value? In despotic states, where men's lives are in fact the property of the prince, all subjects should in justice be cured or killed at his proper charge; but where a man's house is his castle, his health is his own concern.

As to the other learned profession of the law, to its honour be it spoken, there is that charming perplexity about it, that we can ruin one another and ourselves with the greatest certainty and facility. It is so superior to all other sciences, that it can turn demonstration into doubt, truth into contradiction, make improbability put matter of fact out of countenance, and hang up a point for twenty years, which common sense would decide in as many minutes. It is the glorious privilege of the freemen of England to make their own laws, and they have made so many, that they can neither count them up nor comprehend them. The parliament of England is without comparison the most voluminous author in the world; and there is such a happy ambiguity in its works, that its students have as much to say on the wrong side of every question as upon the right: in all cases of discussion it is one man's business to puzzle, and another's to explain, and though victory be ever so certain, it is agreed between the parties to make a long battle: there must be an extraordinary faculty of expression in the law, when the only parts clearly understood are those which it has not committed to writing.

Of EDUCATION: *A CLASSICAL contrasted with a FASHIONABLE ONE.*

[MIRROR, NO. 15.]

HOWEVER widely the thinking part of mankind may have differed as to the proper mode of conducting education, they have always been unanimous in their opinion of its importance. The natural effects of it are observed by the most inattentive. They know, that the *clown* and the *dancing-master* are the same from the hand of nature; and, although a little farther reflection is requisite to perceive the effects of culture on the internal senses, it cannot be disputed that the mind, like the body, when arrived at firmness and maturity, retains the impressions it received in a more pliant and tender age.

THE greatest part of mankind, born to labour for their subsistence, are fixed in habits of industry by the iron hand of necessity. They have little time or opportunity for the cultivation of the understanding; the errors and immoralities in their conduct, that flow from the want of those sentiments which education is intended to produce, will, on that account, meet with indulgence from every benevolent mind. But those that are placed in a conspicuous station, whose vices become more and more complicated and destructive, by the abuse of knowledge, and the misapplication of improved talents, have no title to the same indulgence. Their guilt is heightened by the rank and fortune which protect them from punishment, and which, in some degree, preserve them from that infamy their conduct has merited.

I HOLD it, then, incontrovertible, that the higher the rank, the more urgent is the necessity for storing the mind with the principles, and directing the passions to the practice, of public and private virtue. Perhaps it might not be impossible to form plans of education, to lay down rules, and contrive institutions, for the instruction of youth of all ranks, that would have a general influence upon manners. But this is an attempt too arduous for a private hand; it can be expected only from the great council of the nation, when they

they shall be pleased to apply their experienced wisdom and penetration to so material an object, which, in some future period, may be found not less deserving their attention than those important debates in which they are frequently engaged, which they conduct with an elegance, a decorum, and public spirit, becoming the incorrupted, disinterested, and virtuous representatives of a great and flourishing people.

WHILE in expectation of this, perhaps distant, æra, I hope it will not be unacceptable to my readers to suggest some hints that may be useful in the education of the gentleman, to try if it be not possible to form an alliance between the virtues and the graces, the man and the citizen, and produce a being less dishonourable to the species than the courtier of Lord *Chesterfield*, and more useful to society than the savage of *Rousseau*.

THE sagacious *Locke*, toward the end of the last century, gave to the public some thoughts on education; the general merit of which leaves room to regret that he did not find time, as he seemed once to have intended, to revise what he had written, and give a complete treatise on the subject. But with all the veneration I feel for that great man, and all the respect that is due to him, I cannot help being of opinion, that some of his observations have laid the foundation of that defective system of education, which now prevails amongst us. Mr. *Locke*, sensible of the labyrinth with which the pedantry of the learned had surrounded all the avenues to science, successfully employed the strength of his genius to trace knowledge to her source, and point out the direct road to succeeding generations. Disgusted with the schoolmen, he; from a prejudice to which even great minds are liable, seems to have contracted a dislike to every thing they taught, and even to the languages in which they wrote. He scruples not to speak of *Grammar* as unnecessary to the perfect knowledge either of the dead or living languages, and to affirm, that a part of the years thrown away in the study of *Greek* and *Latin*, would be better employed in learning the trades of *Gardeners* and *Turners*; as if it were a fitter and more useful occupation for a gentleman to plant potatoes, and to make chess-boards and snuff-boxes, than to study the beauties of *Cicero* and *Homer*.

It will be allowed by all, that the great purpose of education is to form the man and the citizen, that he may be virtuous, happy in himself, and useful to society. To attain this end, his education should begin, as it were, from his birth, and be continued till he arrives at firmness and maturity of mind, as well as of body. Sincerity, truth, justice, and humanity,

manity, are to be cultivated from the first dawnings of memory and observation. As the powers of these increase, the genius and disposition unfold themselves; it then becomes necessary to check, in the bud, every propensity to folly or to vice; to root out every mean, selfish, and ungenerous sentiment; to warm and animate the heart in the pursuit of virtue and honour. The experience of ages has hitherto discovered no surer method of giving right impressions to young minds, than by frequently exhibiting to them those bright examples which history affords, and, by that means, inspiring them with those sentiments of public and private virtue, which breathe in the writings of the sages of antiquity.

IN this view I have ever considered the acquisition of the dead languages as a most important branch in the education of a gentleman. Not to mention that the slowness with which he acquires them, prevents his memory from being loaded with facts faster than his growing reason can compare and distinguish, he becomes acquainted by degrees with the virtuous characters of antient times; he admires their justice, temperance, fortitude, and public spirit, and burns with a desire to imitate them. The impressions these have made, and the restraints to which he has been accustomed, serve as a check to the many tumultuous passions which the ideas of religion alone would, at that age, be unable to controul. Every victory he obtains over himself serves as a new guard to virtue. When he errs, he becomes sensible of his weakness, which, at the same time that it teaches him moderation, and forgiveness to others, shews the necessity of keeping a stricter watch over his own actions. During these combats, his reasoning faculties expand, his judgment strengthens, and while he becomes acquainted with the corruptions of the world, he fixes himself in the practice of virtue.

A MAN thus educated, enters upon the theatre of the world with many and great advantages. Accustomed to reflection, acquainted with human nature, the strength of virtue, and depravity of vice, he can trace actions to their source, and be enabled, in the affairs of life, to avail himself of the wisdom and experience of past ages.

VERY different is the modern plan of education followed by many, especially with the children of persons in superior rank. They are introduced into the world almost from their very infancy. In place of having their minds stored with the bright examples of antiquity, or those of modern times, the first knowledge they acquire is of the vices with which they are
surrounded

surrounded; and they learn what mankind are, without ever knowing what they ought to be. Possessed of no sentiment of virtue, of no social affection, they indulge, to the utmost of their ability, the gratification of every selfish appetite, without any other restraint than what self-interest dictates. In men thus educated, youth is not the season of virtue; they have contracted the cold indifference and all the vices of age, long before they arrive at manhood. If they attain to the great offices of state, they become ministers as void of knowledge as of principle; equally regardless of the national honour as of their own, their system of government (if it can be called a system) looks not beyond the present moment, and any apparent exertions for the public good, are meant only as props to support themselves in office. In the field, at the head of armies, indifferent as to the fate of their fellow-soldiers, or of their country, they make their power the minister of their pleasures. If the wisdom of their sovereign should, happily for himself and his country, shut them out from his councils, should they be confined to a private station, finding no entertainment in their own breasts, as void of friends as incapable of friendship, they sink reflection in a life of dissipation.

IF the probable consequences of those different modes of education be such as I have mentioned, there can be little doubt to which the preference belongs, even though that which is preferred should be less conducive than its opposite to those elegant accomplishments which decorate society. But, upon examination, I believe even this objection will vanish; for, although I willingly admit, that a certain degree of pedantry is inseparable from the learning of the divine, the physician, and the lawyer, which a late commerce with the world is unable to wear off, yet learning is, in no respect, inconsistent, either with that graceful ease and elegance of address peculiar to men of fashion, or with what, in modern phrase, is called knowledge of the world. The man of superior accomplishments will, indeed, be indifferent about many things which are the chief objects of attention to the modern fine gentleman. To conform to all the minute changes of the mode, to be admired for the gaudiness of his equipage, to boast of his success in intrigue, to publish favours he never received, will, to him, appear frivolous and dishonourable.

As many of the bad effects of the present system of education may be attributed to a premature introduction into the world, I shall conclude this paper, by reminding those parents and

and guardians who are so anxious to bring their children and pupils early into public life, that one of the finest gentlemen, the brightest geniuses, the most useful and best informed citizens of which antiquity has left us an example, did not think himself qualified to appear in public till the age of twenty-six, and continued his studies, for some years after, under the most eminent teachers of Greece and Rome.

On the DESIRE of FIGURE-MAKING.

[MIRROR, NO. 92.]

LOOKING from the window of a house where I was visiting some mornings ago, I observed, on the opposite side of the street, a sign-post, ornamented with some busts and bronzes, indicating a person to live there, by trade a *Figure-maker*. On remarking to a gentleman who stood near me, that it was a profession I did not recollect having heard of before, my friend, who has a knack of drawing observations from trifles, and, I must confess, is a little inclined to take things on their weak side, replied, with a sarcastic smile, that it was one of the most common in life. While he spoke, a smart young man, who has lately set up a very showy equipage, passed by in his carriage at a brisk trot, and bowed to me, who have the honour of a slight acquaintance with him, with that air of civil consequence which puts one in mind of the notice a man thinks himself intitled to. "That young gentleman," said my friend, "is a *Figure-maker*, and the chariot he drives in is his *sign-post*. You might trace the brethren of this trade through every street, square, and house in town. *Figure-making* is common to all ranks, ages, tempers, and situations: there are rich and poor, extravagant and narrow, wise and foolish, witty and ridiculous, eloquent and silent, beautiful and ugly *Figure-makers*. In short, there is scarce any body such a cypher from Nature, as not to form some pretensions to making a figure in spite of *her*.

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“THE young man who bowed to you is an extravagant *Figure-maker*, more remarkable for being successor to a narrow one. I knew his father well, and have often visited him in the course of money-transactions, at his office, as it was called, in the garret-story of a dark airless house, where he sat like the Genius of Lucre, brooding in his hole over the wealth his parsimony had acquired him. The very ink with which he wrote was adulterated with water, and he delayed mending his pen till the characters it formed were almost illegible. Yet he too had great part of his enjoyment from the opinion of others, and was not insensible to the pleasures of *Figure-making*. I have often seen him, in his threadbare brown coat, stop in the street to wait the passing of some of his well-dressed debtors, that he might have the pleasure of insulting them with the intimacy to which their situations intitled him; and I once actually knew him lend a large sum, on terms less advantageous than it was his custom to insist upon, merely because it was a *Peer* who wanted to borrow, and that he had applied in vain to two right honourable relations of immense fortune.

“HIS son has just the same desire of shewing his wealth that the father had; but he takes a different method of displaying it. Both, however, display, not enjoy, their wealth, and draw equal satisfaction from the consequence derived from it in the opinion of others. The father kept guineas in his coffers which he never used; the son changes, indeed, the species of property, but has just as little the power of using it. He keeps horses in his stable, and servants in livery, to no better purpose than his father did guineas. He gives dinners, at which he eats made dishes that he distastes, and drinks champaign and burgundy instead of his old beverage of port and punch, till he is sick, because they are the dishes and drink of great and rich men. The son's situation has the advantage of brilliancy, but the father's was more likely to be permanent; he was daily growing richer with the aspect of poverty; his son is daily growing poorer, with the appearance of wealth.

“It is impossible to enumerate the pranks which the sudden acquisition of riches, joined to the desire of *Figure-making*, sets people a playing. There is nothing so absurd or extravagant, which riches, in the hands of a weak man, will not tempt him to commit, from the mere idea of enjoying his money in the way of exhibition. Nay, this will happen to persons

persons of whose sense and discretion the world had formerly a high opinion, even where that opinion was a just one; for wealth often makes fools where it does not find them"—My friend happening to cast his eye towards me at that moment, discovered a smile on my countenance: "You are thinking now" said he, "that you and I could endure being left twenty or thirty thousand pounds, notwithstanding the truth of my observation."—"It would spoil your lecture," I replied; "but you may go on in the mean time."—He took the pinch of snuff which my remark had stopped in its progress towards his nose, and went on.

"FROM this motive of *Figure-making*," continued he, turning to the ladies of the company, "Beauty puts on her airs, and Wit labours for a *bon-mot*, till the first becomes ugly, and the latter tiresome. You may have frequently observed *Betsy Ogle*, in a company of her ordinary acquaintance, look charmingly, because she did not care how she looked, till the appearance of a gentleman, with a fine coat or a title, has set her a tossing her head, rolling her eyes, biting her lips, twisting her neck, and bringing her whole figure to bear upon him, till the expression of her countenance became perfect folly, and her attitudes downright distortion. In the same way our friend Ned Gib (who has more wit than any man I know, could he but learn the œconomy of it) when some happy strokes of humour have given him credit with himself and the company, will set out full tilt mimicking, caricaturing, punning, and story-telling, till every body present wishes him dumb, and looks grave in proportion as he laughs.

"THAT wit and beauty should be desirous of making a figure is not to be wondered at, admiration being the very province they contend for. That folly and ugliness should thrust themselves forward to public notice, might be matter of surprise, did we not recollect that their owners, most probably, think themselves witty and handsome. In these indeed, as in many other instances, it unfortunately happens, that people are strangely bent upon making a figure in those very departments, where they have least chance of succeeding.

"BUT there is a species of animal, several of whom must have fallen under the notice of every body present, which it is difficult to class, either among the witty or the foolish, the clever or the dull, the wise or the mad, who, or all others, have the greatest propensity to *figure-making*. Nature seems to have made them up in haste, and to have put the different ingredients

ingredients above referred to into their composition at random. They are more common in such a place as this *, than in a more extensive sphere; like some vermin, that breed in ponds and rivulets, which a larger stream or lake would destroy. Our circle is just large enough to give their talents room, and small enough to be affected by their exertion. Here, therefore, there is never wanting a junto of both sexes, who are liked or hated, admired or despised, who make people laugh, or set them asleep, according to the fashion of the time, or the humour of their audience, but who have always the satisfaction of talking themselves, or of being talked of by others. With us, indeed, a very moderate degree of genius is sufficient for this purpose; in small societies, folks are set agape by small circumstances. I have known a lady here contrive to make a figure for half the winter, on the strength of a plume of feathers, or the trimming of a petticoat; and a gentleman make shift to be thought a fine fellow, only by out-doing every body else in the thickness of his *queue*, or the height of his foretop.

“BUT people will not only make themselves fools; I have known instances of their becoming knaves, or at least boasting of their being so, from this desire of *figure-making*. You shall hear a fellow, who has once got the character of being a sharp man, tell things of himself, for which, if they had been true, he deserved to be hanged, merely because his line of *figure-making* lies in trick and chicanery; hence, too, proceed all those histories of their own profligacy and vice, which some young men of spirit are perpetually relating, “who are willing to *record themselves villains*,” rather than not be recorded at all.

“IN the arts as well as in the characters of men, this same propensity is productive of strange disorders. Hence proceed the bombast of poetry, the tumor of prose, the garish light of some paintings, the unnatural *chiara oscuro* of others; hence in music, the absurd mixture of discordant movements, and the squeak of high-strained cadences; in short, all those sins against nature and simplicity, which artists of inferior merit are glad to practise, in order to extort the notice of the public, and to make a figure by surprise and singularity.”

THE accidental interruption of a new visitor now stopped the current of my friend's discourse; he had indeed begun to tire most of the company, who were not all disposed to listen

* The MIRROR was written and published at Edinburgh.

quite so long as he seemed inclined to speak. In truth, he had forgot that the very reproof he meant to give his neighbours, applied pretty strongly to himself, and that, though he might suppose that he was lecturing from the desire of reformation, he was, in reality, haranguing in the spirit of *figure-making*.

LIFE of Sir THOMAS LOUNGER, *busy in Prospect, and doing Nothing.*

[LOUNGER, NO. II.]

SIR,

AS I have the honour of being your namesake, and descended from an ancient race of Loungers, I rejoiced when I was informed, that one of our illustrious name and family began to make a figure in the literary world, and to publish his lucubrations weekly in the capital of Scotland. I have spent a great part of my life in studying the genealogies, histories, and characters of the several branches of our flourishing family. With this view, I have visited every city, town, and village in the kingdom, and have had the happiness to meet with near relations in every place, except Paisley, Kilmarnock, and a few dirty manufacturing towns. From the observations I have made in my travels, I am fully convinced, that if all the members of our family take in your paper, you will be the most popular and successful writer of the present age, and your works will pass through more editions than either the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or *Robinson Crusoe*. The chief object of my travels has been, to collect materials for a great work, in which I have been engaged about fifty years. It is one of the peculiar excellencies of our family to do nothing in haste. This famous work will be entitled, *Biographia Loungeriana Scotica*, or the Lives of the most eminent Loungers of Scotland, from the reign of Fergus I. to the present times. It will make two ponderous volumes in folio, to be published by

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subscription.

subscription. The price to subscribers will be *only* six guineas ; but to those unfortunate gentlemen who neglect to subscribe, the price may be, I know not how much. The first volume will contain the lives of the *strenuous* Loungers, and the second, the lives of the *indolent* Loungers. These are the two great branches into which our family is divided. Each volume will be adorned with twenty copper-plates, representing the easiest and most graceful postures for lounging in coaches, coffee-houses, taverns, drawing-rooms, play-houses, assembly-rooms, churches, colleges, courts of justice, &c. &c. These plates will be of great utility, not only to fine ladies and fine gentlemen, but also to politicians, preachers, professors, students, lawyers, judges, and many others of all ranks. The frontispiece will be an elegant drawing of the outer parliament house in the middle of the session. To engage gentlemen to do themselves the honour to subscribe, I send you a short article, which I beg you will publish in your entertaining paper, as a specimen of this excellent work.

‘ My late cousin, Sir Thomas Lounger, of Loiterhall, in Lingerdale, was the eldest son of my good uncle, Sir Timothy, and his lady Mrs. Susan Dowdy of the Slatterington family. Sir Timothy died of a lethargy, with which he had been long afflicted ; and Sir Thomas came to the possession of the estate and honours of his ancestors in the twenty-second year of his age. But the estate was then in a very bad condition in all respects. Two-thirds of the rents would hardly pay the interest of the debts ;—the mansion-house was an old, cold, damp, ruinous castle, in the middle of a great morass—the farms were almost in a state of nature, the rents small and ill-paid ; the extensive moors and hills yielded little or nothing.

‘ SIR THOMAS was then a strong, healthy, young man ; and as he had been two winters at the college of Aberdeen, and thought himself much wiser and cleverer than any of his forefathers, he determined to retrieve the ruined fortunes, and revive the faded honours of his family, by paying off all his debts, repairing or rebuilding his castle, draining his morass, improving his farms, cultivating his moors, and planting his hills. But he determined to do all this in the wisest, most cautious, and prudent manner ; and never to engage in any undertaking till he had examined every circumstance, and provided against every obstacle and difficulty.

‘ SIR THOMAS spent several years in forming plans for the payment of his debts, which he found not so easy a matter as he had imagined. At length he hit upon one which he believed would

would do the business effectually. He proposed to go to the East Indies, to dethrone half a dozen Rajahs, cut the throats of half a million of their subjects, and come home with three or four hundred thousand pounds in his pocket. This project pleased him mightily for some time, till he began to reflect on the great distance of the East Indies, the danger of his being drowned in his going or returning, and the still greater danger of being damned, if he destroyed so many of his fellow-creatures, to enrich himself; which made him give up all thoughts of becoming a Nabob. The next scheme Sir Thomas formed for the payment of his debts pleased him better, as it was not attended with so much danger either to his soul or body. When he was about fifty years of age, he came to a resolution to marry some beautiful young lady, of an honourable ancient family, with a prodigious fortune, that would enable him to pay all his debts, and execute all his projects. He spent several years in searching for such a lady, and at length fixed on Miss Betty Plum. It is true, Miss Betty was neither young nor handsome, and her grandfather had been a cobbler, but she had a great fortune; and after a violent struggle between poverty and pride, he resolved to stoop and make his addresses. But while he was meditating on the most effectual method of doing this, he received the unwelcome news, that his intended bride had married an Irish fortune-hunter. My cousin behaved very much like a gentleman on this occasion. He called Miss Betty all the bad names he had ever heard, cursed the whole sex, and forswore matrimony for ever.

‘WHILE Sir Thomas was forming schemes for the payment of his debts, he was not unmindful of his old castle, and got many plans, some for repairing, and some for rebuilding it, for draining the morasses, and laying it into a lawn, with gardens, orchards, walks, vistas, &c. But at last he found that this would be more expensive than building a new seat in the modern taste; and he very wisely determined to build a most elegant convenient mansion for the future residence of his family. But he as wisely resolved not to lay one stone, till he had found the most healthy, pleasant, and commodious spot in his whole estate. Many a long day did he wander in search of this spot, but never could find one to his mind. One was too high, another too low; one too damp, another too dry; the prospect from one was too confined, from another too extensive.

‘SIR THOMAS never forgot the improvement of his farms. That was his favourite taste and study. He chose the most

proper places for building substantial convenient farm-houses; he traced and marked the line of all the hedges, ditches, and walls that would be necessary for inclosing his fields, gardens, and orchards; he carefully examined the soil of every field, and settled the methods of cultivation that would be most proper for each, to bring it to the highest possible degree of fertility: in this he was much assisted by the painful perusal of several excellent systems of agriculture, composed in the garrets of Grub-street. When he had got all in readiness, he assembled his tenants in the great hall of his castle, laid his plans before them, and, in a long elaborate discourse, explained how they were to be carried into execution, concluding with a demand of two guineas a year of rent for every acre. This harangue, particularly the concluding sentence, produced various strong emotions in the audience. Some grinned, others groaned; some laughed, others cried; some cursed, others prayed: but all declared that they would not give one farthing more rent, nor change their methods of husbandry in the least. Sir Thomas was enraged at the obstinacy of his tenants, and discharged a dreadful volley of oaths and threats upon them; but when his passion subsided, and he began to reflect that they were all of his own clan, descended from the younger brothers and bastards of the family, he could not find in his heart to turn any of them out of their farms.

‘My cousin was equally industrious, and as unsuccessful, in his schemes for cultivating his moors. For when he had, by long thought and study, formed one of the most beautiful plans in the world for that purpose, he never could find any person who would execute any part of it.

‘But still the planting of his hills promised every thing. By long and laborious investigations, he found, that they would admit ten millions of trees, and that those trees, when forty years old, would be worth ten millions sterling, which would make him the richest subject in Europe. Transported with joy at this prospect, he determined to lose no time. He actually collected ten bushels of beech-mast, and an equal quantity of acorns, and wanted nothing but a proper place for a nursery to begin his operations; but straying abroad too late one evening in April, in search of such a place, he got a violent cold, which threw him into a fever, of which he died, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, in the same tattered bed and ruinous castle in which he was born; his debts unpaid, his morass undrained, his farms unimproved, his moors uncultivated, and his hills unplanted.

‘WITH

‘WITH a heavy heart I attended the precious remains of my dear cousin to his grave, and saw a stone laid upon it, with this inscription :

‘ Hic jacet
Illustrissimus Dominus THOMAS LOUNGER
de Loiterhall, Baronettus.
Dum vixit,
Multa proposuit,
Nihil perfecit,
Secundum morem
Loungeriorum.’

On GOOD HUMOUR.

[COLMAN'S PROSE.]

OF all the qualifications of the mind, which are not positive virtues, I do not know any that is more desirable than Good Humour. No quality renders the possessor more easy and happy in himself, or recommends him more forcibly to other people. Virtue itself receives additional lustre, abates the rigid severity of its character, and takes its most ravishing graces and embellishments from such a disposition ; a disposition so amiable in its nature, that even a man of loose principles, when of so agreeable a turn, often conciliates to himself many friends and well-wishers. The men at least allow that he is a pleasant fellow, court his company, and account him nobody's enemy but his own ; while the women call him a dear agreeable creature, and declare, that though to be sure he is a wild devil, it is quite impossible to be angry with him.

It is hardly saying too much in favour of this quality, to assert, that it is one of the first requisites in society : for though strict honour and integrity are of more essential value in the grand purposes of human life ; yet Good Humour, like small money, is of more immediate use in the common commerce of the world. There is no situation in life, no engagement in business, or party of pleasure, wherein it will not contribute to mitigate disappointments, or heighten enjoyment. A husband,

friend, acquaintance, master, or even servant, however faithful and affectionate, will occasion many miserable hours to himself, as well as to those with whom he is connected, if his virtues are not seasoned with Good Humour; and whether he is a partner for life, or a partner in a country-dance, an associate in great and mighty undertakings, or a companion in a post-chaise, he should, on every occasion, cherish and keep alive this agreeable disposition.

SOME persons may almost be said to be of a good-humoured complexion, and seem to be constitutionally endued with this amiable turn of mind: a blessing, for which they may thank heaven with the same kind of gratitude that he ought to feel, who experiences the comforts of being born in a delightful and temperate climater. My fellow-countrymen, I think, are many of them deficient in that airy pleasantness, and chearful temper, that distinguishes this quality: and as our climate, while it answers all the purposes of use and plenty, yet seldom affords us blue skies, or tempts us to cool grots and purling streams, to lie down on the damp grass, or to those other rural delights so often mentioned by the poets; so the English themselves, though overflowing with humanity and benevolence, suffer clouds of gloomy thoughts to come over their minds, and, however they must be allowed to be *good-natured*, are seldom remarkable for being *good-humoured*. Yet this half-virtue is worth cultivation, as it bestows new charms on that real one. Good Humour is the fair-weather of the soul, that calms the turbulent gust of passion, and diffuses a perpetual gladness and serenity over the heart; and he that finds his temper naturally inclined to break out into sudden bursts of fretfulness and ill-humour, should be as much on his guard to repress the storm that is for ever beating in his mind, as to fence against the inclemencies of the season. We are naturally attached even to animals that betray a softness of disposition. We are pleased with the awkward fondness and fidelity of a dog: Montaigne could discover agreeable music in the good-humoured purring of his cat; and, though our modern grooms and jockies bestow all their attention on make, colour, eyes, and feet, yet the best writers on horsemanship consider a good temper as one of the best qualities in a horse.

WE should be the more attentive to encourage and preserve this pleasing quality, because many people lose it by little and little in the progress of their lives. The thoughts of interest frequently proves a growing rust and canker in the mind; and the many troubles and embarrassments attending worldly pursuits

pursuits often sour the temper, and entirely destroy the spirit of chearfulness and Good Humour that prevailed in the artless and undesigning season of our youth. I do not know a more disagreeable companion, than a man, who having set out in life with vast and vain hopes of advancement, together with a mighty consciousness of his own merit, has not been able to sustain the shock of disappointment, but has permitted his misfortunes to embitter his disposition. Such a man overflows with gall on every occasion, and discharges the spleen that rises within him on all his fellow-creatures. He disturbs the peace of the family to which he belongs, and poisons the happiness of every company to which he is admitted. But the disquiet that he brings with him, wherever he comes, is nothing but an evidence of his own misery and weakness of soul. How much more is he to be imitated, who meets the strokes of fortune with an even temper, who suffers neither reproach nor distress to ruffle his Good Humour, and is, as Hamlet describes his friend, "As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing." Life is like a game at backgammon; and if an unlucky throw comes, we must make the best of it, and play on without grumbling at our ill luck: but who would venture to sit down to the table with a man who could not bear an adverse cast without turning over the board in a fury, and throwing the dice-box at the head of his companion? The character of Sir Thomas More, though peculiarly illustrious for unshaken integrity, was in no instance more winning and amiable than in true pleasantry and Good Humour. His chearful behaviour on the scaffold, and in every particular relative to his death, is familiar to all; but there is no circumstance in which the evenness of his mind is more truly delineated, than in his behaviour to his family on his resignation of the Chancellorship. The way in which he discovered it to his wife, bespoke the most genuine Good Humour. When he went out of church, it was always usual for some of his officers to go to his lady and acquaint her of his departure: but the Sunday after his resignation, he went himself up to her pew, and, bowing, gravely said, "*Madam, my Lord is gone.*" She, who was accustomed to the facetiousness of his manner, did not immediately comprehend his meaning; but on his explaining the matter to her, as they went home, she began to upbraid him for his shameful inattention to his interest; upon which, without being at all disconcerted by this conjugal lecture, he took occasion to turn the discourse, by finding fault with some part of her dress.

Strange

*Strange DIVERSITIES of TEMPER and UNDERSTANDING
among MANKIND : A VISION.*

[COLMAN'S PROSE.]

TALKING the other evening with a friend, who is somewhat of a philosophical turn, and loves to deal in abstruse speculations, he fell by degrees into a whimsical vein, and endeavoured to amuse himself and me by considering physically, not to say metaphysically, the probable causes to which the strange diversities of temper and understanding among mankind are owing. At one time he supposed, that several fortuitous circumstances at our birth might produce this variety; and that such an accident as the dilation or compression of the head by the hand of the nurse or the midwife, might determine the infant's future qualities, and mould a hero out of a coward; or squeeze a poet or a philosopher into a fool. He had also some conceits about the *homunculus*, which, however, I shall not presume to explain at present, as a reverend friend of mine, who is deeply versed in those studies, has promised to oblige me with a distinct paper on that subject. He then considered the notions of planetary influence; according to which, all the various actions and dispositions of the human species are governed solely by the stars. On this occasion, he assured me, that an eminent astronomer of his acquaintance was very fatal at casting nativities; and, moreover, that the late revolution in the Ministry was absolutely foretold last year in Partridge's Almanack. He dwelt a little on the supposition of the stubborn race of mortals being formed from the stones thrown, as is related by Ovid, over the heads of Deucalion and Pyrrha. From thence he made a quick transition to that kindred hypothesis, which supposes that our frames are kneaded out of clay; in pursuance of which, he thought it was natural to imagine, that the affections of the mind take their tincture from the vessel in which they are inclosed, and are impregnated, like water, with the qualities of the purer or baser earth through which they make their way.

WITH these reflections, the bottle and the conversation, as is usual among Englishmen, ended together, and I retired to

my rest. Yet I found it impossible to shake off at once the vein of thought which we had been indulging for three or four hours together; and sleep itself, instead of totally dispossessing my mind of those ideas, rather opened and enlarged my imagination to pursue them still farther.—The gentle reader is seldom averse to accompanying the gentle writer in his slumbers; wherefore I shall venture to relate my dream.

I WAS scarce asleep, when I fancied myself to be transported on a sudden to the verge of the gulph of Chaos; where, by the transient glimmering of an interrupted light, which now and then flashed upon me, I saw the four Elements lying in confusion on the boundless deep, wherein, as Milton has described it,

—*Hot, Cold, Moist, Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive for the mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms.*

I WAS much affected with the horror of my situation, and expected every moment to be plunged ten thousand fathoms deep into the gulph that lay before me, when there emerged from the waves, if I may so call them, of this elemental ocean a being of a mild and benevolent aspect, who, after landing on an eminence at some distance, beckoned me towards him with a sort of caduceus, which he held in his hand, and which was formed in the shape of a lizard, to signify that he was a friend to mankind. My fear had deprived me of all power of motion; but the power of his rod drew me insensibly to his side, as it were by a charm. His person was manly and noble: a serene cheerfulness was diffused over his countenance: his garment was thrown loosely over him, somewhat after the fashion of a herald's coat; and on the four quarters of it were delineated t' figures of the mole, the whale, the salamander, and the chameleon, as symbols of the four elements, over which, as it appeared, he presided.

'MY son,' saith he, 'I am the Genius of the Elements. In the vast abyss now before us lie all the future race of mankind, as it were, in embryo. It is the business of certain spirits, over which I preside, to select from thence the crude materials, of which all human beings are composed. You, I know, are curious, not only to enquire into the various dispositions of your fellow-creatures, but to investigate the causes to which their different manners and principles are owing. These causes I am now going to declare to you; wherefore attend!

EVERY

EVERY mortal is composed of the four elements, but not in equal proportions, nor each mortal in the same degrees with another. On the contrary, men are, severally, more or less agitated with this or that passion, or animated with a greater or smaller proportion of genius, according to the nature of the particular element that predominates in their frame; which prevailing element, whether it be earth, water, air, or fire, creates the ruling passion, and influences every circumstance of their lives.

‘In yonder quarter,’ continued the Genius, ‘are formed the sons and daughters of earth: those mortals, I mean, who take their existence chiefly from that element. These are, for the most part, of a heavy and inanimate disposition, of groveling souls and dull minds, and may be rather said to vegetate than to live. A few, a very few of the female sex are composed of this element; and these are fluttish in their houses, flatteringly in their persons, and churlish to their friends, relations, and husbands. Those of the male sex, that owe their origin principally to earth, are those miserly muckworms, who place their sole happiness in amassing vast sums of money; those locusts and caterpillars, who eat out the substance of others by extortion and usury. From this element also are fabricated the race of stupid critics, and heavy commentators, half philosophers, entire logicians, dry metaphysicians, and muddling politicians; together with the whole tribe of wretched scribblers, whom your countrymen have so properly distinguished by the denomination of grubs. The particles, of which these mortals are formed, weigh down their minds, and prevent their soaring to any thing lofty or sublime; for the same reason that fathers, according to the principle of that famous chancellor, Lord Coke, cannot take an estate by inheritance from their sons, viz. *because land, or earth, being of a heavy nature, cannot ascend*. There are, however, among mortals of this terrene composition, some who possess solid parts and sound understandings; and many, whose minds are not barren or unfruitful, if they labour to improve them by cultivation.

ON the banks of that lake, said the Genius, pointing to another quarter, are created that part of the human species who draw their life and being from water. These are commonly found to be cold and phlegmatic in their disposition; men who shelter their native dulness and inactivity under the names of caution and prudence; who damp the generous warmth of youth, repress the ardour of enterprize, and quench the flame

of genius; women who can cry when they please; soaking fops who are for ever moistening their clay, till they grow maudlin in their liquor, and weep; lovers, who whine away their days in despair, till at last they take the lover's-leap into their kindred sea, or drown like blind puppies in Rosamond's pond; tragic authors and actors, who want fire, and draw tears from no eyes but their own: all these owe their origin to water. Among these watry souls, there are indeed some few that may be considered as salutiferous springs, that are beneficial to their fellow-creatures; or, like noble rivers, which are an ornament, as well as blessing, to the country through which they pass.

'Now,' said the Genius, raising his head, 'turn your eyes upward, and behold the region from whence they take their being, who are composed chiefly of air. These are in general of a light and volatile disposition; often fed with vain hopes, and pleased with empty trifles. Hence are derived the gay race of beaux and fops, who flutter, like butterflies, about the polite world; and in this airy sphere are formed coquettes, jilts, and those females who are enraptured with romances, or eternally dying with the vapours. Hence descend poets, projectors, and castle builders without number, who seem to be perpetually endeavouring to climb up to the region from whence they came; and the long train of dependants, who seem to have almost learnt to live, like the chameleon, on their native element, the air. Hence come the light troop of essayists, pamphleteers, sonneteers, epigrammatists, &c. whose productions have their beginning in air, and end in fire. Of this element too are composed some daring souls, who take their bold flight, like eagles, and soar to the noblest heights; though never without being followed for a time with a multitude of crows, choughs, and ravens, who pursue them with hoarse and dissonant cawings, and disturb earth and heaven with their clamour.

'LASTLY,' continued the Genius, 'behold the bright district where those mortals are formed, who are composed principally of fire. These are, for the most part, of a warm and passionate nature; among whom the virtues and vices are to be found in their extremes. Hence may find men of hot heads, and ladies of warm constitutions. Hence comes the termagant, who is all rage and fury; the hero, who is all glory and gunpowder. Hence also comes the spirited race of bucks, bloods, libertines, and free-thinkers. Hence too are derived many of those glorious and sublime sages, heroes,

heroes, princes, poets, and philosophers, whose genius throws a lustre all around them, and who seem to be placed, like beacons, amidst the human species, to hold forth lights to the rest of the world.

‘HAPPY,’ said the Genius, ‘is he who has learnt to temper the irregularities of his frame, so as to prevent the evil effects of the element that prevails in his composition! Happier still is that man in whom the elements are mixed in the nearest proportion to each other!’

At these words, whether from sudden noise, sufficient rest, a desire to reply, or from what other cause I know not—awoke.



FINIS.
